



CONFIRMING



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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX. No. 2559

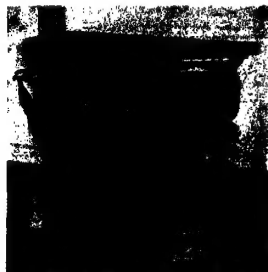
FEBRUARY 1, 1946

## KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

By Direction of the EXECUTORS OF VIOLET LADY MELCHETT, deceased

IMPORTANT SALE OF THE VALUABLE CONTENTS  
OF

35, LOWNDES SQUARE, S.W.1



An Antique Gilt Gesso Console Table  
in William Kent Style

Including Furnishings of the

RÉGENCY, LOUIS XV & LOUIS XVI  
PERIODS

WILLIAM KENT, QUEEN ANNE,  
CHIPPENDALE AND ADAM  
STYLES

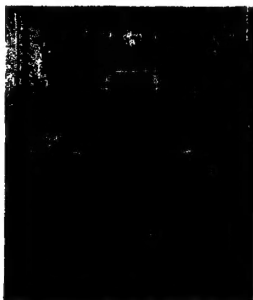


Louis XV Gilt Console, by F. Boudon, M.E.

AUBUSSON AND ORIENTAL  
CARPETS AND RUGS

BROCADE AND OTHER CURTAINS

JADE AND OBJETS D'ART



Louis XVI Broken Front Table, showing pair of Beavers  
Urn Vases, Louis XVI Clock

BOOKS, WINES AND CIGARS

DOMESTIC EQUIPMENT

AND

GARDEN ORNAMENTS



Pair of Seats of Louis XVI Period in Beauvais Tapestry

WILL BE SOLD ON  
THE PREMISES

11th, 12th, 13th & 14th  
February

Commencing 11 a.m.  
each day

ON VIEW  
5th, 6th & 7th February



Louis XV Shaped Writing Table by Gillespie Kemp, M.E.

ADMISSION TO SALE AND VIEW BY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, PRICE 2/6 FROM THE AUCTIONEERS

Magazine 3/6 (30 Days)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: "Galleries, Works, London"

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12/87





# JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1.

MAYFAIR 3316/7

CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel. 334). AND AT NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS, YEOVIL AND CHICHESTER



## GREAT MISSENDEN

### ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

8 reception/rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms.

COMPANY'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER.

Garage. Stabling.

ABOUT 3 ACRES

FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W.1 (Mayfair 3316/7).

## NEAR BASINGSTOKE

### ATTRACTIVE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE

THOROUGHLY MODERNISED.

7 bed and dressing rooms.

5 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms.

Company's electric light and water. Central heating. Garage.

ABOUT 3 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

POSSESSION APRIL, 1946.

Inspected and recommended by the Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1.

## EAST HAMPSHIRE

*Amid delightful country on the Sussex borders.*

### SUBSTANTIAL COUNTRY HOUSE OF GEORGIAN CHARACTER

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, cloakroom.

12 principal and secondary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Complete domestic offices with linen closet.

CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN WATER. ELECTRICITY.

Outbuildings with large garage. 2 cottages.

Charming garden and grounds with orchard and meadow land.

IN ALL ABOUT 30 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £12,500

Details of JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 27, South Street, Chichester (Tel. 3448).

## HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS

### ATTRACTIVE PERIOD RESIDENCE

IN EXCELLENT ORDER THROUGHOUT.

8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 2 reception rooms. Modern domestic offices. Company's

electric light and water. Partial central heating.

Garage/Cover. Stabling for 6.

HOME FARMERY. 4 COTTAGES.

ABOUT 80 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Inspected and recommended by the agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Mayfair 3316/7).



Greenwich 3151  
(3 lines)

## WINKWORTH & CO.

45, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

### KENT

1 mile from Maidstone Station. Overlooking the Sea.



### AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

10 bedrooms (three built in principal bedrooms), 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. ALL MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. GARAGE & CLOAK.

GARDEN ABOUT 1½ ACRES

SUN BATH.  
FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

FURNISHING BOVER.  
[EARLY POSSESSION.

Agents: Winkworth & Co., 45, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.1.

### KENT

Equal distance between Canterbury and the Coast.



### A XVTH-CENTURY RESIDENCE

RESTORED AND MODERNISED MOST LUXURIOUSLY, and comprising 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms and complete domestic offices. Main electric light and power. Modern water supply and drainage. Central heating. Garage.

LARGE GARDEN WITH HARD TENNIS COURT.

TO BE LET FURNISHED

Agents: Winkworth & Co., 45, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.1. (4821)

# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY



## WEST SURREY

In a highly favoured residential area within a mile of the Westworth Golf Course. Easy reach of Abbot, Rushmore, Windsor Great Park. Station 1 mile (Wentworth 40 minutes).

### LITTLE HOLLAND, VIRGINIA WATER.

A BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED FRESHOLD MODERN RESIDENCE, well arranged and in excellent order throughout, constructed of white brick with cavity walls and red tiled roof, in a pleasant position, with outlook over wooded slopes. Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, lounge, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Compact offices. Compendious electric light, power and water. Floor strip floors, flush doors, double windows. Built-in garage. Garden of about 1/4 acre, with paved terrace and paths, lawn, flower beds and borders. Vegetable garden. Greenhouse.

### IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

To be offered for sale by auction in the Hanover Square Estate Room, on Thursday, February 7, 1946, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).  
Solicitors: Messrs. PARKER & CO., 25, Bedford Square, W.C.1.  
Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1; and Messrs. TYBEE, GREENWOOD & CO., 385, High Road, Chiswick, W.4.  
Particulars, price 1/.

## ABOUT 8 MILES FROM WEST END ADJOINING FAMOUS GOLF COURSE

A few minutes from bus services and about 1 mile from S.R. Station.

### HISTORICAL TUDOR HOUSE

Hall, 4 reception rooms including 40-ft. lounge, 6 principal bed and dressing rooms, 4 bedrooms, staff accommodation.

Central heating. Garage and Cottage, 2 other Cottages.

Squash Court. Swimming Pool.

Gardens and Grounds enclosed by natural woodland. In all

About 5 ACRES. FRESHOLD FOR SALE

Inspected and recommended by the Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (11.1777.)



## SHROPSHIRE

In an extremely pleasant rural position 6 miles from Shrewsbury, but near Ebbw Vale Road.

### ALBRIGHTON HALL, ALBRIGHTON.

A JACOBÆAN RESIDENCE, brick-built, with tiled roof, and containing the great hall, dining room, morning room, billiard room, and conservatory, a fine old staircase, 9 principal bed and dressing rooms, 5 bedrooms and adequate offices and staff accommodation. Many of the rooms are oak paneled.

Main Electricity and Central Heating.

Spacious garage and stabling accommodation, with flat over. Entrance lodge. Delightful Gardens and Grounds, well timbered, and including lawn, tennis court, walled garden and small lake. Orchard and paddocks.

ABOUT 14 ACRES. FOR SALE, FRESHOLD. WITH POSSESSION.

Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1; and 14, Dagdale, Shrewsbury.



Mayfair 2771  
10 lines

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Telegrams: Galleries, Wende, London.

Reading 4641  
Regent 6822/2377

## NICHOLAS

(Established 1888)

1, STATION ROAD, READING; 4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1

## FOR SCHOOL OR INSTITUTION

Two houses in the same park 27 miles west of London, with

190 ACRES (OR LESS)

House on left contains 6 reception rooms, 24 bedrooms and 4 bathrooms.

The other has 5 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms and 3 bathrooms.

Cottages. Racquet-court. Hard courts. Fields for sports, etc.

Sole Agents: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading.



Telegrams: "Nicholas, Reading" "Nicholson, Pliny, London"

OXFORD  
6627/8

## JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

OXFORD AND CHIPPING NORTON

CHIPPING  
NORTON  
59

## WYE VALLEY

Two-on-Wye 5 miles.

Belmont, Trout and Coarse Fishing on the property and in the vicinity.

## A CHARMING MODERNISED GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

standing in attractive well-landscaped grounds running down to the river bank.

3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main water supply. Electric light. Central heating. Telephone. 1 stabling, garage and three buildings. Two cottages.

Garden, woodland and diverse meadows, in all about

15 ACRES. PRICE FRESHOLD £4,500

Apply: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

Fresh to the market.

## IN THE BICESTER HUNT

Apple Park Station (S.W.R.) 3 miles.

## A STONE-BUILT HOUSE OF CHARACTER

Situated in a rural but accessible position.

5 reception rooms, 6 principal bedrooms, bathroom, 4 good (padded) bedrooms. Main electric light. Water supply by tank. Central heating throughout. Telephone. Good stabling for 8 to 10 horses. Garage.

Three cottages (one requires restoration). Flower grounds. Kitchen garden and paddocks.

22 ACRES

Immediate Possession of the house and grounds (and the cottages now in progress) are to be given upon completion of the purchase. About 80 1/2 acres of land are let off at £40 p.a.

PRICE FRESHOLD £10,000 (open to offer)

Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.



# HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Regent 9222 (15 lines)

Telegrams: "Batanlet, Plesy, London."



By direction of the Executors of the late Lord Northcliffe, C.B.

## YORKSHIRE—NORTH RIDING

On the Westmorland borders 13 miles from Richmond. Close to Kirby Stephen and Howard Castle.  
**The Well-known Sporting and Agricultural SWALEDALE ESTATE**

**EXTENDING TO ABOUT 3,000 ACRES**

Including the very fine GUNNERSIDE, KELD, CRACKPOT AND MUKER HOUSES MOORS of over 3,000 ACRES renowned for their prolific bags and high birds.

### GUNNERSIDE LODGE

AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE of 11 principal and 6 staff bedrooms, 6 bathrooms, 4 fine reception rooms. Good offices, all tiled throughout.

5 COTTAGES, 18 AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS WITH GOOD FARM HOUSES AND BUILDINGS PRODUCING ABOUT £1,100 P.A. MILK LOGS, A SECONDARY RESIDENCE AT PRESENT LET.

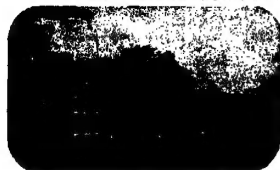
**FOR SALE. PRICE ON APPLICATION**

Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1 (Tel.: REG. 9222).

## BERKS. SUNNINGHILL AREA

1½ miles from Sunningdale and Ascot Stations and within easy access of several noted golf courses.

### COMMODIOUS GEORGIAN RESIDENCE



4 reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, etc. All public services. Central heating.

#### BUNGALOW LODGE.

Cottage. Stabling.

Garage with rooms for men. Well-established grounds. 2 hard tennis courts, walled kitchen garden, orchards, woods and game land. In all over

**20 ACRES**

**PRICE £15,000 FREEHOLD VACANT POSSESSION**

Particulars from HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 9222.) (1945/424)

## SURREY, Pleasantly situate near Farnham

Under 1 mile from Station.

Delightful Residence of pleasing elevation, and beautifully appointed. Drive approach with sweep.



**FREEHOLD £11,500**

**VACANT POSSESSION. (S.42/500)**

LOUNGE, HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, SUN PARLOUR, LOGGIA, GOOD KITCHEN, TWO OFFICES WITH STAFF SITTING ROOM, 4 BEDROOMS, FULLY FITTED BATHROOM AND STAFF BATHROOM, BILLIARD ROOM, DOUBLE GARAGE, LODGE. ALL MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING.

Beautiful grounds in excellent condition. Tennis lawns, matured trees and shrubs. Kitchen and fruit gardens. 3½ ACRES.

## NORFOLK—ON COUNTRY ESTATE

20 miles from Norwich, 10 from the coast.

### AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

In sheltered position. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths. Maid's rooms.

Company's electric light. Open water. Central heating. Garage. Bungalow. Broomhouse.

Delightful grounds. Walled kitchen garden. Paddock. In all about 8 ACRES.



**RENT £250 PER ANNUM ON LEASE**

(S.13/381)

## ST. CATHERINE'S, FRIMLEY

Thorp-Hastot borders. Good position and views. 1 mile from the Station.

### AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE WITH MODERN COMFORTS

Drive approach. Hall, 3 reception, 10 bed, dressing room, 2 baths. Good offices.

Main electricity and water. Modern drains.

Garage. Stabling. Superior Cottage.

MATURED GROUNDS. WOODLAND AND GRASSLAND. 12½ ACRES.

**MODERATE PRICE.**

### FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY OR BY AUCTION IN MARCH

Sole Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

(Tel.: REG. 9222.)

Immediate Possession.

## BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND DORKING

550 feet up, facing South with panoramic views.



Occupying a sheltered position, the Norman Shaw residence which was erected in 1904 is in first-class order, and is approached by a long drive with Lodge at entrance. Lounge, 6 reception rooms, billiards or dance room, 9 principal and 4 servants' bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, white-tiled domestic offices.

COMPANYING ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING.

Telephone. Septic tank drainage. Garage accommodation for 4 cars. Two cottages. The Farnham Grounds are an outstanding feature and set in terraces which form a delightful setting to the house. Tennis court.

### FINE SWIMMING POOL.

Lily ponds. Well-stocked kitchen garden. Woodland. In all about

**40 ACRES**

### FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.

THE PROPERTY WAS HERETOFORE SUBJECT OF AN ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE IN COUNTRY LIFE ABOUT 25 YEARS AGO.

Joint Sole Agents: Messrs. HARTOP, FRANK & BURNETT, 20, Newgate Square, London, W.1 (Hagley 5711); and HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1 (Tel.: REG. 9222).



Grosvenor 1939  
(4 lines)

# GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)  
25 MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1.

Hebort Place, Eaton Sq.  
West Maitland St.,  
Bathurst Sq.,  
and 85, Victoria St.,  
Westminster, S.W.1

## SURREY

12 miles from London, 10 minutes Station.

VACANT POSSESSION  
PRICE FREEHOLD £5,800



5 bed, 2 baths, 3 reception,  
good office.  
Garage for large car.  
Central heating. All main  
services.  
ABOUT 1/2 ACRE OF  
GRASSLAND  
all in excellent order.

Full particulars of the Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (D.1955)

## OUTSTANDING MODERN RESIDENCE

In Surrey, 1 1/2 miles Main Line Station.



500 feet sq., containing  
5 reception, museum, model  
kitchen, quarters, 5 beds  
(with fitted wardrobes and  
wash-basins), 6 baths.  
MAIN SERVICE.  
CENTRAL HEATING.  
Garage, stabling, 5 cottages.  
Beautifully landscaped garden,  
parkland and paddocks.  
ABOUT 21 ACRES  
OFFERED AT  
FREE-WEAR PRICE

Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (D.2441)

SURVEYORS  
AND VALUERS

# EDWARD SYMMONS & PARTNERS

36, BEECHLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1. MAYFAR 0016

LAND AND  
ESTATE AGENTS

## 400 YEARS OLD

Surrey, 4 miles Epsom, 25 miles London.



CHARMING RENOVATED TOWN COTTAGE,  
c. 1640, with two wings added in same style,  
3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms (with basins), kitchen,  
bathroom. Excellent condition. CENTRAL HEATING  
THROUGHOUT. Garage. Main water. Electric light  
plant (wired for main). Attractive garden, 4 ACRES.  
Immediate possession. PRICE £12,500. FREEHOLD.  
with furnishings, fixtures, carpets, etc.—Particulars, See  
Agents: EDWARD SYMMONS & PARTNERS, as above.

CHARMING DOWN HOUSE with 5 reception rooms,  
5 principal and 2 secondary bedrooms, 2 bathrooms,  
CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT. All main  
services. Garage for 2 cars. RUBBER GROUNDS.  
Landing team. Bowling. Fishing rights in 7 miles of river.  
2 ACRES. FOR SALE, Freehold, with possession.

ONE OF THE FINEST HOMES IN THE SOUTH  
First electric light, c. 1880, to London 25 miles distant.

MODERN GEORGIAN-STYLE RESIDENCE.  
Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms (communicating door  
giving length of over 30 feet), 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms,  
CENTRAL HEATING and PARQUET FLOORING  
THROUGHOUT. Main services. Garage for 2 cars.  
Maiden, Tennis court. Orchard. Blue passage within  
50 yards. Half mile river, one mile station. PRICE  
£8,000. FREEHOLD with 2 ACRES, or £14,000  
with 5 ACRES and 6-acre cottage—Particulars:  
EDWARD SYMMONS & PARTNERS, as above.

MAIDENHEAD. On high ground, 1/2 mile Station.  
ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE, c. 1930, in  
a beautiful grounds. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms,  
5 principal and 2 secondary bedrooms, 2 bathrooms,  
CENTRAL HEATING. All main services. Garage for 2 cars. Ex-  
cellent condition throughout. COTTAGE, 2 tennis courts,  
or bowling green, 1/2 mile station. 2 ACRES. PRICE £12,500. FREEHOLD.—Particulars:  
EDWARD SYMMONS & PARTNERS, as above.

## BUCKS

On the slopes of the Chilterns, London 25 miles.



QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE with 3 reception rooms,  
CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT. Main services. Garage  
2-6 cars. Tennis court. Swimming pool. Stabling, 2 good  
cottages, 4 1/2 ACRES. PITCHED ROOF, FREEHOLD,  
or £20,000 with only one cottage.—See Agents: EDWARD  
SYMMONS & PARTNERS, as above.

THE ESTATE HOUSE, 88, KING STREET,  
and STATION FRONT, MAIDENHEAD

# CYRIL JONES

F.A.I., F.V.A.

Maidenhead  
R058/4

## BERKSHIRE

Adjoining Lady Dunscombe and close to well-known Golf Course.



This exceedingly choice replica of a William and Mary  
"Cherryton"

It contains 6 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, servants'  
wing comprising 4 bedrooms and bathroom easily off as  
separate cottage. Lofly gallery, lounge hall and 3  
reception rooms. Complete and perfectly equipped domestic  
offices.

Main electricity and water. Central heating. Telephone.

Cottages. Garages.

Well timbered gardens and grounds of about

4 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Strongly recommended by the Owner's Agent: CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., F.V.A., The Estate House and Station Front,  
Maidenhead (Tel. R058/4).

## RURAL BERKSHIRE

3 miles Windsor, 5 miles Maidenhead.



A FINE COTTAGE, thoroughly modernized.  
Contains double (6, 6, 6), 4 bedrooms, capital bath-  
room, and 3 reception rooms.

Lovely old house and garden, including garden.  
FREEHOLD FOR SALE, WITH IMMEDIATE  
POSSESSION.

Owner's Agent: CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., F.V.A., The Estate  
House and Station Front, Maidenhead (Tel. R058/4).

For Sale Privately.

## WARGRAVE (Berks.)

Vacant Possession

FREEHOLD. Unusually comfortable low built, Thames-side residence, with terraced  
garden. In excellent condition, fitted throughout with all up-to-date and c.v.  
modern over-looked, but with lovely unobstructed view over meadows across Thames.  
Well shown first floor. Original structure 18th century, progressively and expertly  
modernized, improved and enlarged throughout 1920 century. Few minutes' walk  
from Wargrave Station. Excellent train service to London. VACANT POSSESSION  
MAY-JUNE, 1946.

### GROUND FLOOR

Entrance lobby, large lounge hall, entrance hall, 3 large reception  
rooms, card room, all beautifully finished in oak. Butler's pantry  
with sink, dressing room, dark room with sink, glass and  
H. and C. well-equipped kitchen with large and sunny, large  
cool larder.

### FIRST FLOOR

Large billiard room with entrance from house and garden (beautiful  
view across the river), 1 reception room, 11 bedrooms (5 with E.C. and C.V.),  
2 with bathrooms attached, 1 with sitting-room attached, 1 separate  
bathroom. Day nursery, Nursery kitchen. Storeroom. Ample built-in  
cupboards and wardrobes in many rooms.

Gas-fired labour-saving central heating throughout house. Open fire  
places, gas or electric fire in every room. Cullens and solid  
Telephones with several extensions.

French-windowed terrace above lawns sloping to river.

Green-house, summer-house, hot-house, stable, private concrete embankment.

Beautifully situated in view of the easy possibility of sub-division of long  
drainage into three comfortable residences.

Reply Box 704, COUNTRY LIFE, Tower House, Southampton Street, W.C.2.

# TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 1961. Telegrams: "Cornishman, London."

WHITE. Arvon Vale country. CHARMING RESIDENCE, partly Queen  
Anne period. Hall, 3 reception rooms, study, 2 baths and shower, 8-10 beds. Main  
entrance, double, double, double, double, double, double, double, double, double, double,  
and many more. Well landscaped grounds, orchard and meadowland.—TRESIDDER AND  
CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,000)

HERTS. SLACKS BOROUGH, mile Station (L.M.S.). 500 feet sq. PICTURE-QUE  
RESIDENCE, modernized. Garages drive with Locom. 14 reception, 8 beds,  
10 bedrooms (5 fitted h. & c.). Electric light, main water and gas. Garage for 2  
cars. 10 ACRES. Ornamental gardens, tennis, kitchen garden, orchard, paddocks.  
FREEHOLD.—TRESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (10,000)

MADEIRA, FREEHOLD. 100 ACRES. CHARMING COTTAGE, STONE  
GLOUSE. Hall, 3 reception, 1-10 beds, 6 beds (5 fitted h. & c.). All main services. Part  
central heating. Garage. Stabling. Well timbered garden and grounds. Kitchen garden,  
orchard, paddocks. Recommended.—TRESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1. (15,100)

GLoucester. With Possession. 10 ACRES. COTTAGE  
NORTH DEVON. Modern kitchen and bathroom. Reception, 2 bedrooms, 2  
baths. 10 ACRES. 100 ACRES. Hall, 3 reception, 2 baths, 6 beds (5 fitted h. & c.).  
Garage, stabling. Attractive garden, tennis, kitchen garden, orchard and paddocks.  
Recommended.—TRESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (15,100)

MAIDENHEAD. 100 ACRES. COTTAGE, STONE  
GLOUSE. Hall, 3 reception, 1-10 beds, 6 beds (5 fitted h. & c.). All main services. Part  
central heating. Garage. Stabling. Well timbered garden and grounds. Kitchen garden,  
orchard, paddocks. Recommended.—TRESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (15,100)

MAIDENHEAD. 100 ACRES. COTTAGE, STONE  
GLOUSE. Hall, 3 reception, 1-10 beds, 6 beds (5 fitted h. & c.). All main services. Part  
central heating. Garage. Stabling. Well timbered garden and grounds. Kitchen garden,  
orchard, paddocks. Recommended.—TRESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (15,100)

6, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1

# CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvenor 2124 (8 lines)  
Established 1876

## MID-DEVON

In the lovely Eas Valley.



ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN HOUSE. Accommodation on two floors: 11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, hall, 4 fine reception rooms. Main electric light, gas and water. Central heating. Domestic hot water. Stabling. Fish. Lodge. Garage. Charming garden landscaped by a stream.

COMPLETELY MODERNISED IN 1939.

**FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH 8½ ACRES**

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 6, Mount Street, W.1.

## HAMPSHIRE

Between Winchester and Petersfield.

### DELIGHTFUL QUEEN ANNE MANOR

9 principal bedrooms, 4 well fitted bathrooms, lounge hall and 4 fine reception rooms. Main electric light. Central heating. Independent hot water.

Garage. Stabling. Plot of 4 rooms and bathroom.

### 1 EXCELLENT COTTAGES.

Picturesque well-landed Pleasure Grounds. Backscours of Pasture and Arable Land.

**VACANT POSSESSION OF THE HOUSE AND 80 ACRES.**

**FREEHOLD FOR SALE with small or large area UP TO 80 ACRES to suit a purchaser.**

Sole Agents: Messrs. PINK & ARNOLD, Wickett, Fareham, Havant, and Messrs. CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1  
(Euston 7090)

# MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1  
(Regent 6088)

## NORFOLK LODGE, KINGSWOOD, SURREY



A really choice property situated in a much-sought-after district near several golf courses, including the Walton Heath course, 800 ft. up.

The Residence has a very fine interior with all modern conveniences and is approached by a drive with very nice hedges at the entrance. Accommodation includes: Five oak-panelled hall, most attractive drawing room, dining room, morning room, billiards room, lounge, 8 bedrooms, dressing room, 8 modern bathrooms, also 2 bedrooms for milk. Very efficient CENTRAL HEATING, ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER. Two Garages. Stabling and excellent plot.

**FINE GARDENS OF ABOUT 4½ ACRES**

Tennis and other lawns, 15 ft. pool, rose gardens, productive kitchen gardens, etc.

**For SALE by AUCTION at WINCHESTER HOUSE, OLD BROAD STREET (unless previously sold).**

Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. HARRIS STOUT & SON, F.A.I., Graham Buildings, Redhill; and MAPLE & CO., LTD., 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond Street, W.1

# CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON

1, IMPERIAL SQUARE, CHELTENHAM: (Tel. 53439)

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"THE AGENTS FOR THE WEST"

### MALVERN. IN A WONDERFUL POSITION

CHOICE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, high up on a very fine view. 8-10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiards room. Main entrance. Garage, stables. (Village). Delightful old grounds. About 3 ACRES. £28,750.—CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, 1, Imperial Square, Cheltenham. Phone 53439. ("THE AGENTS FOR THE WEST.") And at Shrewsbury.

### SPLENDID COTSWOLD FARM, 200 ACRES

OLD HOUSE OF CHARACTER (about 7 bedrooms) and all conveniences. Fine set of buildings, 4 cottages. Excellent land, all in hand. £15,000. Front building.—CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, 1, Imperial Square, Cheltenham. Phone 53439. ("THE AGENTS FOR THE WEST.") And at Shrewsbury.

### FIRST-CLASS SOUTH WARWICKSHIRE MIXED FARM FOR SALE, 77 ACRES

SUPERIOR OLD RESIDENCE with modern conveniences, 3 cottages and a magnificent set of buildings. Main electricity throughout house and buildings. £17,000 with possession. Highly recommended from inspection.—CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

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FINE COUNTRY HOUSE in glorious surroundings. Towards Ledbury and Ross. 4 large reception, 10 bed, 5 bath. Electric light. Central heating. 2-3 cottages. 100 acres. Highly productive well-wooded with game, pheasant, partridge and woodcock. House would be well with 20 ACRES.—CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON (as above).

### DORSET. 3 ACRES. £5,500

OLD HOUSE, MODERNISED. 3 reception, 4 bed, 2 bath. Electricity (main). (Garage and buildings). Garden and outbuildings.—CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON (as above).

### S. DEVON FARM. 146 ACRES. £17,750

CHARMING SMALL MANOR HOUSE. Private bathing beach. 5 bedrooms and electric light. Excellent buildings and 3 cottages. Lovely country.—CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON (as above).

### WILTSHIRE. MODERNISED FARMHOUSE.

£2,750

FINE OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE with beautiful view. 6-7 bedrooms, bath. Main electricity. Garage and buildings. Garden. 2½ ACRES. (Further 210 acres with 2 cottages and buildings available).—CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON (as above).

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DELIGHTFUL SMALL ESTATE with BEAUTIFUL OLD QUEEN ANNE HOUSE OF CHARACTER, well panelled and oak floors. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 7-10 bed, 2 bathrooms. Main electricity. Picturesque buildings, 2 cottages. Most lovely old landscaped grounds, woods and pasture. Highly recommended.—Sole Agents: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON (as above).

### N. COTSWOLDS. 30 ACRES. £12,000

VERY CHOICE PROPERTY OF CHARACTER. 5 bed, 2 bath. Main electricity. Central heating. 2 cottages. Delightful grounds.—CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON (as above).

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A compact small Residential Estate within the Borough.



Well planned attractive MODERN RESIDENCE. Oak-panelled hall, 5 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Good domestic quarters.

CENTRAL HEATING. SOUTH ASPECT.

GARAGE FOR 2 with Chauffeur's quarters.

Charming woodland grounds with stream and paddock.

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Particulars from MORPHET & MORPHET, 4, Albert Street, Harrogate.

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A Yorkshire stone Residence with Valuable Frontings to the Street.



Fine hall, 3 reception rooms, 4 principal and 4 secondary bedrooms. 2 bathrooms. Servants' hall.

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GARAGE FOR 2.

SPLENDID COTTAGE.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF ½ ACRE.

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Dignified Georgian House completely modernised and in excellent order. 14 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bath, fine suite reception rooms, model office.

Main electricity and water. Central heating.  
LODGE, 4 COTTAGES, FARMERY, STABLES, GARAGES.  
Finely timbered lawns, kitchen garden, park and farmsteads, in all  
ABOUT 82 ACRES

Vacant Possession of the residence and 82 acres on completion.

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## NEWNHAM HOUSE, Near BASINGSTOKE

On Newnham (Iron, under ½ mile from the main London-Basingstoke Road).

LONG, LOW TWO-STORYED PICTURESCAPE RESIDENCE  
It contains lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, complete offices with "Arm" couch, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.  
Companies' electric light and water. Central heating throughout. Modern drainage. Inexpensive gardens in excellent order with tennis lawn, kitchen and vegetable garden, etc., and 3 paddocks. Outbuildings, orchard, etc.

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 9 ACRES

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## SOUTH CROYDON - ADDINGTON SIDE

Quiet position on private estate.

Charm detached Modern House in fully maintained and most productive 2-acre garden.

Good hall, 2 sitting rooms, 7 bed, 2 bath.

ALL MAIN AND CENTRAL HEATING.

Fine modern garage with covered wash, etc.

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## MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE, LABOUR-<sup>52</sup>SAVING, WITH OLD AND MATURED APPEARANCE

5 bedrooms, dressing rooms, lounge, dining room, hall, 2 bathrooms.

ROBE COOKER. PARTIAL CENTRAL HEATING. COMPANIES' ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER. MODERN DRAINAGE.

GARAGE. CONVENIENT OUTBUILDINGS. LOOSE BOXES.

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IN ALL ABOUT 25 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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RICKMANSWORTH

## CORRY & CORRY

HARROW  
PINNER

### MEADOWFIELD

#### ARTISTIC CHARACTER HOUSE

In rural setting, close to station and shops.

5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 8 reception rooms, lounge hall, cloakroom.

All services. Garage, and fine timbered grounds of nearly ONE ACRE.

£6,500

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#### A DETACHED RESIDENCE

CONTRACT BUILT IN 1936.

5 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, sun lounge, bathroom.

Main drains, electricity. Garage and well stocked garden.

£5,495

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### HAFTOOTE

#### A 16th-CENTURY FARMHOUSE

combining period features with modern amenities.

5 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, library room.

Panoramic. All services. Garage with flat roof.

Old-world Gardens.

2 ACRES £7,500

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#### PICTURESQUE TUDOR-STYLE HOUSE

In delightful woodland setting, 10 miles from town.

4 bedrooms, lounge, oak-panelled dining-room, heavy bedrooms.

Superb construction. Every luxury. Brick garage and delightful grounds.

£4,950

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Occupying a unique position with frontage of about 215 feet to Christchurch Harbour with its excellent boating and mooring facilities.

## FOR SALE FREEHOLD

This choice small Residential Property upon which the present owner has spent a considerable amount of money and now all is perfect condition.  
7 principal and secondary bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms including a unique central lounge with miniature gallery. Ten loggia facing Harbour with lock-out, subdivided into 2 rooms.  
ALL MAIN SERVICES. PART CENTRAL HEATING.  
GARAGE.

Charming Gardens and Grounds with lawns, Mimosas and fruit gardens, small orchard, the whole extending to an area of about

3½ ACRES. PRICE £12,500, FREEHOLD

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5 miles from Andover. 10 miles from Basingstoke.

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## DOWN HOUSE FARM

Fronting the main road from Andover to Whitebury and Basingstoke with AN ATTRACTIVE FARMHOUSE containing 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 sitting rooms and domestic offices. PRIVATE WATER SUPPLY. MAIN ELECTRICITY. Farm Buildings and Detached Cottage. Good Pasture and Arable Land. The whole extending to an area of about

72 ACRES

with VACANT POSSESSION on completion.

To be SOLD BY AUCTION at the STAR and CARTER HOTEL, ANDOVER, on FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1946, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).  
Solicitors: Messrs. A. E. WYTH & Co., Palace House, Palace Road, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Auctioneers: Messrs. Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and at Southampton and Brighton.

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1 mile from New Forest and Golf Links. Occupying a choice position. Suitable for private residence or professional occupation.

## THE COMMODIOUS FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

## "CARLTON HOUSE,"

Barton Court Road, New Milton

6 bedrooms, bathroom, dressing room, bedroom, excellent lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, kitchen and office. Garage. Greenhouse.

MATURED GARDEN OF ABOUT

1½ ACRES

with Vacant Possession on completion.

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Solicitors: Messrs. TRENTA & JAMES, Lloyd's Bank Chambers, New Milton, Hants. Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and Mr. G. G. Fox, Central Estate Office, New Milton, Hants.

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Situated on the fringe of the New Forest in an ideal situation. About 10 miles from Bournemouth. Convenient for parking in the forest and easily accessible to Bournemouth & Golf Links.

## THE MOST ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

## "WOOTTON HALL,"

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8 bedrooms, 2 extensively fitted bathrooms, 2 reception rooms, billiards room, compact domestic offices. Well-wooded in all principal bedrooms. Part centrally heated. Main electricity and water.  
8 OUTCOTTAGES. MODEL COWHOUSE AND GOOD FARM BUILDINGS. Delightful Gardens and Grounds, well-kept Kitchen Garden, excellent pasture and arable lands, the whole extending to an area of about

37 ACRES

Vacant Possession of the Residence, Lands and 8 Outcottage on completion of the purchase. Possession of three cottages can probably be arranged.

To be SOLD BY AUCTION at ST. PETER'S HALL, WINTON ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH, on TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1946, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. LAYBURN & PERRY, 6, Henrietta Hill, Bournemouth.  
Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and Messrs. JOHN MARGRETS & SONS, The Estate Office, High Street, Warrick.

## EMINENTLY SUITABLE FOR COUNTRY CLUB OR PRIVATE RESIDENCE

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1½ miles from Winfield Station. 10½ miles from Brighton. 4½ miles from London. THE VALUABLE SMALL FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

"HOOK PLACE," CUCKFIELD ROAD, BURGESS HILL  
12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, good domestic offices.

## MAIN ELECTRICITY, COMPANY'S WATER.

Entrance Lodge. Garage. Chauffeur's Flat. Useful Outbuildings. Extensive Grounds with Ornamental Lake and pasture lands, available in all to about

43 ACRES

The Residence is at present requisitioned but early possession is anticipated. Vacant possession of Lodge.

To be SOLD BY AUCTION at the OLD SHIP HOTEL, BRIGHTON, on FEBRUARY 27, 1946, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. COLBART & Co., 25, Waterloo Street, Hove. Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Messrs. T. BARKER & Co., Market Place, Rayward Heath.

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5 miles Weymouth. 13 miles Bournemouth.

The Valuable Freehold Residential and Agricultural Property known as

## THE SANDFORD ESTATE

and including the Impressive Elizabethan-style Residence

## SANDFORD HOUSE

of moderate size, occupying an elevated site overlooking Poole Harbour and Bournemouth Island with extensive country views, and well sheltered by Fir Plantations. ENTRANCE HALL, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, 9 PRINCIPAL AND SECONDARY BEDROOMS, DINING ROOM, 7 SERVANTS BEDROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS, OBSERVATION TOWER, AMPLE DOMESTIC OFFICES.

Central heating. Complete electricity and water. Garage. Extensive stabling including reception room. Ample outbuildings. Productive walled kitchen and fruit garden. Glass houses. Well timbered grounds. Pleasure gardens. Heath land. Plantations. Profitable Rhododendrons.

## THREE KILLED FARMS

varying in size from 44 to 144 acres and comprising

HOMES FARM with Attractive House and Substantial Farm Buildings. PENNY'S FARM with House and Farm Buildings.

ORGANFORD FARM with Farm Buildings. ACCOMMODATION PASTURE AND ARABLE LANDS.

THREE COTTAGES. FOUR BUNGALOWS. SCHOOL. The Property has Main Road Frontage for about 2½ miles in all.

The whole Estate extends to an area of about

1,422 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION of about 1,422 ACRES.

To be SOLD BY AUCTION on a whole or in SEVERAL LOTS at the RED LION HOTEL, WARRHAM, on THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1946, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. LLOYD & Son, 17, Avenue Road, Bournemouth.

Auctioneers: Messrs. Fox & Sons, Bournemouth, Southampton, Brighton.

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Telegrams:

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*Beautiful location, overlooking parkland.*

## MODERN TUDOR RESIDENCE

In good order with large lounge hall, 3 reception rooms,  
9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, modern office.CENTRAL HEATING. CO. 2 ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS  
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WELL TREESED GROUNDSwith specimen trees, stone paved terraces, tennis court,  
ornamental garden, winding villa.

IN ALL NEARLY 7 ACRES

FOR SALE ON ADVANTAGEOUS  
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c.6



## RIGHT ON ASHDOWN FOREST c.3

*Adjoining the Golf Course with direct access thereto.*

## MODERNISED COUNTRY COTTAGE

2 reception, 3 bedrooms, bath-  
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Garage and outbuildings.

Garden, 3 fields and a paddock.  
In all

ABOUT 4½ ACRES

FREEHOLD £5,850



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*Beautiful district about 5 miles from Maidstone.*

## CHARMING CHARACTER RESIDENCE

being east home converted.  
Hall, lounge, dining room, 5  
bed and dressing rooms, 2  
bathrooms, main drainage.  
CO. 2 electric light and water.  
Bungalow, garage. Pleasant  
garden with stream intersecting.KITCHEN GARDEN,  
TENNIS COURTS, TREES.

In all

ABOUT 3½ ACRES



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*Yet in unique position amid unspoilt country.*

## SUBSTANTIAL AND ATTRACTIVE HOUSE

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modern dining room.All modern. Central heating.  
Garage, 2 good outbuildings  
and 3 cottages.Delightful gardens and 2 pad-  
docks, in all

ABOUT 12 ACRES

FREEHOLD £12,000



## VACANT POSSESSION

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*Situated on the cliff with magnificent views.*

## AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

on the finest part of the coast,  
between Bude and Land's End.  
Lounge, dining room, 2 bed-  
rooms, bathroom.The grounds with the garden  
and outbuildings in all to

ABOUT 2 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD

ONLY £3,000

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## FAVOURITE SEVENOAKS DISTRICT

c.4

*25 minutes' train journey to London*

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FASCINATING REPLICA OF A  
GEORGIAN RESIDENCEFine lounge hall, 3 standard reception rooms, 11 bedrooms  
furnished with h. and c.b. & bathrooms. Good office.GROUPEUR'S COTTAGE. GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.  
USEFUL OUTBUILDINGS.COMPANIES' WATER AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.  
TELEPHONE. CENTRAL HEATING. INDEPENDENT  
HOT WATER.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS.

STONE PAVED TERRACES, HARD TENNIS COURT.  
KITCHEN GARDEN, WOODLANDS.

IN ALL ABOUT 20 ACRES

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SURROUNDED BY NATIONAL TRUST LAND AND REMOTE FROM BUILDING ENCROACHMENT.

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and at **RINGWOOD**  
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#### GENTLEMAN'S FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, GARDEN AND SOME 7 ACRES

The residence occupies a very pleasant position facing south, is built of local stone with slated roof. Accommodation comprises: Entrance Hall, 4 reception rooms, domestic offices, 8 principal bed and dressing rooms, 2 secondary bedrooms, 8 bathrooms (6 and 2).

#### GOOD STONE-BUILT GARAGE. VARIOUS OUTBUILDINGS.

Electricity (own plant). Main water. Gardens and pasture land. Also modern bungalow.

#### VACANT POSSESSION FREEHOLD 65.800

For Sale by Private Treaty. Further particulars from: WOOLLEY & WALLIS, Castle Auction Mart, Salisbury, and at Ringwood and Romsey, Hants.

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By direction of Executors.

### "HOMEFIELD," KING'S WORTHY

3 miles from Winchester.

#### A MOST ATTRACTIVE LITTLE COUNTRY PROPERTY

With main service. Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, good domestic offices.

#### MATURED GARDEN OF ABOUT 1 ACRE.

#### FREEHOLD.

#### FOR SALE BY AUCTION

15th FEBRUARY, 1946.

#### WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

Particulars (price 6d.) from the Auctioneers, Jewry Chambers, Winchester (Tel. 2541).

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BERKS**

## MRS. N. C. TUFNELL,

F.V.A.

ABOUT 616

### SUNNINGHILL

#### CHARMING GEORGIAN HOUSE (part is older)

Within easy reach of Station, close to Windsor Great Park. The residence passes the gate.



The accommodation comprises: 10 bedrooms (2 suites with bathroom), 4 modern bathrooms, 4 reception (dining room oak-panelled, oak floor in drawing room and hall. All complete service.

About 8 ACRES well laid out garden. Walled kitchen garden. Spanish terrace court.

Storage for several cars and flat over.

Highly recommended.

#### FREEHOLD £15,800

Apply: Mrs. N. C. TUFNELL, F.V.A., Sunninghill, Berks. (Tel.: About 616).

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Close to golf course and country.



**WELL-BUILT HOUSE** in good situation, just de-regionalised. Accommodation: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception (drawing room 27 ft. by 30 ft. opening to terrace; dining room 20 ft. by 12 ft.; study 10 ft. by 12 ft.). Gentleman's cloakroom. Kitchen, staff sitting room, etc. Central heating. (Coal gas, electricity and water. Garage for 3. 5 ACRES valuable land including garden. **FREEHOLD, £5,800.**

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F.V.A.**

### SANDERS'

#### MARKET PLACE, SIDMOUTH.

**T. S. SANDERS,  
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#### SIDMOUTH 5½ MILES

**ATTRACTIVE SMALL COUNTRY RESIDENCE** with thatched roof. At about 100 feet above sea level in grounds from 4-7 acres, including a part originally dating from 17th, but with architecturally supervised additions of recent date. The house contains lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, maid's sitting room. Garage and useful outbuildings.

Central heating. Good electricity and water.

**IMMEDIATE POSSESSION. PRICE £7,500 ON NEAR OFFER**

#### A CHARMING SMALL WEST-COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE

Under 5 miles, Torquay 12 miles, Dartmouth within easy reach, and good sporting facilities to be had in the district.

**A HOUSE OF ATTRACTIVE DESIGN** with grounds of about 25 ACRES. The accommodation includes 5 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, 7 principal and 2 secondary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, fine offices and outbuildings, large, garden's cottage, etc.

Central Main water supply, drainage and electricity.

Fine Gardens with Tennis Court. Offered Freehold at a moderate price.

## ARMY & NAVY STORES, LTD.

106, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.3.

#### HOME OF GREAT CHARM IN 5 ACRES

**GLORIOUS SUBURB COUNTRY.** 5 miles from Tunbridge Wells. 4 reception rooms, 5 bed and dressing, 3 bath, good domestic offices. Airy cooker. Electric well. Central heating. Unfading piped spring-water supply. Large apple orchard. Small court, timber tower, alder copse, greenhouse, hard-garage, water-mill, bathing room, tennis, fishing. Silver boundary. Productive kitchen garden. Also Out-house converted into charming 3-roomed cottage with electricity and central heating. **FREEHOLD, £5,800.**

#### ON SEA-FRONT—ALDBURGH, SUFFOLK

**CHARMING DOUBLE-FRONTED COTTAGE** with small garden. 7 minutes' walk to station and golf links. 4 reception rooms, maid's room, 4 bed and 1 dressing room, bathroom, 1 w.c. Main water, electricity and gas. Large garage. **FREEHOLD, £1,800.**

#### NORTHWOOD—10 MINUTES TO STATION

**IN 1½ ACRES** attractive easy garden and orchard. Recently-built house standing well back from road. 4 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms (some with bath). Part central heating. Excellent domestic offices. Electric power points throughout. **FREEHOLD, £5,800, or with less land, ABOUT £5,500.**

#### ONE MINUTE FROM CLAPHAM COMMON

**40 YEARS' LEASE FOR SALE, 1956.** This house would easily make two very good flats. 4 reception rooms, 4 bed and dressing, bathroom. Ample outbuildings. Small garden with large summer-house. Electricity, gas, main water, etc.

*"To Unite Elegance and Utility and  
to blend the Useful with the Agreeable  
has ever been considered a difficult  
but an honourable task."*

(A. REPPLEWHITE 1766)

—a task, too, in which the English cabinet makers of the best periods have always been particularly successful.

The craftsmen and designers at Heal's have lost none of their forbears' skill. In all the furniture they make, the pleasing simplicity of modern design is combined with fine quality of workmanship. We try not only to adorn the modern home, but to make it a place really convenient to live in.

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196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1



The traditional appeal of Minton China is no more to be explained by telling the story of its making than is the 'Mona Lisa' by reference to its pigments or its canvas. Sufficient that breeding, taste and culture have recognised the predominating excellence of 'Minton' for a hundred and fifty years.

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*With Lemon, Orange or Lime  
A Winner every time!*

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RAZOR BLADE  
MADE IN ENGLAND

Including 3d each  
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BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING  
SUPPLIES A ROYAL WARRANT

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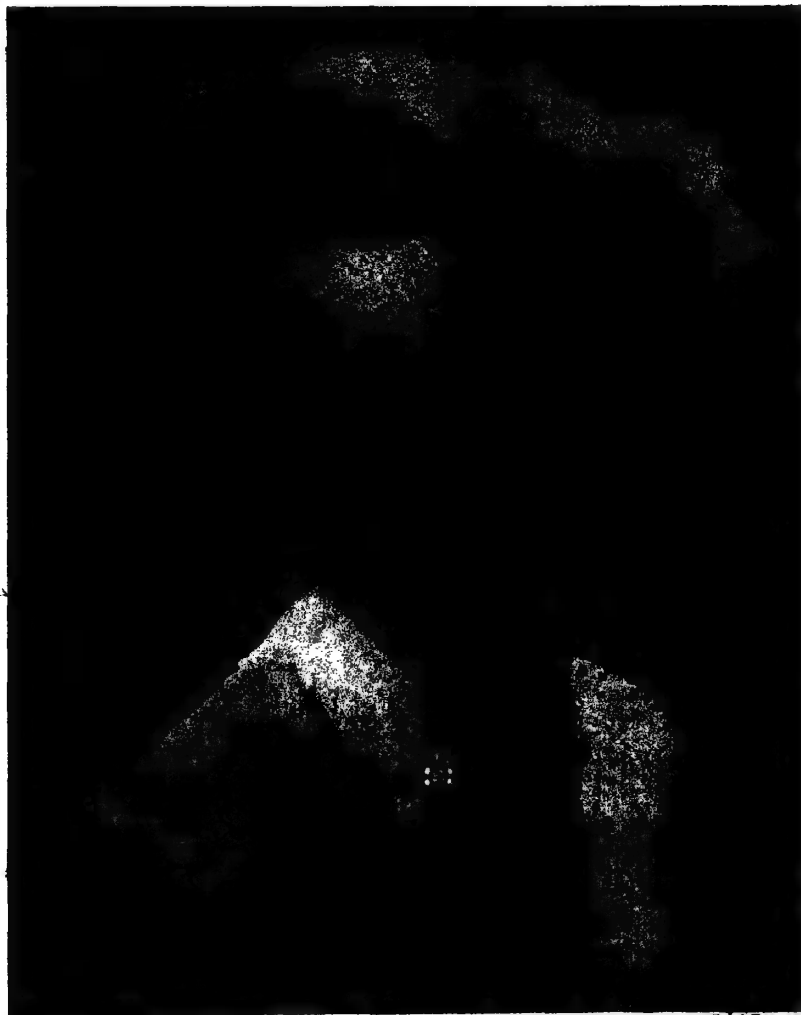
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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX. No. 2559

FEBRUARY 1, 1946



*Peter Freeman*

## MISS PAMELA ANN HEBBLETHWAITE

Miss Hebblethwaite, who is the younger daughter of the late Mr. H. P. Hebblethwaite and of Mrs. K. Hebblethwaite, of The Beacon, Fleet, Hampshire, is to be married in the Spring to Mr. Arthur Leslie Forbes Errington, younger son of the late Major G. H. Errington and of Mrs. J. Crompton, of Dencombe Mill, Ford, Chippenham, Wiltshire.

## COUNTRY LIFE

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## FUMBLING WITH THE NETTLE

It seems many years ago since Lord Reith told the great county boroughs to plan boldly; and since then the number of bold reconstructions on paper have been continuous—unequalled, we suppose, in the mental exercise they have involved except by that of the Uthwatt and subsequent Departmental and Inter-departmental Committees which have been striving to produce the workable and effective scheme of compensation that will alone make them feasible.

To-day not a single one of those great municipal authorities has actually begun to carry out its bold designs, though they include many which have been provided by war-time destruction not only with a paramount reason for going into action but with decks already cleared. In many ways it is not strange. It is stranger perhaps, that the Minister of Town and Country Planning should profess his ignorance of "what is holding them up." Mr. Silkin's current meetings with representatives of blighted towns will no doubt enlighten him. He will hear of political difficulties—not rendered easier by recent municipal elections; of serious financial doubts, of feared loss of population and of rating values, of a plethora of red tape and inter-departmental bickering, of shortage of architects and surveyors. The last of them is for the moment unavailing; the others are not. The last should be removed in the shortest space of time. Behind them all lies the failure so far to solve the problem of compensation.

Mr. Silkin promises a Bill "to deal with it once for all," in the late spring of this year. That is a long time ahead, and it is not to be supposed that highly technical measures, the basis of which is bound to be controversial, is likely to have a very rapid progress through Parliament, even with a guillotine and a rather unwieldy majority at the Government's service. Mr. Silkin is not yet at liberty to disclose details beyond saying that one of the things he is going to do is to arrange for the State to take over the burden of compensation. This presumably means that any material scheme based on "global" estimates which attempts to balance compensation and betterment by the purchase of development rights has been abandoned, and that something is contemplated on the lines of the Coalition Government's White Paper. It is fruitless at the moment to conjecture exactly how the new plan will be framed, but presumably (outside devastated areas) it will have a zoning basis. It certainly seems necessary that, while Mr. Silkin is preparing his Bill, the local authorities concerned should be given more than their present scanty store of information about its basic principles and that if the Bill

itself cannot be produced for some months, the public shall have that information also.

This is clearly necessary in the interests of public confidence, the lack of which is surely the final answer to Mr. Silkin's question, "Why this delay?" The Minister proposes to attempt to restore it. Local authorities, he says, ought not to be deterred by financial fright; they have substantial assistance offered for fifteen years, and "if, after fifteen years, the local burden were still too heavy, no Government could ignore the appeal of a blighted town for further help." The Minister's proposal, this evening a little hollow, purists might even suggest that it was financially immoral. But there can be no doubt of the need for the authorities concerned to grasp the nettle firmly. Hesitations and delay are likely to be far more dangerous even than some approach to recklessness. It is not without interest to remember such bold projects of reconstruction as that of Nash's Regent Street and Regent's Park, which though its original driving power of State support collapsed early in its history, was kept going by a decidedly speculative harnessing of private enterprise. There may be lessons to be learnt from Nash's story even in these days of municipal socialism.

## THE RETURN

THE scene for which my spirit craved  
Lies spread before my eager gaze,  
And weary years by me enlaved  
Lift in the sun like valley haze.  
I see from high on Breton's side  
The patterned land in space below,  
A charge upon our faith and pride  
To have and hold and keep it so.  
The distaste of war will yield  
As men are tuned to play their parts;  
Brown parts to play in town and field  
For patient men with steadfast hearts.

E. G. L.

## TRAFFIC MEMORIES

MEMORIES seem curiously short regarding the state of London traffic before the war. Now that it is beginning, after the unusual used to be, years, to get a little fairly dense again, both the public and the authorities are starting to abuse each other as though congestion were something new. While memories of the frustration of movement before the war were still fresh, the leading architects and planners, under Sir Edwin Lutyens and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, worked out the Royal Commission traffic plan (*Road, Rail and River in London*, Country Life, 2s. 6d.), based on the Bressey Ministry of Transport plan and that of the L.C.C., all of which are incorporated in the *County of London Plan*. As the war dragged on there was apparently a tendency to regard these proposals as visionary, whereas they represent the expert's conclusions on the minimum measures necessary to accommodate London's normal traffic flow. Meanwhile, some palliatives are possible and essential, chief of them more facilities for parking. It is all very well for Sir Arthur Tripp to warn motorists against parking in main thoroughfares, but they are also prosecuted for parking in side streets. There is often nowhere else to go. Yet there are sufficient bombed sites, or even derelict buildings, the sites of which could be levelled, for use as temporary parking places until the subterranean passages foreshadowed by the Minister of Transport are ready. The building of these should be put in hand at once.

## AGRICULTURAL WAGES

THE dispute about agricultural wages has been continued from many angles and enlivened by a correspondent who points out that the women who clean the Land Army hostels get 50 per cent. higher pay than the men cleaning themselves. The logic of the attitude is that taken by the National Farmers' Union in calling for a national conference to determine a national policy in relation to wages for all industries before further attempts are made to adjust those in agriculture alone. So far the Government has shown no adoption of any general wages policy, being content to rely on "the traditional and well tried system"

of settling wage rates by collective bargaining in individual industries. Quite apart from the special position of agriculture, it seems clear that increases in rates during the war have been uneven; and the moment actual earnings begin to fall, there is bound to be dissatisfaction in many industries at the apparently privileged position of others. The thorough discussion of all the problems involved from a broad economic point of view cannot but do good. It has recently been shown, for instance, that, contrary to popular belief, the difference between the wages of agricultural and industrial workers has actually increased during the war; whereas in October, 1938, it was 34s. 8d., in January, 1945, it was just over 47s. On the other hand Agriculture heads the list of increases in wage rates. The problem needs to be worked out as a whole, and Mr. Attlee, who showed his interest in agriculture by his speech at the N.F.U. dinner demonstrating the connection between stability and planning, might do worse than consider making a start by planning agricultural wages in a national context which would both stop the drift from the land and relate farm wages to farm prices. But in this context one thing cannot be repeated too often: any increase in wages, whether in Agriculture or in any other industry, must be accompanied by increased production per head.

## BURNHAM BEECHES

THE release of Burnham Beeches by the military authorities, and the reopening of the territory to the general public, is reported to be imminent. Lovers of what was once described as the "finest remnant of ancient forest that can be seen in all England" will be glad to know that it has sustained relatively little damage. Twelve acres of the 320 acres have had their fertility destroyed or seriously damaged by the use of the top soil or the sand, and the clinders, clinkers and broken brick, but only 10 of the 1,600 pollarded beeches have been killed or badly wounded. These casualties are light when it is recalled that fully 100,000 vehicles (including most of the wheeled vehicles used on the land) have used the beeches since the 21st Army Group passed through Burnham Beeches, which were requisitioned as a depot in May, 1942, largely because the woodland gave excellent cover. Nature, helped by the replanting which the Corporation of the City of London is to undertake at the first opportunity, will doubtless speedily mended most of the damage, but the long-term future of the ancient pollards—which should be decided by experts—is an interesting subject for speculation. Beeches are not naturally long-lived trees, and the extraordinary longevity of Burnham's pollards (whose ages have been estimated variously up to 1,000 years) is due to the action of pollarding and the repeated loppings for firewood. Generations have passed since some of the grandest veterans were lopped: are they to be lopped again or, if not, how much longer can the hollow shells be expected to support the increasing weight of the tops?

## MANNERS MAYKITH MAN

THE Mayor of Hendon is leading a crusade for better manners. He has addressed a letter to each of 15,000 children in his dominion asking them to set an example of courtesy, giving such instances as that of surrendering seats in crowded buses or trains and carrying parcels for the elderly, and on the other hand, good he will do may be doubtful, but it is at least certain that he cannot possibly do any harm and his scheme is therefore worthy of all praise. Whether, and if so how much, manners have deteriorated in the war years is a question on which there are various opinions. In regard to the girls, it is a definite improvement, an obvious duty, they unquestionably have; the inevitable crowd and hustle of travelling has encouraged a spirit of *sautez qui peut*. There is just this to be said in defence, that carriages are often so full that it is almost impossible for the very pink of courtesy to get up if he wants to. Moreover, in other respects the war seems to have produced a helpfulness and friendliness not normally polished but entirely genuine.

# A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By  
Major C. S. JARVIS

A BIRD which I always seem to meet in considerable numbers when duck shooting, whether the location happens to be a British river or the marshes of Egypt, is the coot. Except by accident when a stray coot happens to come over in the middle of a pack of duck, and unfortunately puts itself in such a position behind a mallard or teal that it receives the second barrel before being identified, I have never shot one; neither have I attempted to eat one, but judging by the numbers I see displayed for sale in the local market I gather that this is possible. ■ the bird is skinned and not plucked. The difference between the coot and its smaller cousin, the moorhen, ■ that the first is a bird which one sees always in large communities on lakes and big rivers, whereas the moorhen's mode of life is the opposite, for he is essentially uxorious, and shows a preference for winding brooks and tiny ponds where a happily married couple can lead a non-gregarious existence.

AT least two credible natural historians, Sir Thomas Browne of the seventeenth century and Lord Lilford of more recent times, have recorded that, when a pack of coot are attacked by a falcon or eagle, they group together closely, and with their enormous feet throw up such a column of water that the bird of prey is unable to select a victim, and runs such a risk of getting his wing feathers drenched that he sheers off. As both the golden and white-tailed eagles, together with kites and a variety of falcons, are invited guests at every duck shoot in the Nile Valley, and as a pack of nervous coot are also always in evidence, I have had many opportunities to see this novel and effective defence against aerial attack, but cannot give evidence that I have actually witnessed it. The coot, when a bird of prey passes overhead at close range, does gather together with signs of alarm, and there is a certain amount of splashing caused by frightened outliars scurrying in on the surface of the water to join the centre of the scrum, but I should hesitate to say that I had seen the birds using their feet deliberately to throw up a water screen as a protection.

ON the other hand, whenever I have watched the reactions of coot to birds of prey at a duck-shoot, the eagles and falcons have been there for duck purposes only. These birds fly towards the sound of the guns because experience has taught them that shooting means a considerable number of winged and wounded duck, which can be picked up with the minimum of effort; and therefore, why worry about unwounded and not so palatable coot? Possibly the coot themselves are fully aware that they are in no great danger when an eagle passes overhead at duck-shoots, for it would seem to be the rule that creatures of the wild know instinctively when their natural enemies are in a dangerous frame of mind, or, Rabbitts worry about cheerfully round their buries with a grinning glow sitting up some fifty yards away, and watching them and flocks of linnets and other small birds will often ignore the passage overhead of a sparrow-hawk, if he is flying home replete after a successful day.

THE behaviour of coot at a duck-shoot in England ■ interesting and to a certain extent inexplicable as, when the firing begins with a constant rattle of shots on a mile-length of river and flights of alarmed duck winging their way up and down stream, the word seems to be passed in the coot pack that, though the situa-



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E. H. Engene Piny

tion ■ ominous, they themselves are in no immediate danger, and that all birds are to keep calm and refrain from taking to wing. When the fusillade has continued for half an hour or more, the coot will usually leave the water all together and mass themselves on a meadow by the river bank. Then, when the flights of duck have become infrequent and the firing intermittent, the nerves of the coot pack suddenly give way and the whole community will take wing, flying aimlessly and foolishly up and down the river.

AT the time of writing, a howling gale, accompanied by heavy rain, has been blowing for five days and, though occasionally the sky clears for a brief space in the evening and the wind drops to a brisk breeze, the Clerk of the Weather almost immediately repents of his leniency, and, drawing on his reserves, switches on another gale from a slightly different quarter with even more rain. On the fifth day of this weather, when life had become almost insupportable, I received a letter from my old gardener of Sinitic days, who enlists the services of the village scribe once a year to acknowledge my Christmas gift. Actually, as Christmas means nothing to him, my gift is an acknowledgment of his past services should be sent on the Mohammedan festival of Bairam, which follows Ramadan, but as the date of this changes from year to year I am never very certain about it.

The letter concludes with this pious wish: "Rain came to the desert this year very much that all the inhabitants have much corn and barley. We ask Allah, for your sake, to send you in England plenty of rain as it happened in the desert, and not to trouble you to make a reservoir." The prayers of the righteous are always answered, and in the parlance of the Army of to-day, "we've had it!" There is not the slightest necessity to make a reservoir as a fine natural one has formed at the end of my lane, cutting me off from the village, and the rain, which in the desert is a blessing and makes ploughing possible, has postponed that which is overdue in my field for another month at least.

LUNDY ISLAND is connected in my mind with bird watching and ornithological research, combined with a side line in sheep grazing, for like so many other people I know the island very well by sight, but have never been properly introduced to it. I am informed, however, that a sport which most of us connect solely with the Highlands—stalking—is to be obtained on the island, presumably by permission of the owner, as there are quite a number of red deer, Japanese deer and wild goats in residence. Both varieties of deer were introduced to the island many years ago, and, finding conditions to their liking, have bred freely. The "wild" goats, I imagine, are like the "wild" goats of some parts of Ireland and Wales, and are descended from old billies from a domestic herd which broke off relations with their human owners way back in the past.

Lundy Island is flat on top, but falls away to the sea in steep, broken cliffs which are some 400 feet high, and by day the deer lie up on those parts of the cliffs that are not precipitous and where cover is provided by rhododendron growth. When the animals come up at dusk to feed on the plateau above they usually select those areas that are covered with bracken, which on Lundy grows to a great height. The stalking apparently is similar to that employed when ibex shooting.

THE deer having been located, it is then necessary to find a spot within range from which a shot can be taken, and in this connection the direction of the wind must be studied most carefully. Those who have stalked game in precipitous mountains will know how fluky a quite strong wind can be when it buffets against a cliff's face, and then curls downwards against the general direction. As with ibex, marker and other mountain animals, the shot has to be taken so often in a most perilous position, half over the cliff's face with the shikari hanging out the rifleman's heels, and with the added difficulty of estimating the correct foresight allowance for an almost vertical shot.



# COACHING DAYS AND WAYS

Written and Illustrated by

LIONEL EDWARDS

I HAD been reading of the wondrous speed obtained by jet-propelled aeroplanes and had later gone out to see how a gang of Italian peasants were getting on with our potatoes on the site of the Roman road—probably the first Italian soldiers to work on the road since the Legions left, some 2,000 years ago. I tried to explain this to the sergeant in charge, but his English was not quite sufficiently advanced, and in any case his mind held but one idea—*that* shortly he would be going home. "Italy, I presume?" "No! No! Glasgow!" he replied. "We have English wife."

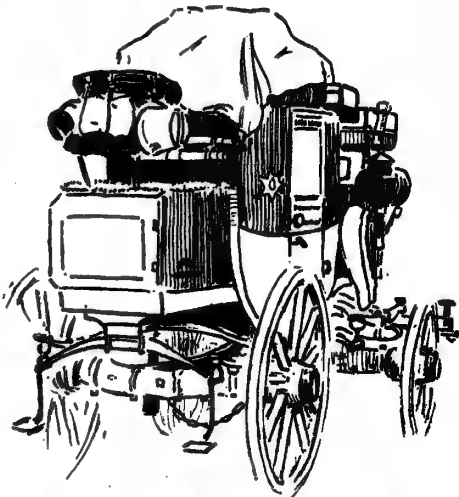
The combination of aeroplane speed records and the Roman road raised the train of thought that the Romans were the first to speed up travel by these same roads. After the departure of the Legions the roads fell into decay. Throughout the Middle Ages and up to the nineteenth century they remained moribund, until the demand for fast mail-coaches produced new great roads. Our generation has already seen so many changes that it can scarcely keep in touch with the speed-up of travel. The cost of wings will probably exercise the minds of our children.

Although aerial travel is not yet the universal form of locomotion, its day is at hand. The motor roads about to be constructed will probably be completed at just about the time when the motor-car is finally supplanted by the aeroplane, for history repeats itself. For example, the roads of England steadily improved with the speed-up of coaching, but went out of use again with the advent of the more rapid railways.

Nevertheless, petrol has revolutionised locomotion to such an extent that we scarcely realise how cheap and luxurious is modern travel compared with coaching days. I gather that about 2½d. a mile was what a coach journey cost. It sounds inexpensive, but the pound sterling was infinitely more valuable in those days when a man was passing rich on £40 a year.

The fare from Bristol to London was: inside £2 12s. 6d., outside £1 1s. 6d. Parcels were 1s. 6d. Anything over 14 lb. was charged at 2½d. a lb., so passengers had to travel light. Meals *en route* and tips had to be added, of course, to the cost of coach travel, and on long journeys bed and breakfast and more tips as well.

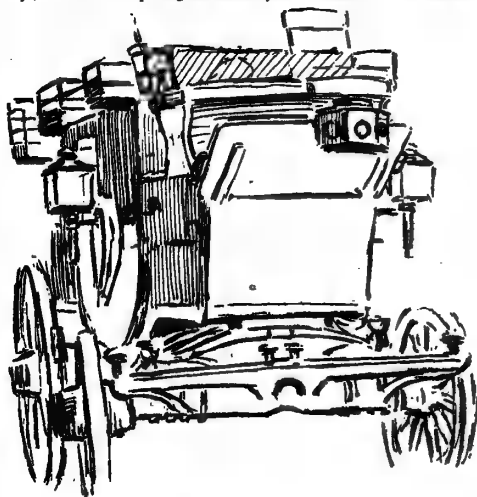
By post-chaise was the most comfortable way of travel. The rich used their own travelling chariots with their own horses for short distances, but hired post-boys and horses for long journeys. Up to our own youthful days many old inns still had the words "Neat post-chaises for hire," or "Post-Horses" written up in faded paint—relics of former and more prosperous days. I do not know what was the usual charge for post-horses, but I lately came across a complaint in the contemporary *Press* from a gentleman who said: "At Amesbury and one or two other inns they continue to charge 1s. 2d. per mile for each pair of a saddle-horse." So apparently 1s. 2d. must have been well above the usual charges. Moreover, the post-boy of real life was no heroic figure, being usually drunken and seldom civil, the latter more especially if he considered his tip insufficient!



BACK VIEW OF THE QUICKSILVER MAIL-COACH. Showing the single seat for the guard, the skid hanging underneath the vehicle and the spare horse-collar on the early-pattern lamp

I have ridden in a post-chaise, for a few yards only, at a show of old vehicles. It was comfortable and beautifully sprung on C-springs, although I do not know if this was actually so in the days of their use. It occurred to me that one might feel something akin to seasickness, as there was distinctly a side swing when in rapid motion. Also, I believe that on a long journey the back view of the post-boy bobbing up and down might get on modern nerves (our forefathers had none!).

A word on the illustrations in this article. The post-chaise was drawn from life, as were also the mail- and stage-coaches. Although the drawings are not dated they were done about 1923, when a parade of vehicles was included in the International Horse Show at Olympia. The Quicksilver, Royal Mail, was the actual coach in



THE COMMODORE, a stage-coach, front view. Note the modernised lamps and the brake

(Right) POSTILION WITH LEAD HORSES OF A POST-CHAISE. The ruins of the led horse are coupled and do not pass through torrets.



use in 1835, and had, as far as I could see, not been modernised. Its colours were red and black. The single seat behind the guard is exactly as seen in early mail-coach pictures. No modern brake has been added, for the skids are shown hanging beneath. The guard had to alight to put it on and to take it off. The lamp is the early pattern, and a spare horse-collar hangs upon it.

The Commodore, 1839, a stage-coach, to carry more passengers, appears to have been slightly modernised, *vide* lamps and brakes. It ran between Rochester and London, being catalogued as the Pickwick Coach. Its colours were black and yellow. I would particularly point out that the attachment of traces from leaders to wheelers in post-chaises is direct on to wheel traces, instead of to bars, as in a coach, or to a single bar, as with the extra coach horses on a hill. In post-chaises the reins of the lead horses were coupled together and did not pass through terrets, so that the postilion had only one extra rein to hold.

The stable sketches are founded on pictures by Herring, himself a coachman before being an artist.

To return to the highway: the first coach was put on the road in 1667 and the fare from London to Birmingham was 21s. 6d. The journey took three days. The first mail-coach started about 1784. Leaving London at 8.0 a.m. it reached Bristol at 11.0 p.m. The first flying coach, in 1754, took four and a half days to travel from Manchester to London.

Both mail- and road-coaches gradually became faster and faster. The celebrated Shrewsbury Wonder completed 158 miles, from London to Shrewsbury in 15½ hours. Coaching was at its height in 1823. May Day was the great day for racing between coaches, many of which carried no passengers so that they could travel light. The Independent Tally Ho did 109 miles in 7¼ hours. This meant springing them, that is, galloping most of the way, for the time included stopping to change horses. Each stage was usually nine miles. In early days ten minutes was allowed for changing

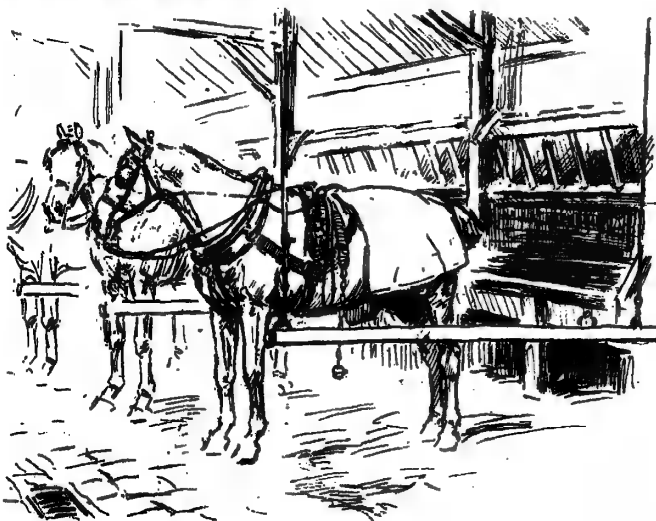


A POST-CHAISE. Note attachment of traces from leaders to wheelers direct on to wheel traces; also the bearing reins on all four horses.



(Left) COACH-HORSES READY TO START. Reins and whip all prepared for the coachman.

(Below) A COACH TEAM AWAITING ITS TURN IN STABLES, which are divided into stalls by poles slung from the roof.



horses, but this was reduced to three. I believe that the record for changing four horses was 60 seconds.

The harness of the coaches was a trade of great magnitude. All sorts found their way into it. Better roads and the demands of commerce altered the type of horse in the latter days of coaching. "If cotton people must go as fast as their jennies, why then there must be railroads, nobody can deny," lamented a coaching enthusiast in 1834.

Hounslow was the first stage out of London for all coaches going West and 2,800 horses were stabled in that village for changing the teams. The coach-horse lived high, his stomach being the corn measure—in other words he was given as much as he could eat. Horses were cheap enough then, the average being about £23, but on all routes the first stage out of London was the most showily harnessed and more money was given for these animals. Horses had to be cheap. A coach had to take £10 per mile gross profit or it did not pay its way.

Moreover, three or four years was the limit which a horse could stand in fast coaches, although they might last seven in slow vehicles. There were in those days heavy losses also in the crowded stables from diseases such as pink-eye and glanders, almost unknown to-day. I can remember that in about 1800 a whole stable full of horses at Oxford was destroyed during an out-

break of glanders. In 1898, 1,385 horses were destroyed and 2,448 in 1908. In 1901 2,370 cases were reported, 67 per cent. of them being in London and traceable to permanently-infected stables. The elimination of the disease was energetically tackled in 1908. The last case I saw was in 1917.

Coach stables were extensive in the nineteenth century, but usually dark and overcrowded. There were no loose boxes and few stalls. Instead, poles were slung from the roof between the animals. This saved space, but must have caused many accidents, from kickers, etc., but more especially to tired horses which usually lay at full length on their sides.

The team next for the road was turned round in the stalls, ready harnessed. When put to the first team of the day stood with one man at the heads of the leaders and another at those of the wheelers. The reins were thrown over the off wheelers' loins to hang from the middle terret. The whip was laid across the wheelers' quarters, waiting for his lordship, the coachman.

I have often wondered how many horses each man was expected to do in coaching stables, but labour was cheap and plentiful, with no unemployment, in those days. I wonder, too, how much a load the local farmers and gardeners paid for the mountains of manure that must have collected in the stable yards.

Many an old racehorse, and at least one winner on the flat, went into the lead of the flying drags. What a change from the heavy horses in the early coaches, insensible to voice or thong—the latter freely used!—were these bloodlike animals. They were restrained with difficulty and the seldom-used whip remained in its scabbard.

The great difficulty with which proprietors had to deal was sore shoulders. A spare collar was always carried on the lamp bracket, as shown in the illustration. Many devices were tried to obviate this injury. Some horse keepers never took the collar off, saying that this practice kept the collars warm and soft. It is recorded that a Mr. Mitchell of the Eagle Inn, who horned the Chesterfield—Cambridge coach, used to throw a bucket of cold water over his horses and thus have the mud wash off. The reins were never left off, they themselves by rolling in the litter, or, more usually, moss litter. I should like to know whether they suffered from cracked heels. They probably did!

It will be noticed in all contemporary pictures that bearing reins are in use. These gave the driver extra control over his four horses, for considerable strength is required to handle a team. As Nimrod says, "Where is the arm that could bear the weight of four horses leaning on the bit for an hour or more together, perhaps at full gallop. The greatest instance of corporal exertion on a coach is that of Captain Barclay horse, who drove the motor coach way from London to Edinburgh, 400 miles."

This brings us to the man who drove the coach. We are accustomed to think from Dickens and Christmas Numbers, that the coachman was always large and rotund, red-faced and broad-given to brandy-and-water, with one eye on the fair sex and the other on the look-out for tips. This is probably true of the early days, but with the zenith of coaching a very different type came along. The more rapid pace of travel required much younger men who could stand the strain of galloping across the map and who were given to brandy-and-water. How quickly these type changes can be realised if we recall the fact, elderly policeman of our youth, and compare them with the strapping young men in the Force to-day. These coachmen were also very quick with their tongues. On a passenger remarking on a passing long-haired dandy, the coachman said "ah, I should like to put a twitch on 'im and pull 'is mane 'is bit."

To come to actual travel, coaching would scarcely suit the present generation, brought up to central-heated houses and closed-in motor-cars. "The start from the Bull and Mouth at 8 a.m. on a winter's morning in the dark, with the reins yellow for frost and the carriage a link boy with torch in front of the horses" can scarcely have been a pleasant beginning to a

journey to, say, Shrewsbury (186 miles) in 18 hours, with a stop at Northampton and twenty minutes in which to bolt what food you could.

A contemporary description says: "Inside full of three fat old men, a young mother, sick child, cross old maid and a large bag of herrings, a gun (we hope not loaded), a lap dog and yourself. Awake with cramp in one leg and the other in lady's hat box. Window closed, unpleasant smell, etc., etc. Outside, eye flicked out by clumsy coachman, hat blown off into a pond; asked where the two approved of the journey and noted shivers from 'iron'."

Again, accidents were pretty frequent. A contemporary magazine remarked: "It is even betting that whoever takes up a newspaper in these wonderful times, whether a coach accident or a suicide first meets the eye." But the reader of those days would have been even more astonished at seeing the monthly record of road fatalities in our contemporary Press. Coaching days simply could not, in that way also, compete with mechanised travel!

Perhaps the most remarkable coach accident

was a collision at night between a coach and a wagon of hay. The coach lamps, being broken on impact, set alight to the hay which, with the wagon, was entirely burnt. Nearly as remarkable was the case of the Chertsey-Maudslayi coach which, being left unattended, ran away at night without the sleepy passengers knowing what had occurred. The horses knew the road so well that they pulled up as usual at their next stop, at which the passengers discovered for the first time that they were without either guard or coachman.

Accidents due to bad weather were no more frequent than to-day, and I have seen as many motors abandoned in snowdrifts as were coaches in Pollard's pictures.

So much for the past. Only a little more than a hundred years ago, and we have entirely lost touch with the coaching era, for when one comes down to details of that period it is astonishing how little we know about the travel of our forefathers. To-day the craze is for speed, and yet more speed to come. Nevertheless to-morrow started yesterday.

## A COUNTRYWOMAN'S NOTES

By EILUNED LEWIS

NOTHING has so greatly altered our everyday life in the country as the return of the basic petrol ration, which should be added to the list of Good Things, comparable with Rowland Hill's penny postage and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Of course we are all delighted since I have put an end to those expedients and contrivances which so devoured our time. Even the telephone bill should show an improvement in health now that the wires no longer convey such messages as "Mrs. S. is going into Blank this morning and would you like her to try for some fish?" to be followed all too often with "Mrs. S. is so sorry but there was nothing except frozen fillet."

Yet, talking of fish, how many friendships have flourished over that cold-blooded, that all too frequently frozen, commodity. It was everybody's trouble, though perhaps not the greatest of our difficulties. Only the mothers of children know the intricate arrangements that revolved round a weekly dancing or musical lesson, arrangements designed to convey "so deepest Winter with least expenditure of petrol seven or eight small creatures, living at distances of several miles from each other and all liable to colds in the head and mysterious temperatures which might, at the last moment, overturn the most delicately adjusted plans."

But have we not, nevertheless, grown soft in comparison with our ancestors? In a book of local reminiscence an old lady relates how she used to go to school in pattens.

"I tell you, children were happy in those days; it was always boy, ship and a jump was it, and if we had to walk twelve miles to market and back in a day—why, we thought nothing of that! Either you had to walk, or else jig-yoo-jolt-you in the carrier's cart, and that was all there was about it."

ONE small but important piece of transport which has not yet shown much improvement is the collection and return of household laundry. A friend who has to go visiting from one house to another tells me that the problem of bus-hire is so acute that she proposes carrying her basket on her back, and that, as she will be a most welcome guest for the laundry's voracious man in which our linen is not only swallowed week after week but chewed at the same time, is killing our ancient traditions of hospitality. One way out of the dilemma is to make use of those spacious damask tablecloths which no many people possess and so few use. Unstarved they are said to make excellent sheets, and how amusing to sleep, for a change, between floral designs and Greek key patterns. I have in mind one ample tablecloth, dedicated to bulky ferns and anthered stage, which should be the pride of any bed. And has it yet occurred to you that those guests might pillow their heads on table-napkins, perchance to dream of well-

appointed Edwardian tables and meals to match?

TO anyone whose garden adjoins a ploughed field (as mine does) the matter of rotation of crops is of great importance; a matter entirely decided by someone else, for otherwise I should elect every year a harvest of grain—wheat, oats or barley—all at them charming companions, coming up like a troop of ballet dancers to the verge of the garden, beyond the clumps of lupins and delphiniums where "the apple tree do lean down low." But, alas, one year cabbages took the place of corn, and although one could admire the blue light of morning on their honest leaves, there was no escape as the weeds were on from their penetrating, depressing smell. Now once more the patient earth has been ploughed up, not by the tractor but by two farm-horses and the ploughman, turning and whowing at the garden edge and so distractingly picturesque that it has been difficult to get on with the morning's work. This season it is to be roots.

HERE in this piece of land is a microcosm of recent English history. Seven years ago it was an untouched heath where once Plantagenet kings hunted the deer; venerable thorn-trees blossomed every Spring, and the children of two parishes filled their baskets and tin cans with blackberries at each Summer's end. Then in 1940 came the Tanks. For three weeks of Summer weather they camped on this ground. Stiles on which generations of lovers arrived to meet. But that year we picked our blackberries for the last time, since after the Canadians came the Italians to dig, root up and burn all our ancient thorns and brambles. That was too much for the nightingales; their nesting places had vanished and their "pleasant voices have been never heard again."

The war took some things away which will never come back, but except for the nightingales I do not think there is anything here for regret. As I write the horses come up once more to the hedge, the wind blowing their forelocks. They remind me of my neighbour's story of how, at the beginning of war she and her sister used their two hunters to plough up a meadow. These would go only in tandem, so one sister guided the plough while the other and a groom hung on to the brides of the carousing steers. Two Canadian soldiers, leaning on the gate, watched the performance until at last it was the beginning of war and the position of the chawing-plough commented gravely: "You know, we do plough that way in Manitoba."

# THE VERSATILE CHAMELEON

By MALCOLM SMITH

A FRIEND on a visit to Africa wrote to me: "I was watching the other day a chameleon crawling along the branch of a tree; its eyes were revolving in all directions, but what surprised me was that each was moving independently of the other." He added that when he returned to his hotel he told his fellow travellers of his discovery. It was received with jeers. "Have either directed it," they said; "perhaps then it will put its tongue out at you." So he wrote to me to confirm his observation. I assured him that it was quite correct; there was nothing original about it. Aristotle knew of it over 2,000 years ago and we may be quite sure that the Egyptians did so long before that.

The ability to move the eyes independently,

trees and bushes that they cannot move quickly. All the creature's efforts at locomotion are extraordinarily slow and deliberate. In the face of danger it escapes by standing still.

The most marvellous weapon of the chameleon is its tongue, an elastic piece of tissue that can be projected, in some species, further than the length of the body. When not in use it is coiled into a small ball and lies in the front of the mouth. Chameleons do not hunt their prey, they wait for it to come to them. The roving eyes are for ever on the look-out, systematically searching every branch and leaf within range. Suddenly the prey is sighted. The head is turned so that both eyes can be focused upon it. Actually the creature throws the most appalling squint but that does not handicap it. Reptiles have not acquired binocular vision, but two eyes are always better than one; they give greater accuracy of aim. The mouth opens, the tongue trembles, and then, like a jet, is suddenly shot out and as suddenly retracted, with the insect or grub or whatever the prey is, attached to it.

Sometimes the tongue falls short of the target but not often. The creature knows its own powers very exactly. To increase the range of the tongue it may adopt an almost upright attitude, hanging on to its perch by the hind legs and tail, the whole body strained forwards.

The chameleons are a very ancient family, so old that we know nothing of their origin. There are no fossils to guide us. They are related to the agamas and the iguanas, but they are only very distant relatives. Their home is in tropical Africa and Madagascar and they must have been there when Madagascar was a part of the African continent. Measured in geological time that was some hundred million years ago. With their curious, helmet-shaped heads, their protuberant eyes and humped backs, they look more like gargoyles than any creation of nature. Like all the beasts that have ever lived their time in this world—the elephants and the hippos, the crocodiles and the giant tortoises—they are uncouth in form and ungainly in movement. Yet the chameleons still have great vitality. They are by no means on the



A SPECIES OF CHAMELEON (*Ch. fackleri*) WHICH CARRIES A HORN-LIKE GROWTH ON ITS HEAD.

Note the length of the tail when uncurled.

"WITH THEIR CURIOUS, HELMET-SHAPED HEADS, THEIR PROTUBERANT EYES AND HUMPED BACKS, THEY LOOK MORE LIKE GARGOYLES THAN ANY CREATION OF NATURE." (*Ch. deremensis*).

however, by no means exhausts the chameleon's accomplishments. In its adaptations, or specialisations, in structure, to fit it for an arboreal life, it is unique among the reptiles. Its power to change colour, and thus remain concealed in its surroundings, has become proverbial. To describe the colour of a chameleon, as one would describe the colour of any other lizard, or bird, or butterfly, is impossible, for the simple reason that the creature might be half-a-dozen different colours in as many hours.

As the chameleon who is known  
To have no colours of its own  
But borrows from its neighbours' hue  
His white or black, his green or blue.

was written by Matthew Prior two hundred and fifty years ago and it sums up the position pretty accurately. Blue, it must be admitted, can be acquired only by poetic licence, but every other colour in some shade or other is within the creature's range. Their general hue is brown or green, sometimes pure but more often mixed in varying proportions to suit the requirements of the moment. Pure white is never attained, but when the creature is asleep it changes to dirty white or pale grey. When angry it becomes black, and as chameleons are rather short-tempered creatures they can often be teased into going black.

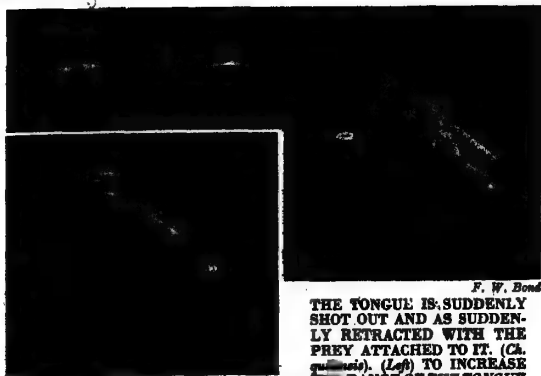
The ability to change colour is not, however, a chameleon's prerogative. Many frogs, particularly tree-frogs, and certain lizards can do so, but in variety of colour and speed of performance the chameleon is easily first. Moreover, like the eyes that can act independently, the two sides of the body can act separately. Shine a light upon one side of the body of a sleeping chameleon and that side will become darker, while the other remains unchanged.

Quick and perfect camouflage, in fact, is essential to the chameleon if it is to survive in Nature, for it is utterly defenceless. Speed of movement is denied it; its feet are so specialised for holding on to the branches of

back, they look more like gargoyles than any creation of nature. Like all the beasts that have ever lived their time in this world—the elephants and the hippos, the crocodiles and the giant tortoises—they are uncouth in form and ungainly in movement. Yet the chameleons still have great vitality. They are by no means on the

road to extinction. Some species lay eggs; others bring forth their young alive; but they all have large families. Ten or twelve is a frequent litter; thirty have been recorded.

Chameleons are often kept as pets in England and if properly looked after will live for several years. They are voracious creatures and to keep fit require food every day. They will also drink quite a lot of water. The common chameleon of North Africa does well in this country, for it is used to a cold season and can survive the English Winter.



THE TONGUE IS SUDDENLY SHOT OUT AND AS SUDDENLY RETRACTED WITH THE PREY ATTACHED TO IT. (*Ch. guineensis*). (Left) TO INCREASE THE RANGE OF THE TONGUE

THE CHAMELEON MAY ADOPT AN ALMOST UPRIGHT ATTITUDE

# BIRD-CAGE MASTERPIECES

By E. NEVILL JACKSON

**A**N early English representation of a bird-cage is in St. Andrew's Church, Norwich, on the tomb of the parents of the poet Sir John Suckling. It is dated 1630 and is carved in stone at the back of the effigies (Fig. 2).

A bird of large proportions is outside the cage, about to prepare for flight; this is subtly indicated, signifying the moment before flight, when the soul is to be released. Suckling died in 1641, his parents in 1637.

It is probable that cages of rush, wicker and other perishable materials, were used prior to this date. In *As You Like It*, Rosalind likens a man in love to "a bird confined in a cage of rushes," suggesting struggle and anxiety. A sod put at the bottom of a cage is referred to by John Webster in the *Duchess of Malfi*, first produced in 1614. "Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body; the world is like her little turf of grass"—again struggle and only a sod of grass as compensation. So appeared a cage to Webster, who incidentally was a Freeman of the Merchant Taylors Company.

A cloud of sinister suggestion hangs round cages. Jewish records tell: "They lay in wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men, as a cage is full of birds, so are their homes full of deceit."

No hint of the beauty of fluttering wings, or the charm of songsters in woodland beauty. The Courts of the seventeenth century made singing cage-birds the fashion. Louis XIII declared "there is no delight like the keeping of little singing birds, and hearing them whistle"—a strange admission from one who had pondered much on the gold in recently discovered Madagascar, and conceded its exploitation, to the *Compagnie d'Orient*, for a



1.—THE GRAHAM CHILDREN BY HOGARTH. The bird, in a pretty cage of the period, sings and the children dance to the accompaniment of the little musical box. The National Gallery

just been delivered, which I bought for my canary birds": these had been sent to him, as a gift from Captain Rooth, of Dartmouth. The Duke of Lauderdale kept "outlandish birds" in a room at Ham House still known as the volery though no longer fitted up as such.

French and Dutch-made cages were used,

in England in Tudor times; there is a large parrot's cage to be seen in a picture by Jan Steen, in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam. The cage hangs from the ceiling in a lofty room; a woman holds food up to the bird. There is a strong wiring at the domed top, where a ring holds the chain, stout enough to withstand the



2.—THE BIRD-CAGE CARVED ON THE SUCKLING MONUMENT, 1630  
St. Andrew's Church, Norwich

consideration. So he seems to have had other "delight."

William Hogarth's lovely picture the *Graham Children* (Fig. 1) in the National Gallery, painted in 1742 for Daniel Graham, gives a charming setting for the bird-cage nursery incident. The little musical box, setting the bird singing and the children dancing, is a happy combination of interest. The artist loved children. His mulberry tree parties once a year were his delight—the aged tree died only recently.

Charles II has left to London the remembrance of his pleasure in birds in Bird Cage Walk. It was down this path, close to Whitehall, that the King strolled to visit and feed his small bird pets. Edward Listed was Clerk of the King's Aviary, and Richard Smith the "Volery Fittings." In 1693. The Keeper of the King's Cormorants was paid half a crown a day.

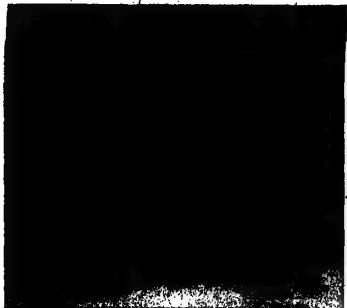
Samuel Pepys notes that "two cages have



3.—A SILVER CAGE, WITH EBONY BASE, AND IVORY AND JADE FITTINGS. Chinese, Chien Lung, Cooper Union Museum, New York



4.—A BIRD-CAGE OF BLUE GLASS. Late eighteenth century. A crimson tassel suggests Chinese inspiration. Cooper Union Museum, New York



5.—MAHOGANY BIRD-CAGE IN FORM OF A HOUSE. English. C. 1775

gnawing of a great parrot, "beaked and membered." Another woman is cooking; men are playing a game. The background is typical of comfortable middle-class family requirements. In the canvases of Vermeer, a bird-cage is sometimes to be found; one example shows a pet goldfinch which has just been uncaged, but with a chain fastened to its leg, like a "Jessed Hawk."

Morland, Hogarth and Chardin all give us pictures of the *vis intime* of this period, showing many kinds of bird-cages, from the example where the occupant of the cage is alleviating the dullness of a "long white seam" by his singing to his mistress, to a humble cage of wicker at the cottage door from which a black-bird or thrush cheers the housewife over her wash-tub.

Bird-cages sometimes appear as ornamental features in the pictures of Italian and Spanish origin.

A few Chinese cages were imported; the example in Fig. 3 is typical of the aristocracy devoted to them in the Chien Lung epoch (1775-96). The whole frame including the strong hanging hook is of silver; the rings attached to the amber and coral bead chain are of jade. Carved ivory ornaments appear at the base and decorations of the same are inlaid in the lower ebony band. The whole cage is supported on carved ivory pieces, and the seed and water containers inside the cage are also of ivory.



6.—A CAGE MODELLED ON THE RIALTO BRIDGE. Venetian. Eighteenth century. Wilson Drake Collection, New York

Similar in shape, rounded and solid, was a cage I once saw hanging from the decorated ceiling of a Sicilian drawing-room. The floor of the cage was four inches in depth and held the mechanism of a clock, its face and hands indicating the time on the under side and so visible to all in the room. The birds chirped merrily and were in no wise disturbed by the ticking and striking of this fantastic production of the eighteenth century.

Another unusual cage, severe in outline (Fig. 4) is made entirely of blue glass, with the exception of the base of wood, into which the delicate glass hollowed pipes fit. The seed- and water-containers are also of the blue glass, as well as the domed top. The whole structure depends on brass supports, which, curving at the top, are attached to the ring. A crimson silk tassel of oriental origin hangs at the side, possibly as a contrast to the pale blue glass, or perhaps that the bird should nip and play with the pendent strands.

So decorative are some of the 18th-century cages that it has been suggested they were occasionally made as a *tour de force*, and were never meant to house feathered occupants. The beautiful cage (Fig. 8) is appropriately of "Chippendale Chinese" style and made of mahogany in about 1755. No detail in time, in carving, facade and balustrade is lacking in beauty; the panels are masterpieces, the claw and ball feet as fine as the acanthus leaves on the squared roof, and, with it all, care in

bestowed on seed-boxes with ample space for half a dozen feeders at the same time.

Sometimes cages were made in the form of houses, recalling dolls' houses of the period. That in Fig. 5, of about 1775, is thoroughly English, with the front formed of interwoven wire.

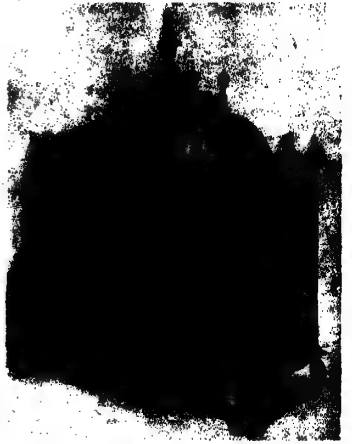
A cage of Gothic design (Fig. 7) indicates its date unmistakably as the second half of the eighteenth century, when the Gothic taste began to influence all decoration from bird-cages to chairs, tables and wallpapers, and reached most fashionable expression in the architecture of Strawberry Hill. A bird form in flight serves as a handle, instead of a prosaic ring for hanging; for this was the period when many small tables were made, and it is obvious that the cage, which has strong feet, was never made to hang but to stand upon them. Its Gothic windows, doors with ivory handles, and correct Georgian pediment make this cage an interesting specimen.

The masterpiece of bird-cage building was achieved by an Italian peasant boy, who took as his model the Rialto Bridge in Venice, and worked out the details in wire and wood, while retaining the characteristics of the age-old structure (Fig. 6). Mr. Wilson Drake, the great bird-cage collector, numbered this fine example in his collection of over a hundred, which was purchased by the Misses Hewitt, granddaughters of Mr. Peter Cooper, founder of the Cooper Union Museum, where they are now to be seen in New York.



(Left)  
7.—A GOTHIC BIRD-CAGE. English. Second half of eighteenth century. Cooper Union Museum, New York

(Right)  
8.—A MAHOGANY BIRD-CAGE WITH DETAIL IN IMITATION OF INDIAN BUILDING. C. 1755. Formerly in the collection of the late Mr. Edward Hudson



# RACKENFORD MANOR, DEVON—II.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

*The art of Home-making is discussed, & proposed this charming example of it, where the motif is a collection of Staffordshire figures.*

THIS has been a home where its owners evidently took great pleasure in collecting things for it gradually, arranging and furnishing the house with them till it expressed visually the interests and to some extent the character of the occupants. In a real sense this process can be an art, in that it is a medium of self-expression translating a state of mind or scale of values into an arrangement of colours and forms. A domestic art, of quite a humble order, and, alas, impermanent but at least an agreeable social accomplishment like the art of good cooking or good conversation, and, like them, the fine flower of civilisation. In its higher flights it calls for the wide range of appreciation and the kind of *expertise* termed "taste," which is not the same thing at all as factual knowledge or, even less, pride of purse. That way lies the museum.

Since Rackenford, as the late Arthur Chamberlain made it, I think a notable instance of it, it is worth considering a little further the implications of home-making as an art. The very use of the word home suggests the important qualification that it is

## 1.—THE FAMILY OF THE LATE ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN AT RACKENFORD MANOR. By T. C. Dugdale, R.A.

not of course altogether a matter of aesthetics in the narrow sense. The result must be physically as well as artistically satisfying—vital, comfortable, happy. The "sporting conversation piece" by Mr. T. C. Dugdale at the head of this page expresses the extent to which this other scale of values has entered into this particular home. It gives us, too, the atmosphere of the place, which, as I described in the previous article, considerable pains were taken to maintain and develop: the character of the unpretentious home of a small squire.

At the same time the art is more than personal idiosyncrasy, mere gratification of the senses or exhibitionism. For the level of taste in an age or nation is the aggregate of that reached in private homes, so that the home-making art ultimately determines the quality of national craftsmanship, thus giving direction to the teaching of schools of design, and style to many classes of exported manufactured goods. In this respect the standard of domestic taste touches national economics if it enables British products to compete successfully abroad with those of more leisured and richer countries where taste

has, perhaps, greater liberty to develop though craftsmanship may be inferior to ours. This aspect has become extremely important in recent weeks and it must be recognised that, in this respect, we possess definite advantages in our traditions of civilisation and craftsmanship. But it is not so generally realised that you cannot suddenly turn on good industrial design like a tap of constant hot water. The temperature has to be generated. The industrial designer, the art-school teacher, the industrialist himself, can rarely possess the cultural background—the taste, leisure and *expertise*—to evolve style of themselves. It is the man or woman with sufficient leisure and means to develop taste in the forming of a home who ultimately determines the style and quality of industrial products; for he or she alone of the community puts those products to the highest test—living with them in association with the fine arts of other epochs and countries. You cannot have a style without taste, or taste without educated leisure. The fine products of the eighteenth century were made to the requirements of a leisured (and highly educated) aristocracy who set the fashion for the commercial and professional public, and so directly or indirectly controlled the designs of the Chippendales and Wedgwoods. Without the *dilettanti*, English products would not have risen above the utilitarian and vulgar, to which in fact they reverted in the absence of that influence in the nineteenth century and from which they are now endeavouring to rise. As applied to industry, the art of home-making is civilisation, in contrast to mere *huss* which is material progress, or factual knowledge which is technology. As applied to a home, a home can easily be expensive without art, and be filled with beautiful and interesting things without being itself beautiful or interesting.

Applying this theorem to the particular instance at Rackenford, the art of home-

2.—GROUP OF STAFFORDSHIRE FIGURES IN THE DINING-ROOM. Principally by Ralph Wood the younger, about 1790



3.—PEACE AND TEMPERANCE. Neale or D. Wilson of Hunley. Height 28 ins. Enoch Wood (?). Height 24½ ins.



(Middle) 4.—BACCHUS AND ARIADNE. Enoch Wood or Wood and Caldwell. Height 20½ ins.

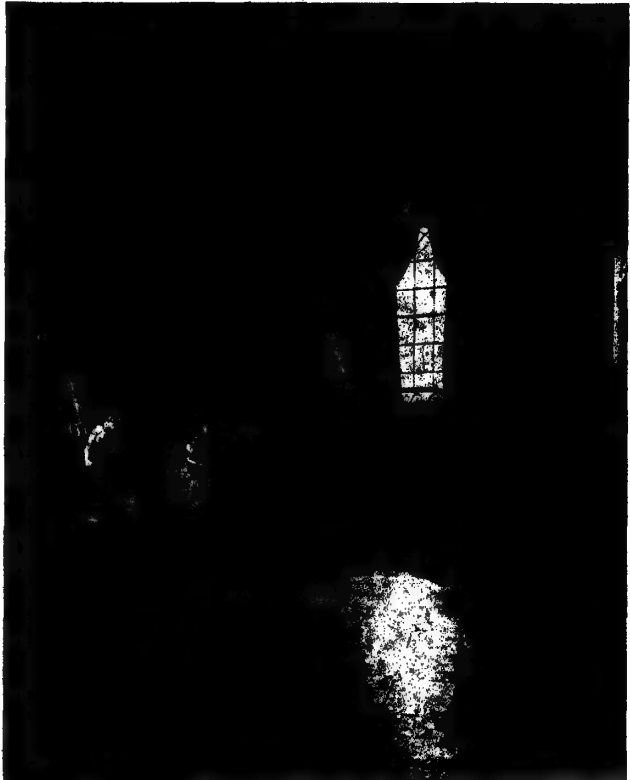


(Right) 5.—PRUDENCE AND FORTITUDE. Enoch Wood or Wood and Caldwell. Height 20½ ins.

making may be said to consist in sensitiveness to relationships: relationships between architecture and furnishing, colours and shapes, past and present, personal and abstract. The initial necessity seems to be for the home-maker to be intensively interested in some object or group of objects—a picture, pieces of furniture, or ornaments, acquired or retained because of that affection. From that beginning a room and so the home can be built up. Other objects are obtained that are related to it in form or colour or spirit, backgrounds and textiles are selected to harmonise or contrast with them. In this way a rhythm or series of relationships are set up which the eye appraises. The better the quality of the initial object the finer the quality of the resulting ensemble will be, probably. But not necessarily. Even if the initial object is aesthetically negligible, even monstrous, yet cherished, and the sequence is followed, the result will have character and not merely exhibit "ghastly good taste." The great thing is that there should be personal feeling and personal discrimination generating the relationship or rhythm.

Rackenford happens to illustrate this theory of relationships as a basis of taste very clearly. (I believe the basis will always be found to be the same in every instance though not always so explicitly.) Here the identical object, or rather objects, was a group of very fine Staffordshire figures. Mr. Chamberlain had begun to collect them at the instance of Mr. Allan Walton some years before acquiring Rackenford, so that when the time came to apply the art to home-making there, initial objects with valuable and unusual qualities were available to supplement the general character of the house.

The figures that chiefly affected the rooms in which they are placed—the staircase (Fig. 6), drawing-room (Fig. 10), and dining-room (Fig. 7)—are of the large type, exquisitely modelled and coloured, which were being produced at Burslem and elsewhere about 1800. For the following notes



6.—THE STAIRCASE. The mushroom-pink walls with white relief, stone floor, and brown furniture, etc., develop the colouring of the Staffordshire figures





7, 8.—SIDEBOARD AND FIREPLACE OF THE DINING-ROOM. Mellow green walls, lavender-grey woodwork and ivory glazed ceiling devised from Staffordshire figure colouring



on them I am indebted to Mr. Bernard Rackham. Two figures (Fig. 3) symbolical of Peace, wearing a robe of yellow with black spots, and Temperance suggest the work of Neale of Hanley or David Wilson, his partner and successor. Bacchus and Ariadne (Fig. 4) by Enoch Wood (between 1783-90), he swathed in a blue cloak, she in a goat skin over a yellow robe, is perhaps the loveliest group in the series. The figures (Fig. 5) of Prudence and Fortitude are attributed to Enoch Wood or Wood and Caldwell about 1790, and wear light blue yellow-lined mantles over flowered gowns. All these stand on marbled bases. In the alcove (Fig. 9) can be distinguished Hudibras

(top shelf), an enamelled version of the figure first modelled by Ralph Wood at Burslem about 1770, probably by the younger Wood c. 1780; and groups of smaller figures characteristic of the latter. In the staircase alcove (Fig. 9), the tall Venus is identical with one (cf. Read, *Staffordshire Figures*) inscribed "Thomas Leek, 1819"; and the bust of Britannia is probably by Ralph or Enoch Wood, late eighteenth century. All the figures have the clear and often delicate colouring and rich glaze of the ware of that date.

The staircase, adjoining the entrance hall illustrated last week, was part of the 1932 addition for which Mr. David Robertson

was associated with Mr. Walton as architect. The space, stone-flagged with black marble insets, is rounded to the north where it is lit by a tall arched window above the curve of the hanging staircase. The curve of this is echoed in the simple wrought-iron scrolls carrying the handrail, and by two arched niches in the staircase walls. These (Fig. 10) contain a number of the figures and some of the larger examples stand on the oak hall table between large brown stone-ware lamps. Opposite to the table is an Italian 17th-century heraldic tapestry, from the motifs of which are derived the festoons of plaster enrichment on the walls. The general colouring of these is mushroom pink.



9.—ALCOVE ON STAIRCASE. Mushroom-pink wallpaper background to Staffordshire figures (Right) 10.—A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM. Devon pink, cream woodwork, sage green upholstery and bright modern flower picture

The drawing-room is a long room formed out of the original entrance and stairs hall facing south (Fig. 10). Figures are sparsely introduced but the warm Devon pink of the walls, the cream woodwork, and the chints curtains were suggested by their basic colours. Another theme, however, is introduced here in a group of contemporary flower pieces, several by Beatrice Bland, and the large one above the settee by Cedric Morris. These introduce bright clear flower-colours and a rather cold luminousness—not dissimilar to the light reflected on the glaze of the pottery figures.

The dining-room, made out of two small rooms, has a Hondecoeter picture of swans above a fine Sheraton sideboard flanked by niches. The colouring, suggested partly by the picture and particularly by the figures, is a mellow green with egg-shell varnish on the walls, the woodwork lavender grey with its mouldings dark gilt, and the ceiling toned to ivory with a high gloss varnish. The unusual combination, repeating closely that of some Staffordshire figures, is peculiarly pleasing.



11.—ORANGE GROUND WALLPAPER WITH WHITE AND COLOURED FLOWERS, IN A BEDROOM

The bedrooms have had their character built up in much the same way, though there the initial object has usually been some piece or pieces of furniture. In the charming picture of Mrs. Chamberlain's room (Fig. 12) at the south end of the east wing, it is the black lacquer furniture set here against lavender, grey chints and wallpaper with small white pattern, and light cream woodwork, with two or three flower pictures and water-colours. In the corresponding room in the west wing (Fig. 13), the furniture is brown, the rugs brownish on an oak boarded floor, and the bed coverlets linen with a bold pattern in brown wool. These are set against an apricot paper with a white star and a chints predominantly pale peach and cream. The general effect is an unusual symphony of brown-gold-pink.

In nearly all the rooms wallpaper plays a distinctive if unspectacular part. In two east-facing bedrooms bolder patterns are used, both French. That in Fig. 14, reprinted by Mauny of Paris from old *Empire* blocks, has brown, red, and beige motifs on a stone ground, with frieze of similar colouring; that in Fig. 11 has bright stylised flowers with plenty of white on an orange ground; both taking their cue from objects in the rooms.



12.—BLACK LACQUER, LAVENDER-GREY WALLPAPER AND CHINTZ



13.—BROWN FURNITURE, OLD NEEDLEWORK RUGS, APRICOT AND CREAM BACKGROUND



14.—OLD FRENCH WALLPAPER PATTERN IN BROWN, RED AND BEIGE ON STONE COLOUR

# THE ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, PLYMOUTH

By H. RONALD HICKS

THE Elizabethan house, 32, New Street, is a 16th-century survival in Plymouth's most historic quarter. It is so welded into the history of the city, the West Country and the beginnings of the British Empire that no apology is needed for its preservation. While there are many Elizabethan houses in other parts of Britain whose decoration and ornament are richer than this one, there are not many still in existence whose shadows fell across the street which Sir Francis Drake trod and down which the Pilgrim Fathers wended their way to board the *Mayflower* in their search for a new world.

New Street has the character of all really ancient streets. The narrow, winding thoroughfare suited the simple requirements of the sixteenth century, which in most cases would have been pedestrian, supplemented with an occasional "pack-horse" for carrying the goods and merchandise between the houses and the adjoining quays.

The house bears the characteristics of many Plymouth houses of the Elizabethan and early Jacobean periods. Since it is situated on The Barbican where the merchants, fishermen and sea captains of the old town of Sutton (Plymouth) had their homes, it is only natural that it should have

been built to suit the requirements of its occupants. The front of the house is constructed of moulded English oak, simply carved, between thick stone sidewalls. The ground and first floors are entirely spanned by large mullioned windows in order that as much light should enter the rooms as the narrow street would permit. The window on the first floor embraces a small projecting oriel window supported by beautifully carved terminal corbels. Each window is covered by a small "pent-roof." It is interesting to recall that it was this type of roof which gave rise to the term "eaves-dropping," for anyone standing too close to the windows for the purpose of listening, would receive the drips from the roof on his shoulders.

The entrance to the house is simple and unpretentious. In addition to serving the main house, it later years it gave access to a passage leading to a tenement which was constructed over the garden and courtyard at the rear, to afford accommodation for the servants and workmen in the employment of the occupier of the house.

Not all the coats of whitewash, paint and varnish with which ignorant but over-suspicious tenants covered the panelling and beams of the rooms have been able to



1.—THE ELIZABETHAN HOUSE ON THE LEFT OF ANCIENT NEW STREET

conceal their grace and dignity. The first room we enter is the main living-room (Fig. 1) which overlooks the street.

The room contains some interesting pieces of furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A finely carved oak dower chest, *circa* 1620, is an interesting example in the development of the English chest. The front and sides of the chest are divided into panels, each carved with a formal floral pattern. The hinges securing the cover are fixed on the inside, as an additional measure of security, and the heavy iron lock makes its unlawful opening a formidable task. A pedestal chest of the same period, though much smaller, is of considerable interest, as the base contains two small drawers, which from their partitions would appear to have been used at some time for money. It was not until the early years of the seventeenth century that the custom of constructing drawers in the base of a chest crept into popular usage.

An armchair, *circa* 1680, inlaid with bog oak and holly is an unusual example of early English inlay and a noticeable milestone in the development of craftsmanship. This chair is probably the work of a London craftsman; certainly it must have been made at a large centre, for design in rural areas often lagged many years behind that of the city. The furnishings are backed by a very fine pair of William and Mary high-backed chairs, with cane seats. An item of particular interest is a large pewter platter bearing the arms of Sir Francis Drake, made by Henry Little of London in the middle of the eighteenth century. While it has obviously no connection with the great Elizabethan seaman, its connection with his descendants is worthy of note. The fireplace, as in each of the rooms, is constructed for the burning of logs and has a cobbled hearth spanned by a heavy oak lintel.

Immediately adjoining the living-room is the kitchen (Fig. 2) containing an unusual 18th-century oak settle originating from a Dartmoor farm-house, and a number of early cooking utensils. The large box seat in the base of the settle is attached by a pair of simple hinges and the upright supports of the canopy and back are worthy of special comment, as the knee joints at their upper ends are natural—having been fashioned from the trunk and branch of a tree. When English oak was used for the construction of English men-of-war, trees were often selected which could be readily used in this way for the knee joints in the ribbing of the vessel. The cobbled hearth is edged with a large granite



2.—LIVING-ROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR. This room contains interesting pieces of furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries



3.—THE KITCHEN. The hearth chair belongs to the Commonwealth period

hearth stone and, built into the wall behind the hearth, is an earthenware baking oven, sealed when in use by a "pat" of clay. The small hearth chair standing by the side of the fireplace belongs to the Commonwealth period and was in use in a village homestead until recently.

Beneath the kitchen and the living-room is a small cellar, used at various times during its existence for the storage of fishing tackle, nets and merchandise.

A feature of many of the old houses in this locality is the pole staircase (Fig. 5). Circular in construction, the staircase is built into the thickness of the wall, with a disused ship's mast as the central newel post. A heavy rope served as the only hand-rail. On the restoration of the house it was discovered that there were no fewer than four layers of treads, indicating the continued use of many generations.

The courtyard room on the first floor adjoins the large bedroom and has been furnished as a day-room. A William and Mary day-bed, the forerunner of the couch, in oak and walnut, with adjustable head-rest and finely carved supporting rails, is a delightful example of this type of furniture. The oak chest, of the first half of the seventeenth century, has an unusually heavy cover attached by fine ornamental hinges. The front of the chest is divided into three arched panels of carved floral design.

The Elizabethan bedroom (Fig. 4) contains a superb oak canopied four-post bed, *circa* 1580. This bed was originally made for Littleton Hall, a Worcestershire country house, but was later transferred to Mannington Hall, Norfolk, from which mansion it was acquired for the Elizabethan house.

The scroll carving of the canopy surround and the panelled back make this piece a perfect example of 16th-century craftsmanship. The original iron rods for the bed curtains are still in position, and the only restoration is the rope to support the palliase. The cradle, *circa* 1760, comes from a Yorkshire cottage, and is noteworthy for its simple if somewhat practical construction.

On the second floor are two attic rooms, partly constructed in the sloping roof of the house, and of interest for their low doorways and high plastered ceilings. Time has not dealt kindly with the floors in these rooms, for now they slope rapidly from side to side.

The courtyard entrance (Fig. 6) gives access to a small limestone-paved courtyard, above which rises steeply a small terraced garden or pleasance (Fig. 7). The slated back wall of



4.—THE BEDROOM WITH FOUR-POST BED OF ABOUT 1560

The scroll carving of the canopy surround and the fine panelled back make this bed a perfect example of 16th-century craftsmanship. The cradle is of mid-18th-century construction

the house is not contemporary with the remainder of the building, but was constructed from the remains of a neighbouring period house which was destroyed at the time of the restoration of Number 32.

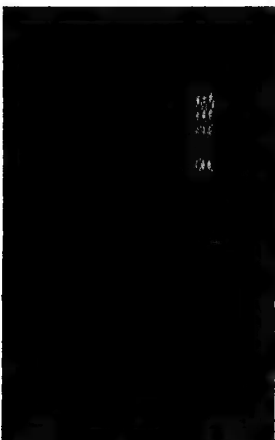
The deeds of Number 32, as it was known for so many years, disclose some interesting sidelights on many well-known West Country merchants of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Unfortunately, the earliest documentary record in existence is a mortgage granted on the property in 1631, some years after the construction of the house. On "the fourteenth of January, 1631," Richard Brendon, the Receiver or Treasurer of the Borough of Plymouth, borrowed £150 on the house from the Mayor, who only ten years previously had made the hazardous journey to London to give evidence before the Privy Council concerning "the decay of trade and scarcity of money in this Kingdom."

Many obsolete legal terms appear in these deeds. On three occasions the house was let for "a grain of wheat" or a "peppercorn" rent. The sand with which the writing was dried still glistens, the marks of the "runner" to guide the alignment appear in the margins, and a number of ancient seals are still attached to the documents.

Many names famous in local and American history, such as Sir Thomas Wyse, from whom Mount Wyse is named, the Coplestones and Moses Goodyear, pioneers of New England trade, whose ships plied the Atlantic between Boston and Plymouth, justify another for pride of place on the ancient parchment.

With the passage of time this ancient house fell into decay, but through the generosity of public subscription it has been restored to some of its former glory and preserved so that posterity may enjoy this link with Plymouth's great and glorious past.



5.—POLE STAIRCASE ON THE FIRST FLOOR WITH ROPE HAND-RAIL



6.—EXIT TO THE COURTYARD BESIDE POLE STAIRCASE



7.—TERRACED GARDEN AND COURTYARD

# SPORTS COACHING IN THE U.S.A.

By CECIL BULLOCK

IN an article in *COUNTRY LIFE* entitled *Why do U.S. Athletes Win?* Lt.-Col. F. A. M. Webster maintained that American athletic supremacy is due to the American coaching system. Most readers of the article would gather that all we have to do in this country to win the Olympic Games is to have coaches of the American type. I do not think this would follow. American success is not due merely to having expert coaches. There is a good deal more to their coaching system than this. The relationship between coach and athlete in the United States is quite different from that in this country, as I propose to show by describing my own experience of American coaching and training methods as an undergraduate at Yale University from 1927 to 1931.

The very important position occupied by the coach in sport on the other side of the Atlantic is the natural result of the American attitude to sport. They dislike the sloppy and informal and have made games highly scientific. So they have taken our rugged and changed it into a scientific game—American football—in which every move is planned beforehand in a chess-like fashion. The object of both games is still to carry the same shaped ball over the opponents' goal line and to score a try, but there the similarity ends. Consider, too, how they have changed our informal rounds into the highly-scientific game of baseball, and net-ball into basket-ball.

All this, together with highly-organised competition among the 2,000 or so American colleges and universities, has produced the coach. He is a highly-paid professional who has a great technical knowledge of his subject. He puts his men through a gruelling daily programme of training with the sole object of producing a winning team. If he cannot do this after a fair trial he goes, and the university gets someone who can produce the goods.

The newly-arrived freshman at Yale at once decides to "go out for" some sport or other. Note the phrase to "go out for": it means that he is going to offer himself as a serious candidate for a place in a team. He does not say, as the Oxford fresher would, "I think I'll play rugby this term." When the Yale freshman decides to go out for football or track (athletics) he goes

out to the field-house and reports to the coach. He signs up, so to speak, and thereafter he is body and soul in the hands of his coach. He must report daily for training and do exactly what he is told. At the coach's merest nod he will be promoted or demoted and alternately cursed and praised. It is "Yes, coach," "No, coach." He will be subjected to periodic fight talks which will rouse him to a fury of enthusiasm. He is like a racehorse in the hands of a trainer. If he has the ability and does what he is told, and leaves the thinking to his coach, then he will make the grade.

There is a captain in each sport, but his rôle is largely confined to sitting in the place of honour in a photograph.

Football is the most serious of all American college sports. At least on two occasions in its yearly programme of some half-a-dozen matches, the Yale football team fills the Yale Bowl with 80,000 spectators and so pays the expenses of all other sports activities in the university. Hundreds of strong young men, 6 foot tall and weighing 12½ stone upwards, give up drinking, smoking and late nights and submit themselves to a most gruelling daily "workout" at the Pratt Memorial Field. In padded clothes and crash helmets they hurl themselves into tackling dummies and rehearse tactical movements called plays, ingeniously worked out by the head coach and his assistants or purloined by scouts from more ingenious coaches.

It is all dreadfully serious and business-like; far more so than our professional soccer or rugby. Many a time I have seen a young giant of an undergraduate sitting on the substitute bench in the Yale-Harvard match, waiting anxiously for the word from his coach which will allow him to enter the game. At the long-awaited signal he springs up to the coach to receive last-minute instruction. During one of the frequent stoppages in the game he dashes on the field to do or die for dear old Yale and Coach Joe Smith. Many a time, too, have I seen such a young giant, called out of the game by that same nod from his coach, hurl his helmet on the ground, with tears of disappointment in his eyes. Compare this with the informal but highly-efficient atmosphere of an

Oxford-Cambridge rugby match and consider what a scientific and coach-bound game can do to a man.

What is true of American football is true of baseball, rowing, swimming, basket-ball, athletics, and so on. The Yale swimming coach, Bob Kiputh, is a most remarkable man. Since he was brought from Norway to coach after the war of 1914-1918 to become Yale's swimming coach, that university has had an amazing run of championships. When I was at Yale in 1930 the team had been unbeaten for about ten years. The basis of his success was laid by his specialised P.T. which he called body-building exercises. My room-mate was a candidate for the Yale swimming team and he certainly went through a most strenuous daily training programme for four years. Even then he did not get in the team. He told me that more time was spent in Kiputh body-building exercises than in actual swimming.

Compare this gruelling daily training in the magnificent swimming pool in Yale's cathedral-like indoor sports building with an Oxford undergraduate's informal practice in a miserable public bath. I believe that Kiputh has had even more spectacular successes since I left Yale in 1931. To cap it all, the story that that round, jovial, friendly, and very fat old man Bob Kiputh could not swim! Anyway, no one had ever seen him in the water.

I had personal experience of Yale coaching in athletics and cross-country running. When I arrived I decided to go out for distance running and I reported to Frank Kanaly, head track (athletics) coach. Thereafter I went out to the Lapham Field House every day, checked the attendance sheet and did the training detailed after my name. If it said "¼-mile burst: rest: 220 yards gradually increasing: rest: 2 miles in 10 minutes," I did it, had a shower and massage and went back to college.

Every candidate's training was written up in this detailed fashion day by day. Frank Kanaly was a very thorough coach, like all American coaches. There were always notes in shorthand on the result of each man's workout, but I never asked what they were. My impression was that I was to do the work and Frank was to do the thinking. Like the average American athlete I slipped easily into this routine. It meant a very strenuous year in strict training, day in and day out—cross-country in the Autumn, the 2 miles on Yale's indoor cinder track (8 laps to the mile) in the Winter and the 2 miles in the outdoor season in the Spring.

Every sport at Yale had its training table where candidates for each team took their meals together. These were supervised by a dietician. This meant that most of my meals there were taken with the cross-country and track teams. No expense was spared towards the comfort of Yale's athletes. I was equipped with several pairs of running shoes, and shorts at the university athletic association's expense. When I got my cross-country letter (Blue), my sweater, complete with insignia, was paid for by the university. All travel was paid for, too, and there was even a shuttle service of private buses from the university out to the sports fields.

After three years I was tired of all this serious training, and when, in 1930, Harold Cooper, a Commonwealth Fellow from Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, had the brilliant idea of introducing our gloriously informal English rugby to Yale, I jumped at the chance to become his right-hand man. We scraped together a team with a nucleus of British exiles at Yale and the rest Americans. We tried to persuade Geoffrey Crowther, editor of *The Economist* and well-known Brains Trustee, to try his luck in an Anglo-American scrum, but we only got him as far as refusing.

The whole thing received tremendous publicity, and soon rugby teams appeared at Harvard, Princeton, and in New York, where

**A PRACTICE GAME OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL IN THE FAMOUS BOWL AT YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.** No. 12 is carrying the ball while his team mates (white numbers) are preparing to clear a way in front of him. Hundreds of young men at the University submit themselves to rigorous discipline in the hands of the football coach while training for places in the teams

adles from the four home countries and from France heard the call and felt the urge to play the grand old game once more. After I went out to Japan in 1932 I lost touch with the newly-started game, but its progress must have been good, for Cliff Jones took out a very strong Cambridge XV for a series of matches in 1934.

Unfortunately Coach Frank Kanaly took a very poor view of my playing rugger for relaxation. We started the rugger in the Spring of 1930 and, as I had been elected university captain of cross-country for the following Autumn, he thought that I should be running the 2 miles for Yale in the Spring track season instead of playing about with rugger. He thought I should resign if I could not fulfil my obligations to running, which I did. So although, probably for the first time, an Englishman was elected captain of a Yale team, he was never an active one. Frank was probably right, for in the first rugger match—Yale Plays Marines in First English Rugger Game For 70 Years (*New York Times*)—I received a bad kick on the knee which put me in hospital for two weeks.

This is how it happened. The United States Marines from Philadelphia, our opponents in that first match, were supposed to have learned the game from ships of the Royal Navy China Squadron at Shanghai, but there was a good deal of American football about their play. The tackling was very fierce, and it was a case of put your man down for good in the American football spirit. I caught a ball near the Marines' 25 and rather rashly shouted "Mark!" None of the marines seemed to know what this meant and as I was still in possession of the ball I was immediately downed by three or four huge "Leather-Necks" in the course of which I was kicked on the left knee. However, the referee knew the rules and I managed to drop a goal with the other foot before hobbling off. This ended my Yale running career, but I had the satisfaction of captaining the Yale rugger team in its second season when all the rest of the team were Americans.

What I have said about the characteristics of university coaching is true in the American high (secondary) school, and of prep (public) schools. Some New York high schools are as serious and thorough in their sports organisation as any university. At New Haven High School, where I spent two terms before going to Yale, there was a well-paid professional football coach who was also director of athletics. The track coach was as much a rajah as the Yale coach. We reported to him every day and did what we were told. I should add that this applied only to those boys who were serious candidates for a team. The rest could do what they liked or nothing at all.

At Andover, one of America's foremost public schools, Mel Shepherd, a former American Olympic runner, was head track coach, and was known as his good athletes' tyrant. Andover also had an Autumn, Winter (indoors) and Spring season just as did Yale. I knew one Andover boy at Yale who told me that he specialised in the discus throw all the year round for his last year at school. This early specialisation explains much of the American athletic prowess, especially in events requiring a difficult technique.

People in this country find it hard to believe newspaper reports that an American schoolboy has, for example, high-jumped 6 feet 6 inches, but anyone who knows the American coaching system does not doubt it. One of my Yale friends, Fred Weicker, threw the discus for the United States in the Olympic Games while he was still at school.

Here, then, are the chief characteristics of the American training system in athletics. Firstly, the king-pin of the system is the highly-paid professional coach who is an expert at his job. He must get good results, build himself a reputation based on this his bread-and-butter depends. Secondly, American schoolboys and undergraduates are well-disciplined. They know their coach is an expert and accept his training and advice without question. Thirdly, athletes specialise early. At school a boy decides, for example, whether he is going



THE COXE MEMORIAL CAGE AT YALE UNIVERSITY. This vast indoor arena provides Summer conditions in Winter for all outdoor sports. The cinder running-track can be seen in the foreground. A huge net stretching up to the roof separates the track from the central practice ground.

to be a sprinter or a javelin-thrower and he trains for the event of his choice. He may even go so far as to do it all the year round. Fourthly, there is highly-organised competition among schools, colleges and universities, with matches all through the year, culminating in inter-collegiate and inter-schools championships.

These are the reasons why the United States leads the world in athletics. The standard is amazingly high. It is no exaggeration to say that there are some schools in the United States where the standard of athletics would not fall far short of that at Oxford and Cambridge. When we read that Oxford and Cambridge have just beaten, or just been defeated by, Yale and Harvard, we must remember that there are a dozen or so universities of the Yale-Harvard standard in the East, and more in the South, Middle-West and Far-West, to say nothing of the universities like California and Stanford which could beat Yale and Harvard at any time. Is it any wonder that the United States always wins the Olympic Games and holds most of the records?

The reasons why our standard of athletics falls far below that of the United States follow quite easily from the foregoing. Firstly, the average English amateur athlete does not readily submit himself to disciplined training under a coach. This is a result of the national attitude to sport. The Englishman prides himself on taking part in sport, and on playing games, for fun. He shows his independence of spirit in sport as in other spheres of life. He does not like to be dictated to as to what he shall do and when he shall do it. He prefers to experiment on his own and do his own thinking. This is obviously not as efficient as the American way. I am here speaking of the average English athlete. I feel sure that many of our first-class athletes attach themselves to a good coach and let him train them in the American way. From the various books which Col. Webster has written I gather that he has trained his son for the pole-vault in this way with remarkable results. I feel sure, however, that this is not common here.

Secondly, there are not nearly enough coaches, especially those who can coach events where the emphasis is on technique. Most of our coaches are amateurs such as schoolmasters, army sports officers, old Blues, etc. They do not earn their living by coaching, and if they did they would have to know their stuff much better. They do it for the love of the game and are advisers, not dictators.

Thirdly, there are deficiencies of our schools' athletic organisation. Athletics in most schools is confined to a month at the end of the Lent term, when the weather is often cold and the grass track a mud-bath. This and the fact that a boy is expected to do a little of everything and not to specialise makes training on anything like scientific lines almost impossible. With such a short season at his disposal a boy is reluctant—or, rather, more reluctant than his independent English spirit already makes him—to go through graded steps of instruction in difficult field events or to bother with such things as check marks in jumps. Thus, all the circumstances of our organisation of schools athletics tends to accentuate the English boy's inclination to undisciplined training.

I have no doubt whatsoever that if our athletes were willing to submit to disciplined training under expert coaches we should have some of the world's records which Col. Webster deems so necessary to our national prestige.

This is, I believe, well-proved by what the Japanese have done in athletics. They did not take up Western sport seriously till after the war of 1914-1918 and yet almost all their field-events records are better than ours.

The comparison certainly does not mean that the Japanese are better athletes than we. I am convinced that we could get even better results by similar methods, but it would mean changing our whole attitude to sport.

The average English athlete simply will not submit to hard, disciplined training as the Americans and other foreigners will do to win. It is true that the professional in soccer and boxing does so, but this is because winning means his bread-and-butter.

No, English athletics will go on developing along typically English lines. It will be informal and amateur in the literal sense of the word. We shall not slavishly imitate the American coaching and training system as the Japanese have done with such amazing results, but we shall pursue the usual haphazard for-the-love-of-the-game methods so characteristic of our race. Meanwhile, as a nation, we shall continue to do well in events where the emphasis is on natural ability—in the middle and distance runs for example—and we shall do rather poorly in events where the emphasis is primarily on a difficult technical skill acquired by long and disciplined practice, as in the field events.

# RE-UNION

I WROTE on January 18 in a tenderly reminiscent vein of Rye and the President's Putter, and the reader must bear with me if this is not a return and some played foursomes and others looked on and everybody was pleased to see everybody again. The Putter has been won by thirteen players all and there were eight of them present, a good muster. Since I like writing down a list of names, especially no doubt if my own happens to be in it, here are the other seven in the order of their winning: H. D. Gillies, R. H. Wethered, E. F. Sturley, A. G. Pearson, L. G. Crawley, D. H. K. Martin, J. B. Beck. In Mr. Wethered's case I should say "his first winning" for he did again four times. That was no bad muster after all these years.

Enough of Putter's however and to this day of re-union and first of all to my dear Woking, which I had seen only once since 1899. Woking is rather like Rye in this, that everyone knows it by reputation as one of the very good courses and conversely it has been to me a personal acquaintance. Like Rye it has rather shunned the fierce light of publicity and has been content with the friendly games of its own members. It has had one medal day a year; and it has played matches yearly against the two Universities and a foursome match against its old friendly enemy of Sunningdale. Once the London Amateur Foursomes were played there and once the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase, and those two are, as far as I can recollect, the only non-domestic events that have ever taken place on Hook Heath. Otherwise I am dwelt for more than fifty years in a happy vale of privacy, and I hope I'll always will.

Never was I more impressed by the truly admirable qualities of the course than on this visit. The greens were quite beautiful: even the shade of Martin, for so many years our green-keeper—he had, strangely enough, graduated as a butcher and was a fine guy; day, would have been proud of them. The rest of the course was worthy of the greens and how long it was playing! As a golfer becomes incapable of driving more than the most trivial "shorties" it is only natural that holes should look very long and other people's drives tremendous. But I need not this time make any great allowance for such weakness, because, as I watched, the holes seemed long even when attacked by the lustiest of hitters. There was the second hole for instance, the one-shotter across the valley with the holly trees menacing to right and left. That had suddenly seemed to the splendour of a fine guy; day, for against a good stiff wind, with the tee right back, it needed a wooden club shot to get home and that wooden club shot must not tower overmuch or down came the ball on the hillside considerably short. How magnificent, too, was the drive to the fourth with the wind trying, and sometimes successfully, to blow the ball on to the railway line. It was hardly possible, I think, to reach the little "Principal's Nose" which lurks back in the middle of the fairway. At the fifteenth, Harley Street, I do not know how many shots were needed to reach it, but I never struggled the whole length of the hole, but I was not sure there were more sixes than fives there.

Altogether I felt just as I had done in watching the professionals at St. Andrews in September, when they were taking brasseys for their second shots instead of niblicks. I had never till then fully appreciated the glories of the Old Course, and similarly I don't think I had ever quite known before how very, very good was Woking. Here is a wonderful opportunity for a little sermon on the reasonable restriction of the flight of the ball. I will nobly refrain from preaching it, but I will say that

## A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

golf is only to be seen at its greatest when the second shots up to the green are really worthy of that name and not a mere series of high pitches with some lofted club. By tentatively plying down our golf courses the war has done a good thing; it has made golf a finer, more difficult and more athletic game than it has been for a long time. Those brassy shots warn the heart.

Somebody asked me afterwards how people had been playing and I found it hard to reply. I suppose a truthful answer would be that they did not on the whole play very well, in the sense of consistently well; but if I saw some bad shots I also saw uncommonly good ones, earnest of better things to come in easier weather and with more practice. Even so I was perhaps unkindly: *bonus Bernardus non videt omnia*, and some of the holes that I had not seen but heard of at luncheon had clearly been brilliant in the extreme, such as a three at the third and another at the fourth. I listened to all I was told open-mouthed with admiration, except in one instance when I had to give the speaker a gentle set-down. When Sir John Heathcote-Amory told me that he had ricocheted across the pond at the short sixteenth and got a three I felt bound to tell him that I too had once ducked-and-dried across a very pond, in a foursome on which some considerable money depended, and the ball had run stone dead for a shameful but quite invaluable two. There are some occasions in life in which it is not merely permissible but a positive duty to improve on the other man's story; besides, I really had got that two, and I have no doubt,

though it is long ago, that my adversaries remember it with justifiable bitterness.

I observed with interest that Mr. Wethered had given up that driver, with a shaft that used to wriggle like an eel, with which he miraculously won more than one Putter. He was driving with an ordinary Christian club and save for an early-morning error or two, appeared to be keeping rigidly to the course. He had also a wooden putter, that had been part of the collection of that great commissioner and collector of clubs, the late Mr. R. Taylor. It was clearly very much of one of those artists St. Andrews—they grow ever rarer—who could really make a wooden putter, make it far better, in my profane judgment, than the famous Hugh Philip ever did. It was a beautiful club, and its and its new owner seemed to be getting on together very well indeed.

I laid on January 18 that we had been wonderfully lucky in twenty years' weather at Rye and our January luck still held at Woking. True, in the afternoon the wind blew harder, the rain swept horizontally across the course, the ponds by the home green lacked its banks, and one or two who were old enough to know better got wet through. But the morning had been that of a fine, grey, bracing Winter's day, and nearly everyone, having got his one round over, was content to do nothing in particular. After seven years there was no lack of things to talk about. Altogether it was a great and memorable day in our annals for which we owe much gratitude to our kind hosts. I cannot do better than imitate old John Nyræn, when he adapted Dr. Watts to the meetings at the Bat and Ball on Broad Halfpenny:

I have been there and still would go!  
'Twas like a little Heaven below!

## A PLEA FOR PARTRIDGES

By J. B. DROUGHT

WHETHER the partridge-shooting season should be curtailed by law is a controversial question. It is one, moreover, which can neither be discussed nor dismissed in a few sentences, when they were put on the status book more than a century ago. In fact, apart from the amendments which the Ground Game Act produced, we might be living in that era. Rules that were made for muzzle-loading gentry, who shot as much game in a week as their descendants do in an hour, are in many instances an absolute anomaly. Consequently, now that we are within measurable distance of that reconstruction which we are assured will give everyone an equal opportunity it may be pertinent to enquire whether it is really necessary that sporting tradition should be observed until infidelity for no better reason than because it is tradition.

Any alteration in the existing game laws, no matter what species of birds might be affected, would tend to hit one class of shooter harder than another. Curtailment of the season by a fortnight or a month would scarcely worry people of unlimited resources. They would rear as many birds; shoot on just as many days, and the only inconvenience (as one could be called) would be a closer grouping of their fixtures. But the little man would suffer quite a lot. As things are, the utmost he can hope for is three or four days' profitably walking up his partridges and thereafter somewhat speculative pot-hunts, on ground too small to drive, before it becomes denuded of every patch of cover. Wherefore the denial of September to this type of sportsman would mean his virtual elimination from the shooting field.

While we are strictly within our rights to harass partridges for five long months, we have also a moral duty towards them. In any season in which there is a paucity of game the partridge crop, over-shooting is purely and simply at the expense of a potential breeding stock. From this it follows that whether the figure is fixed at fifty or five thousand birds, no one can expect to hatch out a level stock unless enough true pairs of partridges combine to effect its propagation.

As sexual equality in the coveys at the end of the shooting season is in the highest degree unlikely, nothing less than a thirty to forty per cent. margin over and above one's minimum requirements for breeding can be considered safe. For there will always be a few old birds useless from the breeding point of view; a few others possibly sterile through having been

slightly pricked, and still more which, through pure cussedness, will not find mates.

Progress has failed to influence our sporting code. Like those of the Modes and Persians, the game laws are resistant to outside influences. When they were put on the status book more than a century ago. In fact, apart from the amendments which the Ground Game Act produced, we might be living in that era. Rules that were made for muzzle-loading gentry, who shot as much game in a week as their descendants do in an hour, are in many instances an absolute anomaly. Consequently, now that we are within measurable distance of that reconstruction which we are assured will give everyone an equal opportunity it may be pertinent to enquire whether it is really necessary that sporting tradition should be observed until infidelity for no better reason than because it is tradition.

As a humble yet voracious student of the sporting classics of last century I have never been able to discover the precise reason for the arbitrary fixture of the open seasons. But I have often thought it possible that as the country magnates of those far-off days were also the country's hereditary lawgivers, their personal inclinations may have had a lot to do with it. For when shooting was necessarily a slower pastime than it is to-day, and gun-making in its infancy; when grouse driving was undreamt of; when partridges in heavy stubble lay to dogs and even pheasants were dug out with tines; when there was every inducement to the men of leisure to afford themselves a nice, long shooting season. And as their notion of a decent bag was very different from ours, their execution in a well-stocked countryside was insignificant. However energetically they shot, their breeding stocks were never in the slightest jeopardy.

What in those spacious times was very well is not so good to-day. Few, if any, of us are men of leisure to shoot the season through. And even if we were, our birds are not so leisurely.

Confronted with hammerless rifles they have learned a thing or two, not the least the

advisability of rising out of shot almost from the moment of receiving their baptismal fire.

A more important point is this. We cannot hammer birds day in day out as did our grandfathers. Our modern weapons would do too much damage, and, unlike those of a bygone day, our breeding stocks would not recover from the shock.

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This is, in fact, the argument on which I base this article. Are not our shooting seasons too drawn out for the capacity and numbers of our birds? No doubt, there will be many people to say "No." When pheasants can be reared by the thousand what justification can there be for the suggestion? But that is, I submit, a retrospective view. We shall not go so easily back to what are called the good old days. Personally, I believe that we have seen the last of luxury shooting. Moreover I am thinking of the general aspect of the countryside, and not of a few choice shootings run on lavish lines. Our primary objective in the next few years will be, of necessity, the building-up of stocks in replenishment of what the war has cost us, to get a more even distribution of game throughout the country and to enable the little man who takes a modest shot to get his money's worth.

Broadly, I suggest that our tendency in past years has been to shoot too early and too late. This did not matter much to those who could afford to restock every year or so. At the same time it influenced adversely the general distribution of breeding stock. For in this country the vicissitudes of Summer weather tend to retard the hatching season rather than advance it.

A bumper grouse season has been said to come round once in eight years, but in these

be May frosts and if snow should lie in the hills well on into early Spring, late nesting and, more particularly, the hatching-out of second broods, may delay for a month or more the normal growth of young birds. In these circumstances first broods are little more than cheerers at the beginning of August and their later brethren barely fledged. Much the same remark applies to game on low ground.

Some years ago I had occasion to study the weather charts of eighty years back. I found, incidentally, that only twice in roughly a decade did a thoroughly-favourable partridge season occur. The reason was the incidence of heavy thunder rains spreading over the nesting and incubating periods. To put it another way, had one made a graph of all the seasons way back to the 'sixties it would have shown, with scarcely a deviation, a gradual curve up to and down from a warm dry period through the critical months of June and July for two consecutive years in every eleven-year cycle. Of course, these weather curves affect young pheasants to only a slightly less degree than they do partridges, but I think the reason why we have never bothered so much about them is that hand-reared birds could always relieve the situation. Here again we must remember that this will not be so easy in the future.

\*\*\*

I submit, therefore, that on these grounds alone the danger of shooting immature birds on the present opening dates is a very real one. When such dates are further advanced, as has been the case with grouse and pheasants during the war years, it is not sport but slaughter—slaughter, moreover, of creatures that can be of no use to anyone but which, if left alone, would be multiplied at least sixfold.

When, as was the case in 1941, the open season covers six months, it is obvious that immature birds get it in the neck at the beginning, and those which are thinking about mating, at the tail end. In which connection I would stress the danger of late partridge shooting. After a mild Winter partridges will often pair in January and select their nesting territories. It is unnecessary to comment further on the imbecility, not to say cruelty, of shooting mated birds, especially those which are monogamous.

\*\*\*

Now, just one other point. Why should it be necessary arbitrarily to fix opening dates to operate everywhere? Even in normal times the weather does not treat us all alike. Take the whole range of the nesting seasons for all species of game and you will find climatic conditions and rainfall varying widely from one county to the next. I once saw a fine stock of young partridges virtually wiped out in one terrific thunderstorm on a Hampshire shoot, while the adjacent property, which got not a drop of rain, had almost a bumper season.

At a time when we may expect, thanks to the years of war, a far greater disparity than usual between one area and another as regards game, why should not seasons be fixed as geographical conditions dictate? After all, snipe and woodcock have always been protected in this sense under the Wild Birds Protection Act, although it must be admitted that county councils have not invariably shown acute wisdom in fixing open seasons. It should be easy, however, under a universal but elastic law, to provide at least temporarily for each area, or even each county, as may seem desirable according to the circumstances of the game in it.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### WEATHER WISDOM

SIR.—In reply to the letter *Weather Wisdom* in your issue of January 11, I enclose a few of the sayings of an old farmer of Graywood, Surrey, who died a year ago.

*Rain is to be expected.*—When the sun's rays are seen pointing down and "drawing water" rain within 48 hours.

When the night sky is full of stars, thick with them, all the little distant ones—rain shortly.

And when a "rimy" frost and fog clear quickly.

*Fine weather.*—When a blue haze is seen at Summer sunset—a fine morning.

*Stormy weather.*—When the rocks dark round and round in circles.

*Wind.*—The wind that blows at mid-day on March 21 will persist (more or less) till June 21. So if it is east you will get a cold, dry three months; if it is south-west you will get a soft, damp three months.

*Winter.*—If the blackthorn flowers before March 23 the following Winter will be hard.

The gardeners round here believed in his prophecies and had tested many of them. *Louis Buzantini, Muis, Rosalind, Haslemere, Surrey.*

### A CAT TAX

SIR.—It seems to me that Mr. Foster's proposed annual tax of five shillings on cats and one guinea on dogs, while doubtless gratifying to those cats and dogs whose owners could afford to pay it, would impose a hardship on those whose owners could not.

The "usefulness" of these animals, moreover, surely lies as much in the companionship they offer to human beings as in anything else. As *Anthony Glynnford, 7, Royal Crescent, Bath, Somerset.*

### FIREMEN FORESTERS?

SIR.—A good idea of Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis's *COUNTRY LIFE* (January 18), and some of us temporary "war-time" firemen would be too joy to lead a hand with the pruning, especially as it would mean

getting out into the air and away from the fire station for a while.

Unfortunately, in present circumstances, at any rate in the areas I know, the men could not be spared. If they were it would mean that an appliance deemed essential for local fire cover was "off the run."

There are of course all sorts of jobs far more useful than brass-polishing, etc., for which firemen could be used, but they have always

to be kept within sound of the bells and within seconds of their machines.

—*D. B. G., Church Hambridge, Oxford.*

### A HOUSE TO BE IDENTIFIED

SIR.—In *COUNTRY LIFE* of December 7, 1945, a water-colour drawing is reproduced for identification. It is of a house called Castle Hill.

This is the house at the junction

of the Bath Road and Castle Street, Reading.

I knew the place well some fifty years ago. After being empty for some years, it was rented by the late Lord Saye and Sele. Some mystery seemed attached as to the owner and its history. I was told that it was the original owners; nor was there even a tradition of any castle at Reading.

The house had some ground, perhaps an acre, and a few outbuildings. On one side, an obscure terrace which led nowhere collapsed down the steep bank of the Kennet, used by brick-layers and a stam of bad reputation called Coley.

In Castle Street, on the south side, resided a good number of impetuous aristocratic members of Berkshire families of the Cranford type. The street, after curving steeply down the George, an ancient post-house, crossed by the seven bridges of the Kennet, under other names, to the London Road about three miles away—never known as the Bath Road.

—*Charles H. H. Rowlands, Cassio Road, Walford, Hertfordshire.*

### IN MONMOUTHSHIRE

SIR.—With reference to the house the name of which your correspondent asks for *COUNTRY LIFE*, December 7, 1945, I believe that it may be Clytha House, Clytha, near Aberavenny, Monmouthshire. It was the residence of one of the Herbert family—*Pratich, Fair, Morningside, Newton, Swansea, Glamorgan.*

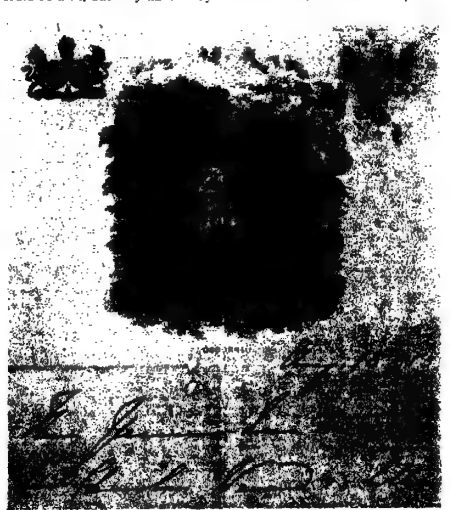
[Another correspondent suggests that the house belonged to the Forde family.]

### QUEEN VICTORIA'S NOTE-PAPER

SIR.—Your readers might perhaps be interested in the heading of the Osborne note-paper which Queen Victoria was using in 1868—*Windsor, The Wild Park near, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire.*

### AN ARCADIAN COLLEGE

SIR.—Of the many delightful photographs which appear week by week in the pages of *COUNTRY LIFE* surely there is no class so charmingly entitled *The Cottage in Temple Wood*.



ILLUSTRATED NOTE-PAPER USED BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

See letters Queen Victoria's Note-paper



a scene in the grounds of Weston Park, Staffordshire, described in an article with that title, that appeared not very long ago.

It must surely have been in an Arcadian setting such as this that Max Beerbohm imagined the final scenes of his ever-delightful fantasy *The Happy Hypocrite* where Lord George Bell and his little dancer from Vauxhall Cottage discovered the woodman's cot-age and lived happily there ever afterwards.—RICHARD C. W. GARDIN, *Clopham, Circular Road, Strand-on, Belfast.*

### BRAID-MAKERS' ENGINES

Sir,—I can add a little to the letter from Mr. J. King in a recent issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* describing the implement used for splitting straw for use in hat making.

A certain George Watson carried on, until the year 1848, a business as a printer and stationer at Tring, where in those days strawplaiting was a home industry. Noticing the difficulty experienced in splitting straws with an ordinary knife, George Watson devised a tool of exactly similar design to the one shown in your illustration and used by Mr. King's grandmother, some sixty years ago. George Watson's splitter, one of which I saw many years ago, was, however, made entirely of steel, which would, presumably be more durable and effective than wooden ones.

After selling his business at Tring, George Watson bought a small printing business in Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London. Some years later, my father, Walter Hasell, joined him in partnership; the name of the firm today is Hasell, Watson & Viney, Ltd.—RALPH C. HASSELL, 82, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

### AGES OF HORSES

Sir,—From time to time the question as to how long horses live has been asked in *COUNTRY LIFE*. I feel that the record is still held by the celebrated Old Billy which lived in the ripe age of 62.

Old Billy died on November 27, 1836, but his history is well known and completely verified. He first worked at the plough at Wild Grave Farm, Latchford, Warrington, and was then purchased by the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Co. of Manchester who used him as a gin or barge horse up to May, 1790. Later he was at the Black Rye, Latchford, and subsequently Sir Lionel Earle, director of the Liverpool and Irwell Canal Co., gave him a home at his Cheshire estate. The National Horse Association has a curious old painting of this horse presented by Mr. T. Wilson, grandson of the Dr. Samuel Wilson who was the veterinary surgeon in charge of Old Billy. The Shire Horse Society also possess an interesting old engraving of this horse.

The next horse on the record 1

have kept of old horses is that of a horse which died at Brighton on November 8, 1796, which had belonged to the Marquis of Granby, but died aged 96 in the possession of a hawker.

Then follows Old Romp, a racehorse which died in America aged 84. He was foaled in 1824 by Dragon out of an imported English mare, taken at the battle of Lundy's Lane in 1814. In 1827 he fell in a match race and broke an ankle, but was sold to a farmer for 10 dollars who cured him and used him on his farm until 1884, when Mr. P. Carter of Jackson, Michigan, purchased him and exhibited him at shows until he died, aged 84. Mr. Carter's grandson and only living relative vouched for the authenticity of this horse's age.

Other old horses are Paramatta, an Australian horse which died aged 83 and Tommy, a Welsh roan pony, which died in 1909, aged 82.

Of horses that have died between 48 and 60 I have had dozens reported to me from all parts.—R. A. BROWN, *Secretary, The National Horse Association of Great Britain, 38, Wyndham Street, Putney, London, S.W.15.*

### BLACKBIRDS FEEDING IN THE MOONLIGHT

Sir,—At 2 a.m. on December 20 I saw from my bedroom window, a couple of blackbirds feeding on the terrace; it was bright moonlight and the birds were evidently feeding on worms, which they appeared to be picking up from the short grass. I had a very good view of them, and watched for some time their movements, as they and I hoped about in the short grass, as though it was lit, instead of moonlight. The birds appeared to be enjoying the extra feed. I expect they believed in the old saying: "the early bird catches the worm."

I am wondering if any of your readers ever saw blackbirds feeding in the moonlight, as I have not seen during my three-score years anything similar.—C. H. ROBERTS, *Capt., The Spawsey, Haslemere, Surrey.*

### THE SYMPHONY OR THE HURDY.

#### GURDY

Sir,—You recently published a letter from me on the symphony or hurdy-gurdy. I am now able to send you a photograph showing a late

medieval example; it is in the hands of one of the angels in the roof of the north transept of Ely Cathedral. As will be seen, the instrument consists of a box with sound holes in the lid; inside are wires set in vibration by a rosin wheel which is turned by the handle with the right hand; the left hand manipulates the keyboard.—C. J. P. CAYE, *Stoner Hill, Petersfield, Hampshire.*

### ART OF THE

#### PAPER-CUTTER

Sir,—In your recent interesting correspondence on paper-cutting, I was glad to note the date of the beautiful cutting illustrated, and to learn that this art of paper-cutting is still being carried on. I have long studied early examples, of which I enclose two. That of the Bust of Cicero is of extraordinarily fine workmanship and shows a strange medley of form, execution and medium used, for besides the microscopic cutting of arabesques and figures, there is

### CICERO BY A. CHARNLY, 1744

See letter: Art of the Paper-cutter

It is said that the cutter, Joanna Blok, refused the sum of £1,000 for the offer to her by Peter the Great for three examples of her work.—E. NEVILLE JACKSON, 2, South View, East St., Moseley, Sussex.

### THE SOMERTON HOLY TABLE

Sir,—There can be few finer early 17th-century Holy Tables than that at Somerton illustrated recently in your paper. Somerton church also has a splendid pulpit of 1615. Both pulpit and table have fairly profuse colour decoration as well as carving. The degree of religious symbolism and representation on both is unusual for pre-Laudian days.

At Chew Magna, Somerset, much closer to Bristol than Somerton, there is also a fine Jacobean or Carolean Holy Table. The two are strikingly alike. Both have the same exaggerated bulbous legs and elaborate foliate carving, but at Chew Magna there is no date and none of Somerton's figures and symbolism. Perhaps Chew Magna subscribed less. Yet there may be a link, for both are in the same style.

If the Somerton table was indeed made in Bristol, the less curiously carved specimen is even more likely to have come from Bristol. For Bristol's access to Chew Magna is and was much the easier. Both may even be by the same hand; it would be of interest to know if any documents can prove a common origin.

The destruction of stone altars at the Reformation, and the need for new Holy Tables of a wooden and more domestic type, opened a large field to the cabinet-makers of Tudor and later days. Splendid examples often occur right down to the end of the eighteenth century; many survive for all the casualness of the Gothic and ecclesiastical revivals. Centres of craftsmanship such as London and Bristol must have supplied many such tables where something finer than the work of a country joiner might be required.

It would be good to know more of the makers of such fine pieces of Protestant church furniture as the Holy Tables at Somerton and Chew Magna, to say nothing of the 16th-century pieces which are not uncommon in the near Bristol. They, like the mural monuments from Bath and Bristol workshops so common in the near-by

### LOCKET BY JOANNA BLOK, 1650-1715

See letter: Art of the Paper-cutter

embosoming is the important features, and a good deal of painting in gesso.

The date, 1744, is given together with the signature Anton Charnely. I have no other specimen in my collection of fitting, with complete full-length figures, of birds and beasts used for the purpose of a portrait, and united with delicate precision in arabesque, in this case shown up by the comparatively plain cut folds of the shoulder scarf.

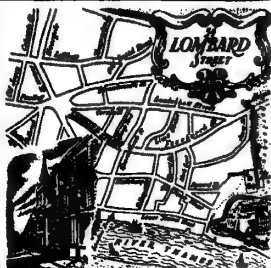
As fine and with unity of figures and background is the locket, enclosing under crystal the remarkable cutting by Joanna Blok of Amsterdam 1650-1715. The Holy Family with delicate halo is beneath palm, pine and other trees, a sheep and St. John with his shepherd's crook are in the group, and a sheep and deer are beside the figures. Cupids or angelic figures hover, while squirrels, monkeys and birds appear and are as finely done as any by R. W. Hus, who worked at the same period and in his St. Francis of Assisi, preaching to the birds, shows 27 different species.

The locket piece is signed and dated 1783. On the floral garland entwined with ribbon is a Latin motto.

### A MEDIEVAL HURDY-GURDY FROM ELY CATHEDRAL

See letter: The Symphony or Hurdy-Gurdy

**HOUSES** in Lombard Street were identified by their signs until 1770, when the Directory first gave numbers to them. The Black Spread Eagle, which now hangs over the door of Barclays Head Office, is the sign originally over Watson's House (Number 56) which was erected after the Great Fire of 1666 on the site of the George Inn.



These premises were bought in 1748 by the Quaker—John Freame—who, like so many of the original London Bankers, was a goldsmith. Eight years later his son-in-law—James Barclay—entered the business, which, by 1834, became Barclay, Bevan, Tritton & Company. When the big amalgamation of 1896 took place, twenty separate banks formed the nucleus of Barclay & Company Limited. The Directors of the new concern were all practical bankers, one or more being chosen to represent each of the old banks.

Local Boards were formed in the country areas to maintain the existing personal relationships with the Bank's customers. This system has been continued and extended up to the present day, so that the characteristics of the local businesses might still be preserved under the old sign of the Black Spread Eagle.

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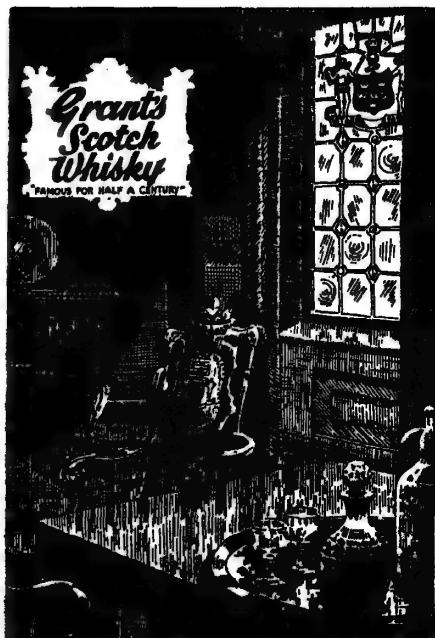
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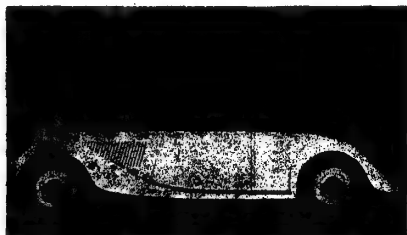
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14 h.p. Saloon	£540	£133 10 7	£673 10 7
14 h.p. Sports Saloon	£565	£137 13 11	£702 13 11
16 h.p. Saloon	£580	£141 17 3	£721 17 3
16 h.p. Sports Saloon	£595	£146 0 7	£741 0 7



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### THE ARTESIAN BORE SUCCEEDS

See letter: A Successful Water Diviner

country churches, are good examples of cultural diffusion by great centres of craftsmanship before the days of mechanical transport.—**BRYAN LITTLE, Bath and County Club, Bath.**

### DUNMORE SMITHY

Sir,—Dunmore, on the south side of the Forth, was built as a "model village," the cottages, occupied by the estate employees, being grouped round a central green. They were erected long before the now prevalent brick-and-tonguecast style was evolved, and are solidly constructed of well-cut stone. At one end of the green stands the little school, facing it at the other the village hall, and near the latter the smithy, with this eminently appropriate doorway of a horseshoe.—**R. K. HOLMES, Ted's Field, Doler, Scotland.**

### CIRENCESTER OR CISSITER?

Sir,—I noted with interest in one of your recent Editorial notes that the High Court regards "Cirencester" as the correct pronunciation of the name of this town. When I was staying there last Summer I made a point of asking many local people for their views. All concurred with what I now the official ruling, and most an affection on the part of outsiders.

Travelling on the buses in that

district, however, I soon found that to the good country housewife journeying in to do her weekly shopping, the name is "Soiren"; that and nothing more.

I think the first part of the name should always be preserved in speech; after all, it serves as a constant reminder that the lovely old market town of to-day was once the important Roman city of *Corninium*. So let not "Cissiter" fade from our tongues.

While writing I should like to add my grateful thanks for the articles on Ladlow. They were really delightful—and photographs alike—and make me impatient to visit this town.—**JOHN FOSTER WHITE, The Windsor Hotel, Lancaster Gate, London, W.2.**

### OR CISSITER?

Sir,—I quote from John and Josiah Boydell's *History of the River Thames*, 1794: "... its present name is Cissiter, or, according to the common pronunciation of it, Cissiter."—**ANTHONY HUNTER (Lt.-Col.), Rybrook House, Castle Combe, Chippenham, Wiltshire.**

### A SUCCESSFUL WATER DIVINER

Sir,—You have had interesting paragraphs in *COUNTRY LIFE* in the past on artesian bores, particularly on Major Jarvis's page.

I enclose a photograph of the result of one I had put down in my garden. It was taken before the derrick was removed. The jet of water is coming up a 3-inch pipe with a 1½-inch reducing socket screwed on the top. The estimated flow was 125 gallons a minute.

The formation here is all alluvial. A 12-foot layer of soil rests on the first old river bed, which was about 33 feet deep; the water was struck in the third river bed at a depth 111 275 feet. At about 190 feet the drill went through timber. There was one seam of exceptionally fine sand of a beautiful bright pale blue tint. I kept some of it in a tin box, but the pigment vanished after some months.

I understand that the first artesian bore was drilled in France at Artois (thus the name). I divined this water myself with a willow twig; it was my first attempt, which turned out very satisfactorily.—**C. H. H., Palmerston North, N. Z.**

### THE GAME OF MERELS

Sir,—The game of merels, mentioned by J. A. Carpenter in your issue of September 28, is very similar to one played by the Kafir shears in this country. They get a flat stone and scratch the squares on it with diagonal lines joining the corners and others bisecting the squares, as shown on the attached sheet of paper.

Each of the two players has twelve stones of one colour, and, as in the game of merels, the object is

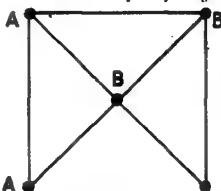
to get three stones of one colour in a straight line on the intersections of the lines.

I am rather hazy about the details of the game. I wonder if Mr. Carpenter would kindly clear them up for me.

He says: "The game is played by two players on a board with nine pegs each, which are stuck into holes at the intersection of the lines, the object being to get three pegs in a row. Only straight line moves are allowed."

Does this mean that the eighteen pegs are all put on the board before play commences? If so, how are they arranged?

What is meant by "only straight



### THE "TWO-STONES" BOARD

See letter: The Game of Merels

line moves are allowed?—**L. OWEN WATSON, Ploegberg, Middleburg, C. P.**

### IN WAIRISTAN

Sir,—After reading the letter by Mr. J. A. Carpenter in your issue of September 28, I found the local levy force sepoys or "Khasadars" playing the game of Merels under the name of Kator which in Waziri Pashto means "in line."

On enquiry I found that most Waziris know how to play, but the more civilised Pathan tribes such as those around Peshawar appear to have no knowledge of it, though the Khatiks, the Waziris' Northern neighbours sometimes play.

The board is marked out by drawing the figure in the dust, and using either different-coloured or different-sized stones as pieces, but otherwise there is no difference from the game described by Mr. Carpenter.

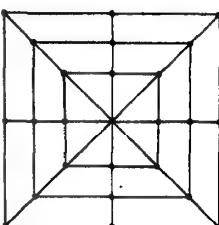
The Waziris and Khatiks, and possibly other tribes, also play a similar sort of game called *Iwa-kame* or *Iwa-tighe*, meaning "two-stones." This is played on the figure shown above, the two players having two stones each; the object is to "bottle-up" your opponent so that neither of his pieces can move; e.g. if A's stones are at AA and B has moved to BB, then B has won.

Perhaps this game is also known in England. It would be interesting to know when Kator was introduced among the Pathans, but lack of historical records make investigation almost hopeless.—**JOHN WILSON, Miransek, North Waziristan, N.W.F.P.**

[Mr. J. A. Carpenter, asked for the rules of merel, kindly replied as follows:—

It seems clear that so ancient a game has variations in different countries.

The version of the game of merels that I have seen has a board similar to that shown in my photograph (September 28, 1944).



### THE KAFFIR'S MERELS

See letter: The Game of Merels

The players (two) have nine pegs each—one set being square-headed and the other round.

Commencing with a clear board and playing alternately, each player endeavours to get three pegs in a row on any of the marked lines. Each time a player succeeds in this object of the game, he removes one of his opponent's pegs.

Pegs can only be moved about the board in straight lines.

The central hole is a king position and confers on the holder a movement to any of the holes on the four lines which intersect the squares. It follows that pegs on a straight line may be moved to the central or king position if vacant and it is considered desirable.

The winner is the player who reduces his opponent to

- (i) a standstill—further movement being impossible; or
- (ii) to two pegs—since the player could no longer achieve the object of the game.—**Ed.**

### REGENCY BRIGHTON

Sir,—My father-in-law, wife of George IV., buried in St. John the Baptist's



### THE MONUMENT TO MRS. FITZHERBERT

See letter: Regency Brighton

church at Brighton. Though she was never formally acknowledged by him, few people now doubt that she was married to him.

The monument shown in my photograph was erected by her adopted daughter. On the left hand can be distinctly seen three wedding-rings.—**DAVID GOWEN, Priory College, Lindfield, Sussex.**

### THE SMITHY DOOR

See letter: Dunmore Smithy



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**NEW BOOKS**

**PLANNED LIVING**

*Reviews by HOWARD SPRING*

AS a war correspondent, Mr. Alaric Jacob went to Russia in 1944. He travelled in a small ship, one of a number conveyed through Winter sea to a port in the Far North, and thence he went by train to Moscow. Using Moscow as his base, he travelled widely and saw the consequences of the fighting on many fronts. He gives us in his book *A Window in Moscow* (Collins, 15s.) a first-rate account of what Leningrad was like immediately after its liberation. He watched the progress of the war as far north as Finland, as far south as Odessa. He is able to give us personal pictures of Stalin and Churchill in Moscow, of many Russian statesmen and generals in their more expansive moods, of experiments like the Suvarov schools where boys are trained to become officers (though most of them, Mr. Jacob says, have other ambitions). We see the daily life of the people both as civilians and soldiers.

On all these matters Mr. Jacob writes as an admirer if almost everything Russian and as a convert to Marxism. But there were some things in Russia that displeased him. It took weeks to have the simplest matter dealt with by the Foreign Office. "It took at least one month to arrange a visit even to somewhere as commonplace as a collective farm, a fortnight of telephoning, letter-writing and waiting to get inside a Russian school; and as for visiting a factory, that might well take six weeks."

**ENDLESS DELAYS**

Trying to find the reason for this state of things, which was encountered by all foreigners seeking an elementary knowledge of how Russian affairs work, Mr. Jacob thinks it is "close to the truth" to say that "somebody very high up had decided that the Soviet Union was now so strong that she need not bother about building up goodwill for herself among the nations of the world." If that is so, it is a pity. Strength which demonstrates itself by a lack of courtesy is not attractive.

Mr. Jacob is a great admirer of "planned" living. "Even the most hidebound Englishmen," he writes, "must sometimes ask themselves why it is that English workers are always 'giving trouble' while Russian workers seem relatively contented, even though their lives are harder; why they seem to bend all their efforts to increasing production, instead of demanding higher wages and shorter hours. . . . Assume for a moment that the Russian masses are mistaken in their trust: assume that they will never win the Communism they dream of or that their economy does not succeed in overtaking the economies of the West. Is not the very fact that they believe in this dream and meanwhile are contented in the belief that their way of life is the correct one—is not that

a unique development in political science, anywhere in the world to-day?"

This is an interesting and important point of view that deserves examination. My own reaction would be to say that, so far from disparaging men who "give trouble," we should realise that in them are the seeds of human growth, that we should gladly concede their right to express their point of view, because implicit in their right is our own right. Growth, on which all depends, I should add, is in danger of stopping when a conception of final right, a hidebound "plan," governs conduct.

I am not thinking of material, mechanical enlargement, which is not growth as I understand it.) And I should point out that Mr. Jacob's words "the very fact that they believe in this dream and are meanwhile contented" raises the ghost of that celebrated Bolshevik phrase "the opium of the people."

The right to protest seems to me far more important than the fact of content; and when Mr. Jacob writes "it might be argued that Soviet air suffers from the fact that it would be difficult for an André Gide or a Beaudelaire over to get his works published," the essence of the question is: "Would anyone be able to get his works published if they ran counter to the *plan*?" If he was one of those fellows who are always 'giving trouble'?" I myself distrust profoundly state publishing-houses, state theatres, state cinemas, radio and newspapers, and state everything else that touches man at the bud of growth—that is, in his art, philosophy and religion. And if there is widespread state-control elsewhere, there must be state-control of these too, because it is from these that criticism of state-control elsewhere would, if from anywhere, arise.

**CONTENT OR PROTESTING**

This is, to me, the fundamental objection to any sort of totalitarian system, whether of the Right or the Left. Mr. Jacob has done well in presenting both his picture of Russia and his philosophising upon it. It is an able piece of work, to be heartily welcomed. But it seems to me that, for a long time to come, the world has got to make the best of the fact that there is more than one idea of how the business of national living should be conducted. For any nation whether of the East or the West, to shut itself up in a complacent belief that, having found final truth, it can, in the vulgar phrase, "high hat" the rest of the world—that would be almost for us alone. We need not all be able to be members one another!

We have had during the war a surprising number of short well-written "documentary" books—records of personal experience of men in such diverse circumstances as sea and jungle, air and desert, in associa-

tion with crowds of comrades or working almost alone. So far as I remember, it began with sirren's records of their work over France in the earliest days. There must be at least a hundred of these books, few of them exceeding a hundred pages in length; and between them they give an admirable and alert illustration of the many-sided conflict. I have never seen one dealing with life in a submarine.

It is my impression that this sort of literary output was not common during the last war. There were books of the kind I am thinking of. Max Frooman's *Subaltern on the Somme* was one of the best; but few were published while the war was on, or immediately fresh in memory. The *Subaltern* did not come till 1927; and, generally speaking, writers tended to chew the experience over and give it a shaped and considered body, as Mr. Edmund Blunden did in *Undersong of War*. For the immediate experience, the fighting men of that time preferred poetry. During this war, we have not seen anything like the poetic output (much of it not very good) that there was between 1914 and 1918.

#### FIGHTING-MEN'S CHRONICLES

The outstanding thing about the books I am now thinking of is their intelligent reporting of immediate experience; and what this reporting is done by no fine a writer as Mr. F. D. Ommanney, whose *Flat-Top* now comes from Longmans (3s. 6d.), we have something very good indeed.

Mr. Ommanney gives us a short carrier, accompanying a convoy of military ships to a North Russian port. German submarines harried the convoy for a week, but only two ships out of fifty were sunk; and to achieve this, the Germans lost four of their submarines and one of their aircraft.

Mr. Ommanney gives us the hard and unrelenting life that was lived on his quiet ugly ship. "She hardly looked like a ship at all. . . . We did not feel that she could ever win our affection, so tinny and metallic, mechanical and soulless, was our flat-top." But the soul was there all right, in the men who flew off in the Swordfishes and were catapulted off in the Wildcats, to scour the leaden Arctic seas and to come back to a landing that held always the possibility of disaster. It was there in those who sailed the ship, and serviced the aircraft and served the dinners. If you want to know what life was like to men of that breed throughout one typical voyage, you will find it all vividly set out in Mr. Ommanney's book.

#### IN MADAGASCAR

Although it comes to us in the shape of a novel I should include among my short descriptive war-books Mr. C. R. Livingstone's *The Earth Is Red* (Macmillan, 6s.). This is the only account I have ever come upon of the sort of life our soldiers lived during the brief remote campaign in Madagascar. One feels that the author is writing from first-hand experience.

It is easy to weave a bit of fiction through a backcloth that is essentially factual and descriptive; and that was the danger Mr. Livingstone had to avoid. He has come well out of the test. Though we have a feeling that the life here described, both in the island's capital, with its parks, shops, and cinema, and in the jungle with its crocodiles and mosquitoes, is the life our soldiers knew, nevertheless upon this is imposed the pattern of an authentic work of fiction.

The story is one of the oldest in

the world: the sudden love affair, the death in war of the lover. The lover here is Sergeant Bailey; the girl a young Frenchwoman whose brother has been killed in the brief resistance to the English occupation. But soon the armistice is signed, and then it seems that all will be well.

It would be so if it were not the contrivance by which Mr. Livingstone brings his tragedy to a head, but it is one that fills me with admiration. He has done it out of a deep understanding of the different sorts of regard a man may have for a woman. An admirable Cockney sergeant who became involved with a native woman; a young soldier who had just received news that his sweetheart in England had been killed in an air-raid; a soldiering schoolmaster with a comfortable domestic background; the husband of the native woman; Bailey himself, high-flown with the wine of his new love; the emotions, conditioning the actions, of all these were what made up the tragic web in which Bailey was killed. It is a finely wrought conclusion, and one expects that the writer who could devise it has a power that may bear even better fruit than this commendable first novel.

#### THE RURAL PROSPECT

MR. C. S. ORWIN has written a concise study of *Problems of the Countryside* (Cambridge University Press, 3s. 6d.), and it seems doubtful whether anybody else as well acquainted with the general lay-out of rural life and as conversant with the economic processes which have shaped it—or left it temporarily shapeless—could have been found to do it. His analytical mind uses very exacting standards and enables him to relate the requirements of health, housing, community life and local government to those of an efficient and prosperous agriculture.

At the same time his scientific preoccupation with facts keeps him clear both of retrograde nostalgia and of looking will-o'-the-wisps. In recording the present scene he has supplied both a simple account of the factors which have shaped it and a personal estimate of ways in which it could now be developed. In neither does he ignore the *pros* and the *cons*. Nobody who has studied the detailed "Pilot Survey of an area of rural Berkshire," carried out by the Agricultural Economics Research Institute during the war will be surprised to find the main stress in Dr. Orwin's summary laid on two points: the need to increase agricultural efficiency by re-planning the lay-out of farming units, and the importance of maintaining or establishing a new village community of a size which enables them to be socially organic and—in matters of local government—financially competent. The farming side of the problem he sees as a challenge to the progressive landowner and farmer, very similar to that which faced their predecessors in the days of "Improvement." Can the landowners of to-day collaborate with the State to re-equip their land for modern farming? Can they collaborate with one another to bring about the necessary rectification of boundaries?

In dealing with the crucial fact that many village communities to-day are too small to bear the overhead costs of providing better physical conditions or to support a satisfactory social life, Dr. Orwin does not hesitate to pray in aid the decentralisation of industry and points out that while the Scott Report deplores the "drift to the towns," there is no attempt in that document to explain how the farming industry is to absorb the annual increment of rural youth or how the standard of rural living is to be put on a parity with that at the city unless the overhead costs can be spread over communities made larger by the introduction of industrial workers.



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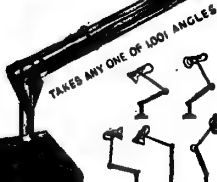
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## FARMING NOTES

### VETERINARY TRAINING SCHOLARSHIP

THE Veterinary Educational Trust has begun its task. Dr. W. R. Woodlidge, the Chairman of the Council, said recently that the Trust has already awarded 18 undergraduate scholarships for periods of five years each and is directly assisting students to complete their veterinary courses when, owing to family circumstances beyond their control, they would otherwise have been forced to discontinue their studies. Young graduates who are ready to specialise in one or other of the branches of veterinary activity are also being assisted. So far eight Research Fellowships have been awarded with annual emoluments varying from £450 to £800. It is all to the good that the veterinary profession and those who appreciate its services should be helping now to develop the educational and research facilities which are so much needed in veterinary science in this country. At the present time there are indeed only about 1,800 veterinary surgeons in agricultural practice. The course of training is thorough and expensive for the student. Many who would do well in the veterinary profession have been deterred by the cost. The Educational Trust is now able to help some of them. There are others now coming out of the Services who will be able to get Government help in taking a veterinary course. I hope there will be a good many new recruits. More trained veterinarians will be wanted for Government services both here and abroad, and there is, too, for new blood in private practice.

#### The Red Poll

DR. H. P. DONALD, the young New Zealander who works at the Institute of Animal Genetics at the University of Edinburgh, has contributed to the *Empire Journal of Experimental Agriculture* an interesting account of what he calls "the population dynamics" of the Red Poll breed. The origin of the Red Poll is rather obscure. Back in the eighteenth century in Suffolk and for the purpose of the dairy appears to have been for the dairy and they were known as Suffolk Funn. Their hornlessness is attributed to an admixture with the Galloways, which were driven at about three-fourths of age from about South-West Scotland to East Anglia to fatten for the London market. Arthur Young commented on the haphazard breeding and pointed out that there was "no such thing as a bull more than three years old." In Norfolk the early cattle appear to have been horned, but these gradually gave way to the polled type, probably by means of crossing with Suffolk cattle. Probably the present qualities of the Red Poll have been extracted from many kinds of cattle. In 1873 a conference of breeders decided to start a herd book and fixed the type which we now know, specifying a deep red colour and complete absence of horns. Dr. Donald notes that in 1880 no mention was made in the standard description of the purpose for which Red Polls were kept, but in that year the standard was amended with the view to be to combine the highest standard of beef with a satisfactory milk yield. His survey shows that until 1914 the number of registered Red Poll females in Great Britain remained at about 2,500. During the next 10 years the numbers rose to about 11,000, at which level they remained until 1941 when another period of expansion began. During the long period of expansion the number of herds increased, but the size of herds decreased. Probably this increase in numbers was achieved by lengthening the pedigree breeding

life of individual cows. When the herd book started the great majority of the herds were to be found in Norfolk and Suffolk. But by 1939 more than half the herds were bred in other parts of England. Indeed, Dr. Donald's map shows the distribution of Red Polls marks herds scattered quite regularly in the counties south of a line from the Bristol Channel to the Wash. North of this line are some herds in the Midlands, but very few in Wales. The new herds seem to have settled down well, and there is no evidence that sires bred in Norfolk and Suffolk are preferable to those bred elsewhere.

#### Seed Potatoes

NOWADAYS we have to take a delivery of our seed potatoes from Scotland and Ireland in the middle of Winter if we want to be sure of getting them in time for planting in April. Even so there may be such delays in transit, as there were last year, that seed potatoes ordered in the Autumn do not arrive in the South until the third week in April. This year the supplies seem to be coming through faster. It is worth taking some trouble about these seed potatoes when they do come. They should be examined carefully. Too often the seed is left in bags for weeks and it there is trouble it has plenty of time to spread and cause serious loss. The ideal is to store the seed potatoes in boxes. Those of us who are not so well equipped for potato growing may have to put them on the floor of a loft and keep them as well protected as we can from frost. If seed potatoes are being kept in bags they should be stored in rows with a space between the tiers. Some farmers put their seed potatoes into clay or do so even if it is only for two or three months. Probably they keep fresher and more vigorous this way, but it seems a great deal of trouble to protect them for such a short time. A method I have found most economical is to make an enclosure with straw bales in the barn putting down plenty of straw on the floor and then spreading out the seed to a depth of 18 inches. Some loose straw over the top then protects them well enough. This takes up a good deal of room, but in these days we do not get large quantities of feeding-stuffs to store through the Winter.

#### Sheep Blowfly

TRIALS carried out at the Edinburgh and East of Scotland College of Agriculture give promise of an effective measure of protection against the sheep blowfly which causes so much trouble in damp Summer weather. D.D.T. was used as a spray. 40 blackface lambs being penned in batches and first "mist-sprayed" using a bucket pump, and then, as each sheep was let out of the pen, it was held while the region round the tail and hind legs was given a good spraying with a D.D.T. atomiser. At the end of September the shepherd reported 30 cases of strike out of the 80, but not one of the 40 lambs sprayed. D.D.T. was used again, and another trial a new I.C.I. product called "666" was used as a spray. The result was satisfactory. Discussion then turned to the *Empire Journal of Agriculture*. Mr. H. E. Harbour and Mr. J. A. Watt say that spraying with the new insecticide may be an effective method for the control of blowfly, which is a very serious pest, and economical than dipping. It is enough to have the insecticide on the surface of the wool, it need not penetrate through the fleece to the skin.

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## THE ESTATE MARKET

A COLLEGE PURCHASE:  
FIVE SQUARE MILES

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, Cambridge, has just completed the purchase of 559 acres of farms in the northern part of Lincolnshire, and the vendors are exchanging their status as owners for that of tenants. By this transaction Corpus Christi has added to the finest farm land in Lincolnshire, extending to roundly 3,400 acres. The successive acquisitions have been negotiated by Mr. Norman I. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Eldwell and Sons) and his firm has thereby added to the vast extent of real estate of which they undertake the management.

## AN INDEX TO TENDENCIES

THIS series of transactions is of high significance and suggests a number of reflections, which, though they may not, and probably do not, apply to the Springton property, are worth enumerating. Some observers, anxious for a lead as to estate policy, may be inclined to consider that large acquisitions by corporate bodies, such as colleges, are beginning to lose some of their meaning since other large owners are seen from time to time to be selling apparently similar real estate. In other words, colleges are buying, but colleges are also selling, farms. An absolutely unbroken sequence of buying or selling naturally appears to form a useful pointer to policy for other owners, and undoubtedly it has done so in various recent periods. Nevertheless, if certain points are borne in mind, some at least of the sales of farms do not imply any faltering in the determination of corporations to invest in agricultural land. Good farms may be sold because they happen to be too far from other holdings by the owner to make easy and economical management practicable. Besides this, if it be desired to round off some large area of agricultural land, by additional purchases, the owners may decide to provide part of the purchase money by selling other land. In these days of mechanised farming large areas are requisite, and land themselves, to comprehensive schemes of control and so constitute a more assured investment than a number of farms scattered about the country, farms that may or may not be thoroughly well worked, or which, in any event, present problems of management difficult out of proportion to their income yield.

VENDORS REMAINING AS  
TENANTS

PUTTING the Springdington property completely out of the question, and considering only some generally prevalent tendencies, it will be noted that a good many owner-occupiers of farms have recently come forward as vendors and have then remained as rent-payers. Presumably in the case of a first-rate farmer, whose holding demonstrates his care and capability in every corner of it, a corporation, and, indeed, many an individual, looking for a reliable investment, is willing enough for him to continue to farm the land. Such being the position, it follows that the earliest sale to rent, on which the farmer-vendor may go on as the tenant-farmer. The sale by a farmer of a farm at a sale price clearly liberating for his own pocket and of capital of which part at least is likely to be utilised on the holding. In a recent instance, the vendor became a tenant,

saying that he was wishing to develop a prime pedigree herd of cattle. In other instances machinery will be bought, and so forth.

THE NEED FOR WORKING  
CAPITAL

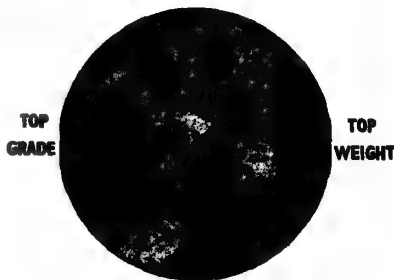
WHEN, one after the other, thriving agriculturists are seen to be recognising the need for increased capital for working their holdings, it brings to the mind instances where men with barely enough to buy a farm must embark on their business with nothing to spare. All their funds have gone into buying the property. This happened too often in and soon after the 1914-18 war, when there was a widespread breaking-up of large estates. Inadequacy of resources, especially if part of the purchase money was on loan, led to much bitter disappointment. To-day the risks are less than they were, thanks to guaranteed prices of produce, help in the purchase of machinery, and really competent expert advice about methods. But, however low rates of interest may be, there is always an element of danger in relying to any great extent on borrowed money. It is fortunate that new-comers to farming are being exhorted to avail themselves of free and independent advice on the aspects of their venture. Well it is for many of these ex-Servicemen and others when they are brought to perceive that some previous experience is an essential of success. The small number of farms acquired by investing corporations probably affords scope for willing workers to gain a practical grasp of the business. Little is heard of land starting on their own account in even the smallest of holdings, the reason being usually lack of capital, not of energy or skill.

## —OUR FAMOUS FROMANTEL—

EVELYN'S Diary (November 1, 1930) says: "I went with some of my relations to Court to show them His Majesty's cabinet and closet of rarities. Here I saw amongst the clocks one that showed the rising and setting of the sun in the Zodiac, the sun represented by a face and rules of gold upon an azure disk, observing its diurnal and annual motion rising and setting behind, and landscapes of hills, the work of our famous Fromantel." The Fromantels, of Dutch extraction, began making steepie clocks in the City about the year 1630, and the family continued in the craft for quite a century, and their claim to have introduced the pendulum from Holland was for a long while admitted without question. Included in a total of over 210,000, retained for furniture at Arvon Court, Ringwood, by Messrs. Fox and Sons, was a clock by one of the Fromantel family. A barometer by Quare realised £240, and a long-case clock by Quare made £550. Other items included Hepplewhite dining chair, £75 to £175; Hepplewhite dressing-table, £105; Hepplewhite dressing-table, £125; bracket clock, by Atfield, £155; William and Mary dressing-table, £100; Queen Anne toilet glass, £21; pair of Hepplewhite chairs, £140; Georgian bureau cabinet, £170; Chippendale chimney mirror, £80; Sheraton dressing-table, £120; Eliott's bracket clock, £75; William and Mary lowboy, £170; Eliott's grandfather clock, £185; Charles II. cabinet, £210; Sheraton sideboard, £165; nutwood clock, £110; pair of Chippendale chairs, £185; Queen Anne chair, £60; and curtains up to £100 a pair.

ARNTS.

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PHOTOGRAPH: ANTHONY BUCKLEY

Plaid tweed in a mixture of reds and blues with the new deep umbels. Can be worn belted tightly or hang straight from the shoulder with big folds at the back. From the Daren Utility Spring collection. Charlie's red felt with navy corrugated edge.

THE Spring coats are all curves—rounded shoulders, bishop, bell-shaped, raglan and dolman sleeves, swing hem-lines, roll collars, rounded yokes and revers, curved and pouched pockets. They are belted at the waist, with big unpressed pleats in the skirt or, with the belt discarded, they hang in big folds at the back. They are more dramatic than the closely fitting coats of the war, are made in soft fleecy plaid tweeds, boldly striped or checked like a travelling rug, in smooth duvetens, in reversible woollens that are a mixture of camel and wool or alpaca and wool, in feather-weight clipped alpaca, clipped wool, wool and rayon fabrics with a deep pile.

The second type of coat is as feminine-looking but is fitted to the figure, sometimes padded on the hips to emphasise a trim waist or given elaborately pouched or curved pockets. Sometimes the coat is collarless with folds converging on the waist from the shoulders, or a projecting epaulette ledge is shaped like a *ficu*. Then the coat is in one of the smooth pliable woollens, Summer weight. Sometimes there is a neat round collar and the top of the coat is cut in one with the top of the sleeves; or there is a high Regency collar, and Regency double shoulder capes when the woollen is smooth and finer in texture—a barathra, a Cheviot, or facecloth. The classic tailored tweeds, neat as a new pin, are

still shown and keep their straight slim silhouette. But even they show the change in fashion in their rounded shallow yokes edged with double seaming, in epaulette seams and a slightly wider sleeve. They look newest in tiny criss-cross patterns in a dark and light sparrow brown, or in a bold bird's-eye fleck in two shades, one very dark the other sand-coloured, a beige that is almost gold, caramel, or *café au lait*.

The woollen departments in the large stores seem better stocked with coatings and suitings than last Spring, though supplies are still short. At Marshall and Snelgrove, there is a marvellous thick reversible coating like a thick, soft, light blanket, tobacco brown one side, camel-colour the other with a slight gabardine rib in the weave. Marshalls also have some splendid thick, smooth coatings—canary colour, old rose, leaf green, beige. A Highland tweed with a hairy surface is hand-woven, double-width, crottle brown or harebell blue, perfect for a short swing jacket. Cheviots, suitable for suits or the tailored type of coats, are 80 ins. wide and still only 4½ coupons a yard, as they are a good buying proposition, come in grey and brown herring-bones with a single, double or treble pin stripe of colour, or white, placed between the herring-bones. A dark clerical grey with double and treble stripes in white or a deep blue is a particularly beautiful cloth. Dice and hase-check tweeds



Black felt hat with red and black curled goose quills.  
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MARCUS

These faced wedges for the teenage girls or small women in sizes 9 (children's) to 24 (ladies) are (left), crimson calf, (right), royal blue suede with navy wedge and lace. Jones of Eastbourne.



(Left) A pair of very neat and entirely practical strong walking shoes in nut-brown calf with neat, square toes and laced fronts. Dicks.

come in all kinds of mixtures of heather purple, beige, browns and greens.

Coasting tweeds from Harvey Nichols are in warm mixtures of colour—brick and chocolate brown, mustard and coffee brown and in bold herring-bone patterns. Hand-woven Shetlands in natural colour are light in weight, but intensely warm and hard wearing. A self herring-bone in an oatmeal-coloured fleecy-surfaced heavy coating woollen is interesting; so is a mixture of wool and cashmere in a herring-bone in two warm browns. Both would make superb coats. A tobacco brown woollen with a deep pile is even lighter still, very warm to handle, retails at £5 a yard. Hand-woven Irish and Harris tweeds in single width are rough surfaced, in charming colours, so they look "town" as well as "country." I commend a splendid Utility tweed from Harvey Nichols, oatmeal-coloured, a beautifully pliable texture and 86.9d. a yard. A golden-coloured pile fabric, a mixture of rayon and wool, is being bought for car and pram rugs. It is 48 ins. wide, 4 coupons a yard, light, warm and silky looking. Some pure Noil silks have an interesting history. The silks were originally woven as powder bags for the Navy, where the tradition from the time of Nelson has been for the bags to be made of pure silk saccking. This silk has a lovely "handle," is absolutely matt, has a close canvas weave and makes good tailored Summer suits. Harvey Nichols show it in a mellow pink brick shade and tobacco brown.

For afternoon and evening, calf court with crossed bands of punched suede. (Right) Ankle-wrap, black suede slipper. Russell and Bromley.



silks. Plaid coats, in bold blurred patterns, in deeper tones for travelling, look extremely effective. They are belted in tightly to the waist and worn with large, dramatic felt hats, with sweeping upturned cavalier brims or shaped like a sombrero. On windy days, these are replaced by knitted or felt flower-pot caps which pull down well on to the head with the hair tucked in. Both are styles that give the right balance to wide shoulders and curving lines.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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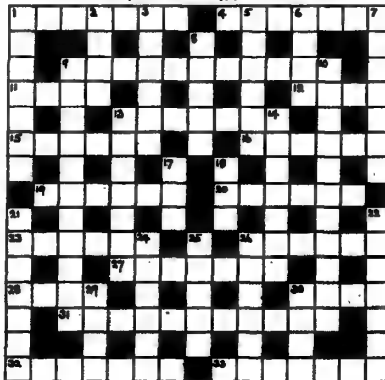
46 DAVEN STREET, W.I.

NEW LONDON NEW LONDON NEW LONDON

## CROSSWORD No. 836

Two guesses will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 836, Country Life, 2-10, Tottenham Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2" not later than the first post on Thursday, February 7, 1936.

Note.—This Competition does not apply to the Island of Man.



Name (Mr., Mrs., etc.) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

SOLUTION TO No. 835. The winner of this Crossword, the chess of which appeared in the issue of January 18, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Purple emperor; 10, Apricot; 11, Luteola; 12, Lapp; 13 and 14, Birth marks; 17, Feathers; 18, Otter; 19, Harris; 20, Sabbath; 21 and 22, Windows; 23, Till; 24, Larcher; 25, Thomas; 26, The Red Hood. DOWN.—2, Upright; 3, Pick; 4, Matron; 5, Maltese; 6, Eddy; 7, Ostail; 8, Call of the wild; 9, Back to the land; 15, Relt; 16, Sheba; 20, Reserve; 21, Secured; 22, Basilian; 23, Arctico; 27, Cherry; 28, Road.

### ACROSS

- 1 and 4, In town, of course, he might run into (11)
- 5, Given a true temper, it should preferably be (11)
- 11, Rumpstuck solely (4)
- 12, An actor quits the stage (4)
- 15, Plant that seems to warm her up (7)
- 16, Evidently they buy them for special occasions (6)
- 17, He should surely be in a distributing trade (6)
- 18, The truth is seldom (6)
- 20, Will this boy become a journeyman later on? (6)
- 23, Unwelcome duty (6)
- 24, Once Russian, twice a sailor (6)
- 25, A glut of for the (11)
- 26 and 30, In surrounding arms must be, though they may have to be held up, too (4, 4)
- 27, The place for boots and shoes (11)
- 28 and 29, "There's some corner of a foreign field that is —" — Rupert Brooke (5, 4, 7)

### DOWN

- 1, Campaign in which the United States seem to play a central part (7)
- 2, Requirement: maiden name beginning with (11)
- 3, Made ghastly noises (8)
- 4, When a bow is not a bow (6)
- 5, "The truth is seldom — and never simple" — Oscar Wilde (4)
- 7, Run true (anagram) — (7)
- 9, Film-star in a scandalous story (5)
- 10, Goldsmith's country squire; he rhymes with a scrope (4, 7)
- 10, It should tell you how or why (11)
- 13, Would she rise, become this? (7)
- 14, Withdrawal (7)
- 17 and 18, It is custom to go on to say what the future did (6)
- 21, The garment first put on (7)
- 22, Macgargle notices (7)
- 24 and 26, One of a loving pair (10)
- 25, The Marican King takes fifty: all the refuse (5)
- 26, See 24
- 30, The child's child (8)

The winner of Crossword No. 834 is

Miss E. Mary Sowter,

Briars Corner,

Reigate, Surrey.

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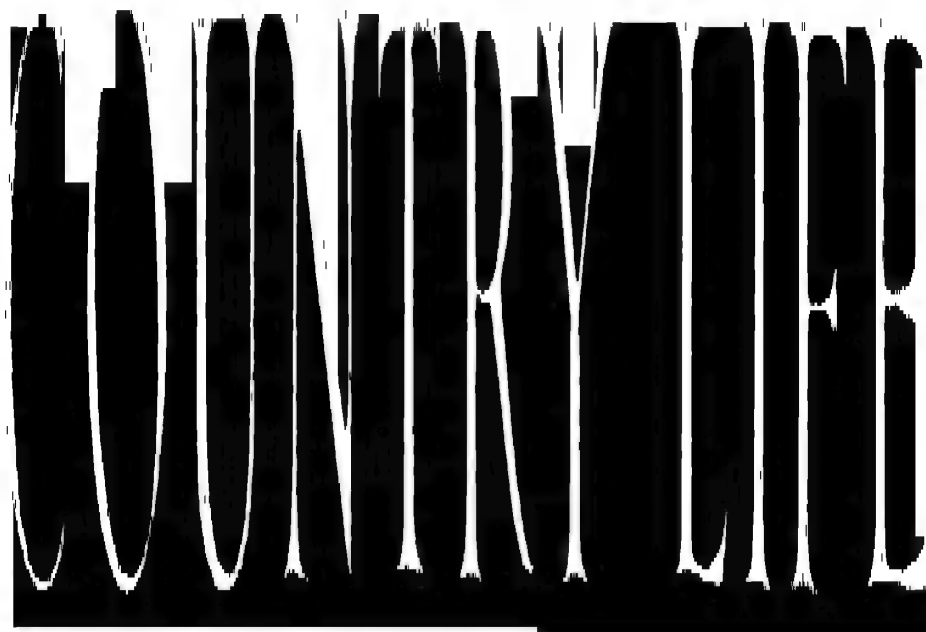
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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX. No. 2560

FEBRUARY 8, 1946

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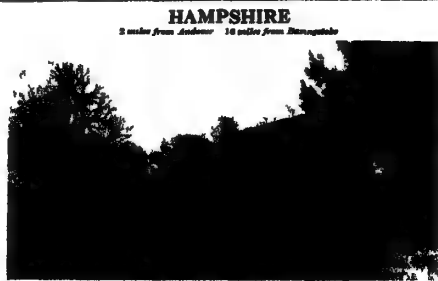
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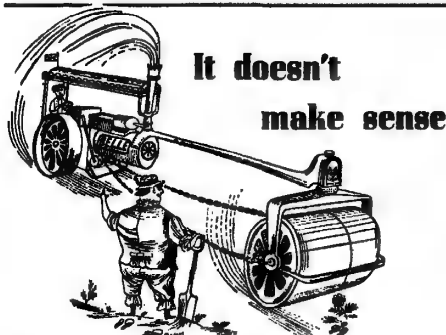
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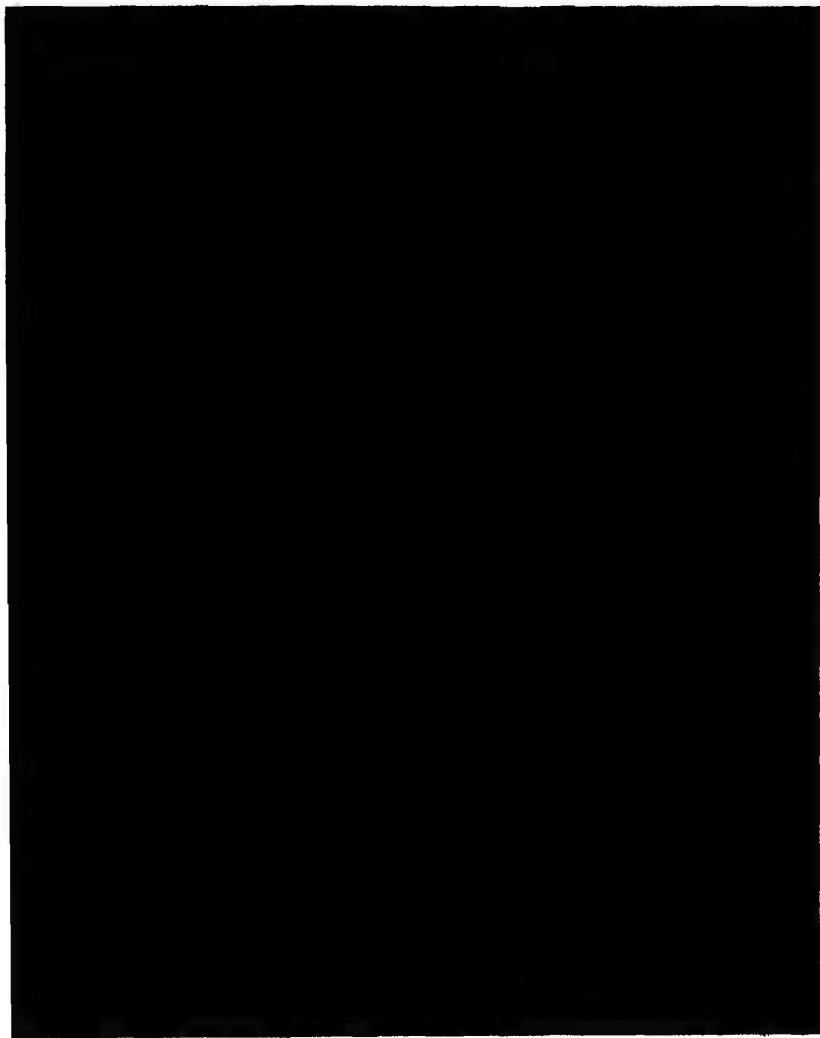
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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX. No. 2560

FEBRUARY 8, 1946



Pearl Freeman

## MRS. BERKELEY STAFFORD

Mrs. Berkeley Stafford, formerly Betty Lady Grenfell, only daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy and of the Hon. Lady Legh, was married quietly in London, on January 26, to Major Berkeley Buckingham Howard Stafford, of Sway Place, Sway, Hampshire.

## COUNTRY LIFE

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## THE SMALL FARMER

MEMBERS of Parliament are awaiting an opportunity to discuss the Government's agricultural policy which was set out by Mr. Tom Williams before the Christmas recess. Refreshed by contacts with their constituents, M.P.s. wherever they may sit in the House are likely to give a general blessing to the Government's proposals because they offer a basis of price stability and a prospect of agricultural progress. The gingerly approach to land nationalisation is sure to arouse some controversy, but the matter of immediate importance is to secure a continuance of stability. This the farmer needs and so does the British consumer in a world that is short of food.

When agricultural policy comes before the public the position and prospects of the small man on the land must be kept well to the fore. Small farms are so numerous and they occupy so large a part of the cultivated area, that the efficiency and productive capacity of the farming industry as a whole depends on the standards reached by them. When there are many high-cost producers it is difficult, if not impossible, to fix prices that will be fair all round. And again, where there are many ill-equipped stock-keepers plans for the control of disease are hopelessly handicapped. But is the small man here necessarily a less economical producer than the larger farmer? Can he be helped to become as really efficient as his fellow overlander in Denmark? These problems are discussed in a useful shilling booklet, *The Small Man on the Land*, which is sponsored by the Land Settlement Association (43, Cromwell Road, S.W.7) and the National Farmers' Union.

It can be too easily assumed that because so many approved methods of buying farm requirements in bulk and marketing produce in orderly fashion have not been widely developed here as in Denmark, Holland and Belgium, that they are unsuited to the peculiar conditions in Britain and unacceptable to the character of our farmers. But we have all learnt much in the last year. A new approach now might well achieve success in strengthening the business status of the small man on the land. Unless he combines with his fellows he is handicapped in the market, in the use of machinery and in financing his farm. While there is much talk about guaranteed markets and fixed prices this will avail little unless the competence of all our farms, small as well as large, is raised to a high pitch. One recommendation in this report is that the Ministry's new National Advisory Service should be supplemented by a local service that would establish close personal contact with small farmers, advising them on questions of management and equipment and acting as the channel through which their particular needs are made known to the Min-

istry. This has been done in the United States, where officers have been appointed to promote co-operation in every way. The groups formed are often small, concerned perhaps first with the acquisition of a single piece of heavy machinery for their use, but mutual contact from time established among local farmers and market gardeners and co-operative enterprise takes strong root. All farmers have been ready to learn new lessons in the war years. Now we are planning for the future. Certainly every opportunity should be taken to strengthen the position of the small man who is indeed, in numbers, the British farmer.

## THE FALLEN CROWN

*OF Victory the vision, crowned with peace,  
But two score years and seven, not long ago,  
How weans our hearts, all full of one bright glow  
Of thankfulness, to hush from our release.  
"He maketh wars in all the world to cease":  
We say that poem: how little did we know  
Of that rough road on which our feet would go,  
As day by day we saw our hopes decrease.*

*Then fell that crown, that tiara crown, and lay  
In shreds, on the tresses, of the wife,  
The vision unshed and the hope a scare.  
We, who are left to live until this day  
My mind, if we will, another fire,  
Of hope a beacon, and of peace re-born.*

F. KEELING SCOTT.

## CONVERSION AND REGENT'S PARK

SHORT of rebuilding the whole of inner London and other cities, *Conversion of Existing Houses* (Stationery Office, 1s.) is the only way of meeting the house shortage, and of adapting much town property to conditions of modern living. The Report of the Committee under Mr. Silkin, appointed a year ago, remarks that where the structure is sound and suitable, conversion should be almost automatic in case of war damage. But it will be a dead letter until the Minister of Finance releases labour and materials for conversion on a large scale, or until, ... London at least, the L.C.C. relaxes by-laws at present rendering conversion prohibitively expensive. The Report also points out that the preservation of the best town architecture of the past. This question ... raised in acute form by the Regent's Park Terrace, discussed on another page, the destiny of which is being decided by a newly appointed committee under Lord Gorell. There seems a danger that some of the terraces now in decay built on a site once so battered to be restorable except at huge cost. As scenic architecture they are—or were—a national monument; as houses they are probably done for. However much we admire them, is restoration costing several millions a tenable proposition? These Architects' Committee of the St. Pancras Labour Party has pointed out that the terraces could become hotels, clubs and hostels, to meet London's need as a political and educational centre. If it can be done, even above a strictly economic cost, they should be preserved. But everything hinges on their structural condition as revealed by a detailed examination. Otherwise we must harden ourselves to building anew and find a modern architect with as fine a sense of the picturesque as Nash.

## LONDON'S WATER

THE Metropolitan Water Board's proposals for the new London Water Area require the setting up of a central authority with executive control of water distribution in an area stretching from Hitchin to Horley, from Maidenhead to Gravesend. Sixty-five authorities are at present concerned (36 of them public authorities and 30 private companies) in Greater London's water supply. It then seems no doubt that improvements and economies will be secured by co-ordinated control. If anyone quails at the idea of a water area of 2,745 square miles supplying a population of close on 11 millions, the Metropolitan Water Board replies by pointing to the Abercrombie Plan covering almost the same area and to the Regional Gas Board controlled by the Gas Industries Committee, which would have almost as great a jurisdiction. Demands

for water supply in the area are undoubtedly increasing, and will be stimulated by the reconstruction of London and the building of satellite towns. ... seems clear that the large-scale effort and prompt action required are more likely to be achieved by the concentration of proper executive powers and finance, than from a host of small units differing greatly in size and character. There remains the question of fair compensation for the undertakings affected.

## PICASSO OR CONSTABLE?

THE nation's superb collection of Constable landscapes and sketches, remounted and reframed, are being shown against the same pinkish walls lately displaying Picasso at the Victoria and Albert Museum, varied by slate-blue backgrounds for the larger oil paintings. This wonderful collection, rivaling the Turners at the Tate, comprises the finished pictures of the Shapshale bequest (1857), the 300 water-colours and drawings and 90 oil sketches bequeathed by Miss Isabel Constable (1888) and the great sketches for *The Hay Wain* and *The Leaping Horse*, bequeathed by Henry Vaughan (1900). But till now they have never been adequately exhibited. There have also been collections of Constable's remarks on his work and on that of other artists, which can be read while looking at his paintings. How apt "the sound of water escaping from mill-dams, etc., willows, old rotten pannels, slimy posts, and brickwork, I love such things!" is to the dark, cool sparkle of *The Leaping Horse* sketch! ... Painting is with me but a means to an end, and the painter's peace could make everything poetical," are two others of his aphorisms. The first would, no doubt, be endorsed by Constable's immediate predecessor on these walls. What most of us understand by poetry is entirely absent from Picasso; its presence in even the slightest of these Constable drawings ... that gives a visit to this exhibition a tonic effect.

## MIGRATORY WILD-FOWL

OF the dates which the sportsman must bear in mind perhaps the least well known, for it most recently became important, is February 1, from which date the close season for wild geese and ducks begins in Great Britain. As long ago as 1925 Sweden first drew attention to the serious decrease in migratory wild-fowl of Europe, and since then the matter has been the subject of more than one international conference. After careful investigation, the Wild Birds (Duck and Geese) Protection Act was passed in 1939 as part of Great Britain's contribution towards the solution of this European problem. The Act not only increased the close time of both wild ducks and geese in Great Britain, but also prohibited their import from February 1 to August 11, the latter provision being intended to assist neighbouring countries on the Continent to curtail the sale slaughter of wild duck in decoys, by cutting off the demand of the English markets. We understand that this measure is already having the desired effect. Meanwhile we are glad to note that the Wildfowl Inquiry Committee of the International Commission for Bird Preservation has again resumed its activities after a lapse of six years.

## COLLAR PROUD

THAT unfortunate expression "too proud to fight" has long since vanished into the limbo of forgotten phrases, but there is a reason why it should be so. It was first told the other day at the Blackburn County Court. This horse was said to suffer from a psychological complaint and was "collar proud." As a result it was "backward in coming forward"; whenever it took a few steps forward it indulged in a compensatory movement to the left. The horse, who had been bought for house-to-house delivery, timed it to do forty yards in a quarter of an hour. After that he brought his action for breach of warranty and won it. Pickwickian students will recall the parallel instance of Mr. Winkle's horse on the way to Dogbury Hall. ... become fashionable, but the consequences seem to have been much the same.

# A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

IN connection with the correspondence which ensued as the result of a query as to whether French partridges are to be seen in coveys or not, one or two readers have asked why this bird never seems to increase its numbers. On so many small shoots where the English partridge predominates there is often one particular corner of the estate where a pair of French birds will always breed, and where they will be found later in the year. The hatch is usually a good one of ten or more birds, and probably not more than two brace at most are killed during the shooting season. This should leave eight birds when the close season starts and, if one makes the most generous allowance for loss by disease, poachers or vermin, there should still be at least two pairs to breed the following Spring, but in so many cases this never happens. The same old covey of Frenchmen are seen in the same spot and in the same numbers, and "as things have been they remain."

The French partridge is quite as well able to look after himself as the British variety and is quite as virile, but for some mysterious reason he appears to be able to do no more than just maintain his stock. One of my correspondents almost believes that he has had precisely the same party of Frenchmen on his land for twenty-five years, and on the rare occasions when he shoots one and eats it he obtains dental evidence that this belief may be correct.

ONE of my recollections of Edwardian days is that something like fifty per cent. of the horse omnibus drivers of those times sported a bulbous purple nose above their muffers, that the hansom cab-drivers ran them very close and that exhibits worthy of being highly commended might be seen in most London clubs, on the Bench and even in the House of Parliament. To-day when I go abroad down Piccadilly or St. James', or along our village street, I never see a solitary specimen of a coloured nose brightening the landscape as did that of Johnny Morgan about which Gus Elen sang some fifty years ago. "Johnny Morgan's nasal organ turned a purple blue." Like the scene of the ballets and music, and like the cabbage rose, calceolaria and other old-fashioned flowers, they are decorative features of a vanished past which cannot be produced in these days of higher civilisation.

WHEN gravel is dug in those places from which gravel should be extracted—the high moorlands of no particular value, and not low-lying farm land—the disused pit does not offend the eye as do all forms of surface mining, including iron ore and coal, which, one gathers, is laying waste so much good land in the Midlands and the North. After the lapse of a few years, during which Nature has been busy effecting a few improvements, the disused pit with its bare, discoloured bracken against the rich red of the gravel wall, with its golden gorse and its purple heath and heather, the flowers of which have been invigorated by the disturbance of the soil, constitutes a small beauty spot, and a snug harbourside for some of our native birds. Contrast with the disused pit on farm land—the valley below where unsightly heaps of soil produce every undesirable weed, and the excavations are filled with stinking stagnant water from which time, old cycle wheels and other garbage emerge.

A GRAVEL pit on moorland, though man-made, seems more or less a natural feature of our countryside, something which one expects



Alfred Furness

## BY THE FALLS OF TUMMEL, PERTHSHIRE

and regards as right and proper, whereas a gravel pit on first-class meadow or corn land is an outrage against Nature, an insult to the Ministry of Agriculture, and a dangerous stroke at a nation which, owing to lack of sufficient farm land, must import so many foodstuffs from abroad.

There is, however, a very strong argument in favour of gravel pits on low-lying farm land, and this is that the companies concerned can make far more profit from such sites than from those on moorlands, as the cost of extraction is very much less; and when profit-making comes on the scene all other arguments fall. Perhaps the new Minister of Towns and Country Planning and the new Minister of Agriculture (having put the Fishery file on one side for a moment) might get together, to see if between them they cannot mobilise sufficient authority to put a stop to further destruction of some of the richest earth to be found in England's green and pleasant land.

A SIGHT which one may see at a certain time of the year in the grocery and general stores village shop is a hundredweight sack of sugar addressed to some smallholder, whose family, one knows, consists of two children and one wife. As one is accustomed to see sugar in half-pound packets these times, one is amazed to find this commodity in such bulk, for one has forgotten that such things as sacks of sugar exist.

The explanation is that the congee is a bee-keeper, and the sack of sugar represents a nation for his hives and is also the result of much correspondence and form-filling, showing

number of hives, number of bees and honey output per bee-hour. Any feeling of jealousy one may have experienced is dispelled when one thinks of the work the smallholder has had by day with his hives, and the longer hours he has spent in the evening at his office desk trying to make his figures fit in with a hundredweight of sugar. It is so difficult to get the right answer in those four-dimensional mathematical examination papers, set us by the Ministry of Agriculture, where numbers have to agree with weight, cubic and surface measurements.

DURING a cold spell this Winter the occupants from one hive among a local bee-keeper's stock registered a complaint that they had not received their correct sugar ration to replace the honey removed in the Autumn. At mid-day, when a stifling sun raised the temperature slightly, they would parade in some numbers by the kitchen door, where a dish of sugar and water was set out for them, with small floating islands of wood chips to provide standing room. These bees were evidently in a weak state through hunger and cold, as several fell into the sugary mixture while feeding. It was noticed, however, when this occurred, that a rescue party would pull the drowning insect out before it became submerged, and would then give it a thorough wash and brush up again, over to enable it to use its wings and legs again.

A VERY early recollection of my schoolboy days is of a great catch of tench one morning early from a Sussex hammer-pond where normally the ordinary bottom fisherman

using a worm bait might fish for a twelve-month, taking perch, carp and roach in numbers, but never obtaining a single specimen of this moody feeder, who presumably feels the pangs of hunger once a year only. Another recollection is that these tenches were excellent eating.

Since those far-off times I have never met the tench either on the water's bank or on the breakfast table, and so possibly my remembrance of their edibility, and of the number I caught, is not very reliable. I do recall, however, that a knowledgeable uncle, who possibly was not as knowledgeable as I imagined, stated that the tench was the fish which the monks of old kept in the monastic stew-ponds to supply the meals for Friday's fast on fish only. The monks in feudal times saw to it that the fare on the refectory table was not as *aspartan* as it was advertised to be; therefore, if they specialised in tench, it constituted proof that this fish was the best obtainable. He stated also that to help out the "fast" on Fridays a Papal decree, or licence, had been obtained

certifying that the most palatable of all wild duck, the teal, might be regarded as fish and eaten as such. I have never been able to verify either of these avuncular statements, for the general opinion would seem to be that the fish of the monastic stew-ponds was the carp, which had been imported from Bavaria in Norman times, and there is no proof that the teal was officially regarded as a fish, even if occasionally there is a slight hint of a fishy flavour in a bird which has just come in off the sea flats.

THERE have been so many and varied suggestions as to the steps to be taken to eliminate the unpopular fish queues—more fish, more salesmen, more shops, more transport and fewer fish buyers—that I feel I know less about the many causes of this tiresome obstruction than I did when queuing first became a national pastime. I do not think I can add anything useful to the subject myself, but I can quote a remedy—an uneconomical one—which proved to be most effective in dispersing

a long line of would-be fish buyers in our small and conservative country town.

While passing through the main street the other day at the popular shopping hour of twelve midday I saw a most unusual sight: the fish shop open and no long line of basket-carriers in attendance! I immediately enquired into this remarkable state of affairs, and on entering the shop saw there one customer with a doubtful expression on her face, who was arguing with the fishmonger as to the edibility of his exhibits. He was assuring her that lots of people liked them, but was failing to convince, and the cause of the argument, and the dispersal of the queue, lay on the slab in all their roseate beauty—some forty magnificent red mullet all about the half-pound mark, and nothing else, but who wants anything else if red mullet are available?

I passed the shop again half an hour later, and the odd thirty fish left after my visit were still lying there unsold. I wonder if the pigs, which dined off that which the more enlightened residents refused, appreciated them.

## THE REGENT'S PARK TERRACES

### PRESERVATION OR REDEVELOPMENT?

A WALK round Regent's Park to-day reveals a depressing state of affairs in the famous terraces. Of several hundred houses it is doubtful whether twenty are inhabited or habitable. The damage which they sustained in air raids has not only left them with ceilings down and architectural features missing, and many of them still windowless, but, what is worse, it has seriously weakened their structure, which, alas! was skimmed and shoddy from the beginning. It needs an effort of imagination to see them again as they were before the war, and as some of the accompanying photographs show them, smart and trim, with their smooth stucco façades glossily painted, forming the ideal background of architectural scenery to the landscape of the Park. Actually, the number of direct hits was not great; there are not many large gaps to be seen, but a closer inspection reveals the faleness of a first, hasty impression. The number of bombs that fell in the neighbourhood was disproportionately high, and there is scarcely a house that has not incurred some damage. The vast majority have suffered grievously from repeated shaking and blasting, as well as from the decay that has set in through inability to keep pace with even the most urgently needed repairs.

Obviously, the future of these terraces raises a very difficult problem, and it is good to



1.—CHESTER TERRACE, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE WAR



2.—CHESTER TERRACE, LOOKING NORTH THROUGH ONE OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES, ANOTHER PRE-WAR PHOTOGRAPH

know that the Government is alive to it and has lost no time in appointing a committee, of which Lord Gorell is chairman, to consider the whole position. The terms of reference are wide: "all aspects, architectural, town planning and financial," are to be taken into account, and the order of these adjectives, one may hope, is significant that financial considerations alone will not be allowed to rule the day. If it is decided that the terraces are to go and the whole Regency character of the Park is to be altered, the public will want convincing evidence that conversion and adaptation to modern needs are impracticable. It must be confessed, however, that even if there had been no blitz, the same question would have arisen. Few people, nowadays, are in a position to run town houses as large as these or to find the servants for them, and the possibility of converting them into flats or hotels would have had to be considered in any case. The problem is now made more difficult by serious doubts about structural stability and the spreads of dry rot.

We owe Regent's Park and its terraces to the vision of three men. The parts played by George IV and his architect, John Nash, are well known, but the name of the third or, rather, first, of the trio—because he was actually the protagonist—is scarcely ever mentioned. This was John Fordyce, Surveyor-General of



3 and 4.—CUMBERLAND TERRACE, "THE LONGEST AND MOST DRAMATIC OF THEM ALL." AS IT USED TO BE AND (right) THE CENTRAL FEATURE AS IT IS TO-DAY

Land Revenue, with whom the idea originated as far back as 1783. He got the Treasury to authorise a competition, with £1,000 premium, for a design for the development of the Crown Property then called Marylebone Park. Curiously enough, architects fought shy of the whole thing, and the project hung fire for 16 years. Only three designs were sent in, all by the same man, a Mr. White, who was surveyor to the Duke of Portland. The Duke had a lease of the Park, which was due to expire in 1811. It was this event which brought matters to a head—this and the death of Fordyce in 1809. In the following year, under a new arrangement, the Office of Land Revenues was combined with the Office of Woods and Forests, and the official architects of those two departments were ordered to prepare designs and reports. It is only at this stage that Nash comes in.

Up to this time Nash, who was already fifty-eight, was known only as a fairly successful country-house architect. In 1806, however, he had accepted the post of architect to the Department of Woods and Forests, with James Morgan as his assistant. He entered into the project with all the zest and optimism that were habitually his, and lost no time in producing a plan, which easily vanquished the mediocre scheme from the rival office. The Prince was delighted, exclaiming that the plan "would quite eclipse Napoleon." With the Regent's backing and the approval of the Treasury, Nash's reputation was established—both for good and ill.

Nash was a great impresario rather than a great architect, a man who got things done in a big way, and he was never happier than when in the thick of a great enterprise which he was directing himself. He aimed for effects; details could be left to others to look after, or to look after themselves. He was content to leave a great deal to builders or subordinates, with the inevitable result of hurried and shoddy construction. Sometimes, his buildings, as happened with a portion of Park Crescent, fell down before they were completed. It is amusing, therefore, to find Nash in a section of his report of 1811, quoted by Mr. Summerson in his *Life* of the architect, holding forth at considerable length, on the iniquities of (other people's) jerry-building. It is very largely because his terraces are so badly built that the problem of their preservation to-day is raised in such acute form.

The great innovation which Nash made in his Regent's Park scheme was to bring into the Town the principles of landscape design. Instead of perpetuating the grid plan of London streets with a square thrown in here and there, he kept the Park with its trees and grass, adding a lake to it, and ranged his great terraces round the outer edge. But he intended to build in the Park itself forty or fifty villas, and where the "Inner Circle" is to erect a double circus with a



5.—CENTRE FEATURE OF YORK TERRACE



6.—ONE OF THE BALANCING BLOCKS IN YORK GATE

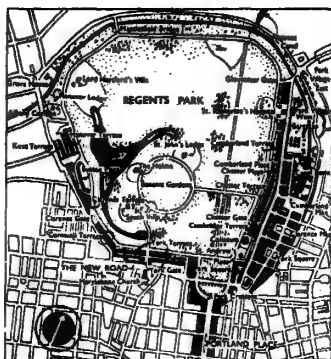


## 7.—A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH OF CORNWALL TERRACE, SHOWING THE PALACE-LIKE COMPOSITION

national Valhalla in the centre of it. Only a handful of villas materialised; the rest, along with the Circus and Valhalla, were abandoned in order to keep the views across the Park open. The "Guinguette"—a pleasure palace for George IV—was also abandoned, but for different reasons. An interesting departure, which might well be followed in housing projects to-day, was the planting of young trees as soon as work on the scheme started, to "obviate that deformity which is occasioned by the slow progress of buildings."

Progress was, indeed, slow, before Nash's dreams were realised, largely owing to a succession of difficulties, financial and otherwise, encountered in carrying out the Regent's Canal project. No long as gangs of labourers were engaged in excavations on the north side of the Park, prospective lease-holders remained diametrically few, but once the canal was completed and opened (in 1820)—it also made possible the formation of the lake which it feeds—the prospect was completely changed. All the terraces went up in a hurry between 1821 and 1828.

The whole scheme was, of course, intimately related to Regent Street, which was being created at the same time. Portland Place, already existing, was made the link—the grand approach to the Park, with the quadrants of Park Crescent and Park Square to usher the visitor in at the south-east corner. Two long symmetrical terraces, known collectively as York Terrace (Fig. 5), form the north side, broken in the centre by York Gate. The York Gate approach was one of the finest lay-outs in London, with its balancing blocks (Fig. 6), now badly gashed and scarred, and Marylebone Parish Church closing the vista southward. In the York Terraces the entrances of the houses were placed in the mews behind, so that the long façades are not interrupted by intruding doorways and porches. Cornwall Terrace (Fig. 7), which follows to the west, is even more palace-like in its composition, which, though outlined by Nash, was probably detailed by the young Decimus Burton. There is a very charming bow window with caryatid demi-figures at the north end (Fig. 9). The remaining terraces on the west side are Clarence



## 8.—PLAN OF REGENT'S PARK, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE TERRACES

From Mr. Summerson's *John Nash*

(Fig. 10), Sussex Place, and Hanover. Sussex Place is more of an architectural curiosity than anything else, its skyline burgeoning into a series of pointed domes, which, as Mr. Summerson has pointed out, Nash had used in one of his rejected designs for Carlton House. Hanover Terrace is notable for its three Doric porticoes and the mediocre sculpture which fills their pediments. This and Kent Terrace behind it seem to have suffered relatively less than the others.

Unfortunately, two of the terraces which have suffered most are the two finest, considered as architectural scenery—Chester Terrace and Cumberland Terrace on the east side of the Park. The former is a long terrace, enlivened by Corinthian porticoes (Fig. 11). Dramatic features are the "triumphal arches" (Fig. 2), connecting the returned

blocks at either end. Here, as in almost all the terraces, charming ironwork balconies ornament the first floor. Cumberland Terrace was even more impressive, the longest and most dramatic of them all (Fig. 9). A great Ionic order was used, building up in the centre to a projecting portico, crowned with urns and surmounted by a pediment, set back behind and containing terra-cotta sculpture by J. G. Bubb. The dismal state of this grand feature to-day is seen in Fig. 4. In Cumberland Terrace, as in some of the others, Nash used Greek elements. Brought up in the Roman tradition of Sir William Chambers and Sir Robert Taylor, he never took kindly to Greek, which he adopted sometimes late in his career in deference to contemporary fashion. He never learned, or perhaps, bothered, to use it correctly; yet, his wileisms do not worry us much to-day. The effect was the thing. Unfortunately, it is the "effect" which is now so depressing, with the once impressive columns lacking their stucco capitals, classic goddesses painfully blistered and peeling, and so much of the architectural finery stripped off to disclose the shoddy brickwork beneath.

If the committee of enquiry should find that the buildings are not too far gone structurally, the question of preservation will depend largely on the practicability of converting them into flats—and, perhaps, in some cases, hotels. Most of the terraces are of four storeys, so that a series of lower and upper flats might be feasible, although what to do with the basements would present a difficult problem. Some of the terraces would need their roofs heightening, to give more adequate accommodation for the upper flats.

Rather than handicap a coherent new development of the property, by retaining individual blocks here and there, most people would probably favour a clean sweep, if preservation and conversion are out of the question. But, perhaps, it might be possible to save and recondition one of the finest of the terraces—Chester or Cumberland, for preference; and York Gate has high architectural claims for preservation, badly damaged though it is.



(Left to right). 9.—BOW WINDOW AT THE END OF CORNWALL TERRACE, PROBABLY BY DECIMUS BURTON. 10.—PORTICO OF CLARENCE TERRACE (1945). 11.—CUMBERLAND TERRACE, ONE OF NASH'S ESSAYS IN GREEK

# TOUCHING FOR THE KING'S EVIL

By EDWARD J. TUCKER

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY and others relate that a certain woman suffering from a swelling in her neck, under the chin, being admonished in a dream to obtain the King's blessing, repaired to St. Edward the Confessor, who washed the sore and blessed it with the sign of the Cross, after which the patient was cured. Hence was derived the custom of the Kings of England "touching" for that species of scrofulous tumour called the King's Evil.

Shakespeare mentions St. Edward as freely exercising the power, and giving gold (which however, was not actually in circulation till later) in Act IV, Scene 3 of *Macbeth*: there Malcolm describes a typical "healing":

A most miraculous work in this good king;  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited  
people,

All swoon and ulcrous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despatch of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange  
virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

Touch-pieces, as the last Stuart Sovereigns used them, were a comparatively late introduction. Before February 25, 1664/5, when by Royal Warrant 25 carats fine were to be used for the touch-piece proper, coins of the realm (from 1488 the coin known as an "angel") were used. On one side of the new touch-piece was the style and title of the reigning Sovereign, thus: CAR. II. D. G. M. B. FR. ET. HI., REX—surrounding a three-masted ship in full sail, somewhat like that on the reverse of our present half-penny; on the other side St. Michael was depicted triumphing over the Dragon, with the legend *Soli Deo Gloria*.

Upon the application of some of the King's nobles, or of the poor themselves who were diseased, a certain day (usually a Sunday or some other festival) was appointed by proclamation for a Public Healing. The first step for a patient was to obtain from the Minister and Churchwardens of his parish a certificate that he had never before been touched: this precaution had been found necessary, as many fraudulent persons had applied a second time rather for the gold pieces given at the Healing than with the hope of obtaining relief from their disease. The certificates were taken to the Surgeon-in-waiting, who examined the patients to satisfy himself

of the existence of the disease, and then countersigned the certificates, or gave other tickets or tokens to admit them to the Healing.

The Clerk of the Closet, generally one of the Bishops, had charge of the gold distributed at the Healings. Under him was the Closet Keeper, who kept a register, under the hand of the Chief Surgeon, of the numbers who came to be healed and received medals. He attended the Healings with the gold on his arm ready strung and presented it to the Clerk of the Closet.

The appointed day of the Healing having arrived, the Yeomen of the Guard placed the sick people in order; the King entered, surrounded by his nobles, clergy and other spectators, and the service commenced by one of the chaplains reading part of the last chapter of St. Mark—the Gospel for Ascension Day. At the eighteenth verse, "They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover," hands on the sick, and they shall recover," three obseances, brought up the sick in order. One by one the patients knelt before the King, who (as Evelyn, a spectator, observed) "stroked their faces, or cheeks, with both his hands at once"; which done, the patients retired to their places. The words of the eighteenth verse were repeated at each patient knelt; and, after all had been touched, the Gospel was continued to the end of the chapter.

The second Gospel then commenced, taken from the first chapter of St. John, the Gospel appointed for Christmas Day. After the eighth verse, the Surgeons, making the same obseances, came up with the sick people a second time; the Clerk of the Closet then on his knees delivered to the King the gold touch-piece strung on a white silk ribbon; and the King put the gold round the patient's neck, as the ninth verse was read, "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world"—this being repeated as each received

the gold. The reading of the Gospel was then continued to the fourteenth verse and the service concluded with various responses and prayer.

The numbers touched in some reigns were extraordinary. Of Charles II's Healings we have the fullest particulars from the registers. These show that he must have touched close on 100,000 persons during his reign.

James II. healed weekly on Fridays, and the service was changed back to the usage of the early years of Henry VIII. He used gold touch-pieces (Fig. 1) while in England, but silver ones were made after his abdication and arrival in France. William and Mary refused to touch, the King incurring considerable unpopularity in consequence. Queen Anne was the last of our reigning Sovereigns to exercise the power. She touched by means of a lodestone, as she did not wish her gouty fingers to come into contact with the patient. Among the latest occasions, not the last, was that on which Dr. Johnson, then aged 4, was touched with 200 others, on March 30, 1714. In later life he stated with regard to this ceremony that he "had a confused but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds, and a long black hood."

Upon the accession of the House of Hanover, the Healings abruptly ceased. George I. is said to have recommended a gentleman, who applied to him soon after his accession on behalf of his sick son, to repair to his exiled cousin "James III" (the Old Pretender), as possessing the hereditary power of the Stuarts. The gentleman thereupon crossed to France, his son was touched and recovered his health, and the father became converted to the cause of the exiled family. "James III" frequently exercised the power. Fig. 1 shows one of his touch-pieces with the title JAC III D. G. M. B. F. ET. H. R. This is the type made and used in Rome, where the exiled family settled in 1718.

Though Prince Charles Edward, during the "Forty-five", when acting as Regent for his father, once touched a child in Edinburgh, he rarely exercised the power after his accession to the nominal title of King ("Charles III"), in 1766, though we have records of healings held at Florence and Pisa in 1770, and again at Albano in 1788. His younger brother, Henry, Cardinal Duke of York, who after his brother's death in 1788 assumed the title of Henry IX, effected cures at Frascati (of which see he was Bishop) for which he caused silver touch-pieces to be struck, bearing the legend H. IX. D. G. M. B. F. ET. H. R. C. R. P. TUSC (Cardinal Bishop of Frascati)—Fig. 1. With the death of the titular Henry IX in 1807, the last trace of this interesting old custom expired.

## 1.—TOUCH-PIECES OF CHARLES II; JAMES II; ANNE; "JAMES III" "CHARLES III"; "HENRY IX"

## 2.—ANNE; "JAMES III"; "CHARLES III"; "HENRY IX"

# CUTTOS AND THEIR MAKERS

By J. D. AYLWARD

**CHAR. BIBB, Sword Cutler at ye Flaming Sword in Great Newport Street near St. Martin's Lane, makes and sells all sorts of Swords and Cuttos**

**S** runs the concise legend on what is, perhaps, a unique copy of Mr. Bibb's trade-card now in the Wedgwood Museum at Barlaston, Staffordshire. (Fig. 2). Originally the back was used for making out a bill to Josiah Wedgwood for a sword and accessories bought in 1778, a chance which led to its preservation. It will be noticed that Mr. Bibb does not stoop so far as to recommend his wares; that, in a member of an ancient City family of sword-cutters, would be unbecoming; besides, all the world knew that he was the son of old Thomas Bibb, who passed the chair of the Worshipful Company of Cutlers in 1738. Charles himself does not seem to have held office at Cutlers' Hall, but Sir Ambrose Heal, that authority upon the London tradesmen of the past, believes that he was still in business after the turn of the century, and a silver-hilted sword (Fig. 3) he made in 1758 is the best evidence that he carried on the tradition nobly.

The sword-cutlers always looked upon the Flaming Sword as their peculiar totem, and there was jealous competition for the right to use the mark on the death or retirement of an assignee.

Application for a mark was by no means an idle formality, for under the Act of 1365 all cutlers were compelled to register their chosen symbols with the Company, which rejected out of hand any which, in the opinion of the Court, might clash with existing registrations.

The cutlers' trade-cards in the Heal collection show that these marks, besides being stamped on the tang of a blade, were also utilised as shop-signs, though with some expansion of their

primitive simplicity; in the case of the Flaming Sword the sign-painter amplified a hieroglyphic consisting of a wavy line crossed at one end by a small circle into a portentous brand with flamboyant blade impaling a crown or coronet.

At the end of the seventeenth century the Flaming Sword mark was vested in Nicholas Croucher, of St. Paul's Churchyard, who may have been the sword-cutler patronised by Mr. Pepys, for his trade-card (Fig. 3) is included in a collection made by the diarist and now in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, but in Mr. Bibb's day the old rule seems to have been interpreted with laxity, for his brother-liveryman, Thomas Dealtry of Sweetings Alley, Cornhill—Master in 1771—was a joint impropiator of the coveted device.

The sword most in demand in the eighteenth century was, of course, the small-sword which, as John McArthur wrote in 1784, was regarded as an essential part of civilised dress. It was an elegant but deadly little weapon some 40 inches long, weighing about a pound, and having as a rule a triple-edged "hollow" blade mounted in a silver or steel hilt, but an engraving made in 1758 of the interior of a sword-cutler's shop (Fig. 1) shows that, as well as small-swords, heavier weapons such as hangers and broadswords were among the "all sorts of Swords" which Mr. Bibb and his colleagues made and sold.

But in addition to swords, Mr. Bibb mentions cuttos; what were they? "The best terms will grow obsolete," says Bob Acres in *The Rivals* with unexpected wisdom, and although "cuttose hilt" are described in advertisements in the *London Gazette* in 1678 and 1688, from which it is clear that the expression was well understood, the word cuttose is not to be found either in a dictionary

1.—AN ENGRAVING MADE IN 1755 OF A SWORD-CUTLER'S SHOP. From the *Encyclopédie de Diderot and d'Alambert*

2.—(Below) TRADE CARD OF CHARLES BIBB. By courtesy of Josiah Wedgwood and Sons, Ltd.



published in 1707 or in four others published between 1778 and 1798, one of the latter being, of course, Johnson's.

On the other hand, Mr. Bibb, as an up-to-date tradesman, would hardly have made use of an archaism, but quite unconsciously he solves the perplexity of a generation which has forgotten all about cuttoss by adding on his card a parallel statement in French, designed no doubt to catch the eye of some of the foreign gentlemen who, like M. Grosley in 1768, ventured into England to obtain materials for books upon our quaint manners and customs; from this we learn that the word cuttoss was no more than an anglicized contraction of *cousses de chasse*, or hunting-sword.

Now, apt as the small-sword was for single combat—it was thought the perfect weapon in its day—it was designed solely for the subtle play of the point, and elegant as it was for town wear as a "walking-sword," its length and comparative fragility rendered it a little unsuitable for anything else. For travelling, for the country, or even for roaming the town at night, something handier had to take its place, and fashion fell back upon the cutto which, indeed, in one form or another, had been the country-gentleman's companion from time immemorial, for it was the liberal descendant of the hunting-knife of earlier days.

The original piece of cutlery, although often magnificent in decoration, was in essence nothing but a stout, broad-bladed and pointed knife having in its sheath sundry pockets containing an array of implements used in the rites

he might embellish with ornament. The cutto hilt, on the contrary, having nothing standard about it, left him almost perfect liberty as regards both form and decoration. So we find hilts of every possible contour, with solid knuckle-guards, chain knuckle-guards, or no knuckle-guards at all, worked in silver, in steel, in plain or gilded brass, and in staido brass—these latter were made in Pekin to the order of the Dutch East India Company between about 1710 and 1720—with grips of plain, stained or marbled ivory, of ebony, of dressed or undressed horn, of agate, of wood covered with gesso or with strands of silver wire, or, indeed, of any material which seemed suitable for the purpose.

The decoration, usually *rocaille* in style, ranges from the grotesque to the graceful, the motives being based on the chase or on the classics, or even recalling fair ladies whom the owner may have loved and lost.

But it must not be supposed that the cutto was no more than a delightful complement to country life; in right hands, it was capable of sterner things. In his *Reminiscences*, Henry Angelo tells us that his father, ambushed one night in Paris when he was wearing nothing but a short hunting-sword, vanquished his cowardly assailant with that neatness and despatch which we should expect from the greatest 18th-century master of the sword.

The freedom enjoyed by the designers of the cutto hilt resulted in such infinite variety that it is possible to illustrate only a few of the more typical ones (Fig. 4). The first (left) was made in either Germany or in Austria in the late seventeenth century. It is designed for a double purpose, for, while it could be used as a short sword in the usual manner, the peculiar grip, carved in ivory and shaped like an elongated pear, was so formed in order to enable the sportsman to jam it into the muzzle of a discharged fowling-piece so as to form a boar-spear. The second, with an ebony grip, bears on its silver knuckle-guard the maker's mark of Edmund Ironside, who entered it in 1697 and was certainly still working in 1708. It is fitted with a piece of a 17th-century rapier made in Solingen and bearing the wolf-mark of the Confraternity. The third, with a silver hilt but a plain ivory grip, came from the bench of Abraham De Collier, of Amsterdam, who made it about 1748. The last was made by Andrew Raven in 1706. It has a silver hilt and an undressed horn grip.

Like the small-sword, introduced into England by Charles II at the Restoration, the cutto came to us from the Continent. It was always a particular favourite in France, Austria and Germany, where big game has always been more common than in England, but the work of the London sword-cutler vies with any which may have come from abroad.

Besides that of Mr. Bibb, English names seen on the scabbard-locks of cuttoss include those of the famous John Bennett, of Threadneedle Street, Master in 1780; of James Culham of Charing Cross, Master in 1766; of the well-known Kentish, of Pope's Head Alley; and of course that of the droyen of the trade, old William Loxham of the Royal Exchange, Master in 1743, who died in 1780 at the age 86.

Studying the fobs and jetons which tell us so much about the social life of the past, we meet with many apparent contradictions. One



2.—NICHOLAS CROUCHER'S TRADE-CARD. From the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

of ventry. Gradually the blade narrowed and lengthened, the accessory instruments dwindled to a knife and fork invaluable for *al fresco* meals, then they disappeared altogether, leaving a short, light sword with a blade about 22 inches long which might be straight or curved, single- or double-edged according to the fancy of the owner.

Sometimes the blade is a plain one, more often it is engraved, occasionally it is an Oriental one adapted by someone who bought it, at a price, from one of John Company's men, and these latter were so much prized that blades occur on which the watered steel of the East has been imitated by superficial etching.

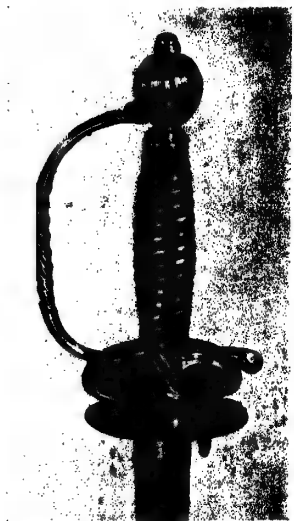
Scientific theories of defence had, in the eighteenth century, settled the shape of the small-sword hilt so that it offered nothing to the artist except spaces of unalterable outline which



Stewart Bale

4.—TYPICAL CUTTOS OF THE SEVENTEENTH OR EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

of them arises from the cutto, for how are we to reconcile its obvious refinement with the pictures of an uncouth squirearchy painted for us in the comedies and novels of its time? A gem of this kind would have had no appeal to Squire Western, for instance, and we ask ourselves whether he was a type drawn from the real or whether, because he needed a sword, Fieldding found it necessary to invent him



5.—SILVER SWORD-HILT MADE BY CHARLES BIBB IN 1756

## OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—XVI

## LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE—III

## GEORGIAN STREET ARCHITECTURE

*Broad Street, Ludlow, is claimed here to be one of the most beautiful streets in any English Town. An analysis is attempted of the qualities defined as "architectural sequence" in which the beauty of such streets consists.*

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

IN an earlier article I claimed Ludlow as perhaps the most beautiful old town in England owing to the combination there of picturesque landscape, romantic history and richness of architectural sequence to a degree scarcely found elsewhere. Some idea has already been given of the two former attributes. Here the claim under the third—to my mind the decisive—head should be substantiated. By architectural sequence is meant not only historical continuity of building but the visual effect produced by that continuity: the quality appealing to both eye and mind in a group of buildings of many ages yet composing a whole that is strangely satisfying. This is an aspect of town architecture not generally dealt with by guide and text books that note historic events and outstanding buildings individually. But it is the aspect most sought by the connoisseur of "townscape." Eye and mind as one goes about the country are often struck by this quality (more frequently by its absence, or, rather, partial destruction), and it may be hard to decide in what the cause of attraction consists: whether in the harmony of colours and shapes, in a subtler balance of architectural forms, or in the expression of evolving purpose within a continuous tradition. Slow change is the essence of it, and it is chiefly found where rapid changes have not taken place, since, being in another tradition, they are almost invariably discordant. That is not to say that industrial architecture may not be picturesque in itself.

Nor is there any reason why modern developments in an old town must destroy architectural sequence. But because this relationship is insufficiently studied, new buildings almost always do. Either their colour is bad, their scale at variance with the old scale, or they are self-assertive, or, most frequently, just ignorantly and insensitively designed in relation to their neighbours. In this respect the chain-store companies are the worst because wilful offenders. The importance of such a place as Ludlow, which ought to be a National Monument in its entirety, is that it is still virtually intact besides being exceptional in site and history. Owing to its great richness in this matter of architectural sequence,



1.—BROAD GATE, LOOKING INWARDS THROUGH THE 14th-CENTURY GATEWAY



2.—BROAD GATE FROM THE FOOT OF BROAD STREET

the art of building from the Conquest to 1840 can be studied better here than perhaps in any one place in England. And owing to its intactness the visitor is given not just the picture but the reality of an English town as it was before science replaced art as the way to do things.

So far as this visual sequence can be adequately illustrated in an article, one sees it best at Ludlow in Broad Street—the lovely wide street climbing from the medieval Broad Gate to the bafoque Butter Cross. To appreciate the quality fully, however, one needs to keep in mind the green rushing river below and the surrounding wooded hills, the great castle on its cliff, the clusters of carved timber houses, and the lurking medieval halls, in the sequence of which across the retina Broad Street is only a section, if a notable one. Indeed there is no more beautiful street, as a street, in England than this. From Ludford Bridge it begins climbing the hill, lined with pleasant but undistinguished little houses and closed by the grey mass of the watchhouse—a towered and battlemented structure, grey rough-cast, remodelled in late Georgian times over an older refacing of the two medieval bastions



3.—BROAD STREET, LOOKING UPWARDS FROM  
BESIDE THE GATE

flanking the Gateway itself (Fig. 1). Beyond this dramatic constriction the Street widens again and, continuing to climb, is lined by an uninterrupted succession of perfect Georgian houses (Figs. 2 and 3) till near the top, where a row of 16th-17th-century timber houses survives, their upper storeys carried over the pavement on slender cast-iron columns (Fig. 7). Above their roofs soars the great 15th-century tower of St. Lawrence's, and, in utter contrast, facing down the street the richly-wrought little stone jewel of the Butter Cross (Fig. 4). The view back from its portico (Fig. 5) is even more pleasing than that up. In place of the stepped effect of the rectangular houses climbing up, culminating in the vertical shaft of the church tower, now the effect is of level cornices and roof ridges smoothly falling, with the trees or the hills showing over the tops of the lower ones. The downward view is closed by the Gatehouse, as the upward by the Butter Cross, but, as this way we are looking south, the mass of the Gate is dark (where the face of the Butter Cross shone), emphasising the fact of enclosure in contrast to the spaciousness of the Street. At its foot the Street runs between raised pavements setting the houses high above the Gateway (Fig. 2). With their varied levels, the fantastic shape of the Gate and the trim Georgian houses stilted up as if on pattens, the composition is as delightful as it is odd. Unlike nearly all other surviving town gates, Broad Gate has not been mutilated in the interests of traffic which fortunately can be diverted at the Bridge in use Old Street, the next thoroughfare eastwards.

The "sequential" aspect of architecture is concerned primarily with the relations of buildings to each other, with the design of individual buildings only as it affects that relationship. Broad Street illustrates very well two questions arising out of it. One is, Why do timber and classic



4.—THE BUTTER CROSS AT THE HEAD OF  
BROAD STREET. Architect Wm. Baker, 1748-9



5.—BROAD STREET, LOOKING SOUTH DOWN THE HILL

buildings generally consort so happily? as in Fig. 7. The general answer is that they are complementary: the quaint broken surfaces of the one show up the formal qualities of the other and *vice versa*. But this is a particularly favourable example: a more monumental or austere classic building, or one of larger scale—say the London Mansion House or the Euston Arch—would dwarf the black and whites into ridiculousness. The excellence of the Butter Cross for its position lies precisely in its scale being approximately the same as the older buildings—it is, like them, a two- or three-storeyed house, and its portico

is related to that scale. Had its columns been carried up to the roof this equality of scale would be destroyed. Similarly, the baroque scrolls of its clock-face pediment, its parapet balls and dainty cupola echo in another key the indented Gothic skyline of church tower and Jacobean gables. It is a case of tradition being carried on though in another style. A modern building in place of the Butter Cross but of the same character (*i.e.*, a public not commercial building) would have to embody these factors of scale, flatness, and verticality to be equally successful. If the timber buildings were to be replaced, the existing height

would need to be preserved and the brokenness of surface: a large uniform front would upset the whole balance and destroy the Butter Cross's scale as the axial feature of the Street. An analogous problem was cleverly handled by Mr. Harold Falkner in his rebuilding of the Corn Exchange at Farnham. (COUNTRY LIFE, July 3, 1942.) The Butter Cross was designed by one William Baker, 1743-4.

The other question that Broad Street answers well is, How to relate buildings ascending a slope. Two points are involved in this problem—usually so well handled by traditional builders and so badly by modern ones. One is the treatment of return walls and sections of houses of greater height than the others; the second the matter of horizontals where each house has a different ground level.

In mediæval streets the first point was got round very satisfactorily by ridge-roofs at right angles to the frontage, *e.g.* in Guildford High Street. Seen from the street, each ridge rises above its neighbour and blind return walls are largely avoided. In Broad Street there are scarcely any gabled roofs. The buildings above average height either have hipped roofs (which solve the problem as well as ridge roofs at right angles); or, as on the right of Fig. 3, the returned face made a simple feature in itself by the slopes of its ridge and apex chimney. Had the roof been ~~cut~~ at the level of the ridge, *sly*, the returned side might have been angular and bald, like the unfortunate instance in St. James's Square, London. That could have happened in Broad



6.—HOW TO CARRY THROUGH HORIZONTAL LINES ON A SLOPE.



7.—A GOTHIC, JACOBEOAN AND GEORGIAN SEQUENCE



8.—A GEORGIAN ARCADE, KING STREET

Street, with the house on the right of Fig. 5, which is nearly twice the height of its neighbour. However, its dignified proportions excuse its greater bulk, and the urns at the corners, of exactly the right size, detract the eye away from the blind returned sides. The value of a hipped roof among flat façades is shown by the fine house in the middle of the same picture.

Where houses on a slope are predominantly gabled, as at Burford, the problem of horizontals scarcely arises, especially if the fronts have bay windows. Broad Street is remarkable as consisting almost wholly of rectangular fronts yet, in spite of being on a slope, as giving the effect of continuous horizontality. There is none of that monotonous stepped effect when Victorian rows climb a slope. How ■■■ done? The answer here—and I believe the builders consciously acted on it—seems to be that, so far as possible, eaves, lintel and sill levels are carried through by the nearest corresponding feature on the next house above. In Fig. 6, for instance, the eaves of the lowest house are carried through by the lintels of the first-floor windows in the next house and by the sills of the first-floor windows in the next above that, just as the eaves of No. 2—the second-floor sills of No. 3. In No. 4 (Fig. 6) the problem is got over by the arching of the windows, though the shoulders of the top-floor windows carry on the eaves level of No. 3. The same system can be traced through in Fig. 3 and to some extent in Fig. 5.

The architectural distinction maintained is remarkable, well into the nineteenth century (Figs. 8 and 9). The arcade motif in both these buildings is delightfully handled, though it is functional only in the King Street one.

In Georgian times, when the district was still very remote, it was the custom of the county families of the Marches, of whom the head might be serving his turn as Bailiff, to resort to Ludlow for its "season." The Earls of Powis had their house in Dinham, the Earls of Shrewsbury near the church (Fig. 10). An exceptionally fine rain-water head is illustrated (Fig. 10a) from another house. "There was an abundance of pretty ladies," wrote a visitor in 1772, "provisions extremely plentiful and cheap and very good company." It was as a palladium of this 18th-century community, beautifully intact, that Henry James saw Ludlow, and in other respects the town is so little altered that architectural sequences can be studied and enjoyed as nowhere else.

(To be continued).



9.—THE ARCADE MOTIF APPLIED TO A REGENCY FRONT

The arcade in Fig. 8 may replace a timbered overhang as in Fig. 7: here it was used to economise wall-thickness.



10.—A QUEEN ANNE TOWN HOUSE OF A COUNTY FAMILY



10(a).—RAINWATER HEAD c. 1690

The two previous articles on Ladies appeared on December 21 and 28, 1945.



## WILD LIFE IN KENYA—V

## TANA RIVER CAMPS

By LT.-COL. C. H. STOCKLEY

IT is hard to say where the Tana, Kenya's only big river, takes its rise, for a dozen streams come down in a wide north and south fan from Mt. Kenya and the Aberdares and join about forty miles south of Mt. Kenya. They have delightful names, Thego, Thibe, Rageti, Rupengasi, Nyamindi, and so on, reminiscent of a musical score and all hold trout in their higher courses. Then the river runs through foothills, tumbles over a fall, settles to a swift glide for 300 miles to the sea, and becomes the home of catfish, crocodile and hippo.

■ is the last two hundred miles which have drawn me half a dozen times to camp along the left bank, hunting wild animals with rifle and camera, and enjoying the many visits of the many birds and beasts which call in at any hour of the day—some of them beautiful, some of them strange, and all interesting.

After leaving the foothills the Tana flows through wide, undulating plains, its banks covered with a strip of dense forest anything from half a mile to five miles wide between the river and the arid desert of *xyllas* bush, mostly acacia and *sansevieria*.

My last lay to the river was 107 miles of bush road through this waterless country: not nice if a serious breakdown should occur.

The first visitors to camp are invariably the glossy starlings of several species. They all have dark-blue, shining backs merging into black on wings and tail, and showing green in different lights. Another common feature is a bright yellow eye. Some are also blue underneath, and one has the blue of the breast divided from the rufous underparts by a white line, so is called the imperial glossy starling, being "red, white, and blue." The long-tailed is the biggest of them, and flies around camp in little parties, seldom venturing very near, but the imperial and blue-eared not only strut about close to the tents, but when disappointed in finding provender utter a harsh screech of protest, quite different from their usual rather musical chuckle.

With them will certainly be, at least at the higher camps, the pied sparrow-weaver, with a white eyebrow, which builds most untidy nests of dry grass, often taken over by a large, carnivorous bat, *Lewis from rex*, which has the most prodigious ears and nose-leaf for its size of any bat I know. It also has a curious variation in the colour of its wings; sometimes they are rufous, sometimes cream-coloured or dark brown.

If the camp is at the same place for more than a day, a camp sanitary squad of marabou storks, dwarf ravens, and two species of vultures is certain to be formed; and they clean up everything in the way of bits of meat and hide thrown out by careless servants. The marabou is easily king of this party, no other bird daring to interfere with the owner of so formidable a bill, but hooded vultures will

1.—THE CURIOUS VULTURINE GUINEA FOWL WITH NAKED HEAD AND NECK



2.—SPARROW-WEAVERS WITH THEIR WHITE EYEBROWS

steal from the much bigger white-backed (Fig. 5), and the dwarf raven from either; sometimes even from the ground between the legs of the bigger birds.

The next visitors are usually the monkeys, but very shy ones; they keep much in the shade and the eye of the camera is a terror to them, so that photographs of guenons (Fig. 7) or mangabeys are rare. Baboons (the "Abyssinian" species) often turn up and wander round at a very respectful distance, occasionally mounting an antheap to indulge their curiosity.

Almost certainly there will be a little desert mongoose or two about, peering carefully around tree trunks and over dead branches, seeing what they may devour. When all the starlings suddenly fly up with grating screams ■ almost certain that one of these little beasts has been spotted trying for a lunch.



3.—TANA RIVER, 200 MILES FROM THE SEA

Nocturnal visitors are often neither welcome nor amusing. Twice at our first Iana camp on my last safari about thirty elephants arrived within 25 yards of the tent. I am a light sleeper but none of us knew they were coming until they were there, and just a soft shuffle of great padded feet drew me out of the tent at midnight to see dimly great dark forms moving slowly against patches of light between the branches. They went peacefully away, not even trumpeting merely sighing deeply at the nuisance of having men camped right on their path.

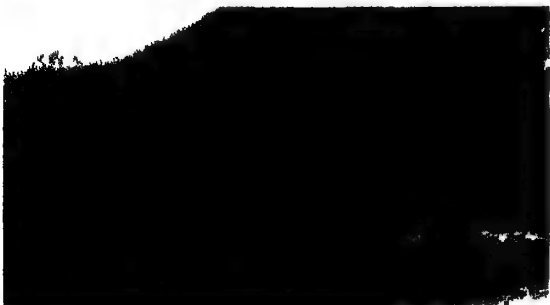
On other occasions with thicker forest right up to the tent the experience has been decidedly nerve racking. The great beasts feeding right up to within five yards of my tent so that I had to slip out with the rifle go behind a stout tree and shout at them for some time before they would move off. All the time very uncertain whether the move might be made in my direction.

Leopards often prow around and hyenas are the most persistent and annoying thieves. They will come right into the tent to drag at a sack or jump at a joint hanging on the tentpole and it is maddening to wake up only just in time to see one's joint of fresh meat acquired after miles of walking and hard work crossing a moonlit patch in the jaws of one of these disgusting scavengers.

A stroll along the bank especially just at the junction of the forest with the *syika* may produce almost anything. A giraffe feeding peacefully a lovely lesser kudu bull walking slowly along



4—PYTHON CAMOUFLAGED IN A 10 FT BUSH WAITING WITH HEAD NEAR THE GROUND FOR SOME ANIMAL TO PASS (Left) 5—A WHITE-BACKED WITH SOME HOODED VULTURES



with the light patches glinting on his spiral horns, a pack of the curious vulturine guinea fowl (Fig 1) with naked necks and bright blue capes or even a great bull elephant facing one with spread ears.

My greatest find was a python (Fig 4) looped over a ten feet bush head near to the ground waiting for some animal to pass underneath. His skin had been recently shed and the chequered light on the patterned gold brown and black of the glossy new one gave the finest colour effects I have seen on any animal. I took a photograph of him as he was then

moved cautiously closer in, focused him and threw a bit of stick at him. He raised his head and as his tongue flickered in and out I pressed the trigger getting one of the best pictures I have ever had the luck to take.

On the whole the greater wild beasts are very peaceful though man-eating by lions is disturbingly on the increase down the Iana owing to so much game having been shot off by troops during 1940 and 1941 so that the snuffing grunts of one of these great cats always makes me reach for the rifle at night. But do not let anything I have written make any

novels get careless with these enormously powerful beasts I met with two very bad tempered bull elephants, probably owing to being harassed by local *Somalis* and a solitary buffalo across the river had killed six men.

Previous articles in this series appeared on June 22 July 20 October 19 and November 4 1945



7.—A GUENON MONKEY WITH ITS LONG TAIL HANGING (Left) 6—IMPERIAL GLOSSY STARLINGS They have a white line between the blue breast and the rufous underpart

# PINEHURST'S JUBILEE

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

TOWARDS the end of last year a telegram told us of one of the famous American golf tournaments, the North and South Open at Pinehurst, and how it had been won for the first time in its history by an amateur, against the cream of American professionals, save only the all-conquering Byron Nelson. This was interesting for its own sake, but there was this further interest that 1945 marked the jubilee of this truly remarkable place, Pinehurst. Some kind and anonymous person has sent me a whole sheaf of copies of *The Pinehurst Outlook*. I found them very informative since I knew little about Pinehurst before except that it was regarded in some sort as the St. Andrews of America, without a visit to which a golfer could hardly deem himself worthy of the name. So I propose to pass on a little of what I have gleaned of its history; but first of all a word about that tournament.

The comparatively unknown American who beat all the professionals was Carl Middlecoff from Tennessee, a Lieutenant in the Army Dental Corps (these dentists are always terrible golfers) who was at the time, rather ironically, a patient in hospital for some affection of the eye. In the first round he took 70 and was four shots behind Hogan and Densmore Shute, came our Open Champion, who began with 66 apiece.

In the second round they each took 74 and the gallant lieutenant had taken the lead of them with a 69. Nobody thought that he could keep his place in such a field, but if anybody cracked it was the professionals and not the amateur. Early in the fourth round there seems to have been a critical moment when he had two consecutive aces, but he did more than recover from that blow, for he finished in a blaze of three, four of them in a row, and with a total of 280 won by five clear strokes from Shute. Here, I thought, was a new terror to be added to the next American Walker Cup side, but it appears that he proposes to play as a professional on the famous Winter circuit in the south, before settling down to work.

And now to some bits of Pinehurst history. Pinehurst is apparently still called a village, but it must, I think, be one in the sense of Coleridge's lines:

A cottage with a double couch-house.

A cottage of gentility.

It has hotels in profusion, three courses (I gather there were at one time four), a number of big houses where rich men and Winter homes, and opportunities for riding, shooting and goodness knows what besides. However, it still possesses what is called the "village green," and it has this characteristic of a village that it belongs, apparently, to one man, the third successive member of the Tufts family. The first of them, Mr. James W. Tufts of Concord, had made a fortune in a far-flung business, which had its origin in soda fountains. It chanced that on his way home from a visit to Florida he went to see the country of the Sandhills with a capital in North Carolina. I gather that he was looking for some beneficent thing to do with his money, and he came across the scene with that combination of philanthropy and business which would so have appealed to Jim Pinkerton in *The Wrecker*. He wanted to help the people of the Sandhills who then had a very hard, bare life of it, and at the same time he imagined a community growing better and better every day from the very fact of the fine healthy air of the pine woods. It was not to be in any sense a sanatorium, but a place where people should rest and grow well. Golf had no place at all in the original scheme.

No sooner thought of than done, Mr. Tufts bought 8,000 acres of the sandy country. Then with a fine posture he said "Drive a stake there: that shall be the centre of the village," and

that spot is now apparently the village green in front of the Holly Inn. Then streets were plotted out: water, sewerage, electric light and telephones followed; a railway was made to Southern Pines, six miles away, and the village magically took shape. Two years later the *Pinehurst Outlook*, from which I am culled these facts, came into being. And so gradually, or rather swiftly, Pinehurst became a place where that familiar figure "the tired business man" could amuse himself and forget his worries and in particular where he could play golf whether serious or light-hearted.

Everybody that is anybody, whether in golfing or other walks of life, seems to have played there at some time or another, and one number of the *Outlook* contains a fervent tribute to it by our old friend Chick Evans who is now incredibly enough, fifty-five years old. But one golfing name in particular belongs to the place, that of Mr. Donald Ross who has, I suppose, laid out more golf courses than any other man in the world. He has always had his home at Pinehurst, where he reigns an undisputed monarch over the golf. Donald Ross came from Dornoch and began life, as other distinguished golfers have done, as a joiner. Then like James Braid he determined to be a club-maker and, despite the protests of his family at this wild venture, he went to St. Andrews and served his apprenticeship in Forgan's shop. After that, in 1883, he went back to his native Dornoch to be the professional there, and then the new golfing world of America began to call and call in his ears.

The stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
Or all the pleasant land.

—Folies Dorothea Henans (1793-1836)

IN the eighteenth century the poet Cowper wrote "of the lime, at dewy eve diffusing odours." To us all the very name brings vivid recollections of long avenues of this lovely tree, of its delicate, hanging flowers, and the buzzing of bees in the heavy July air.

Throughout England, in the days of Cowper, many time avenues could be found leading from lake or park gates to some stately house. Fortunately there are still some existing to-day. At Cambsbury Park, Watford, Hertfordshire, once the seat of the Earl of Essex, a beautiful example still stands. Moreover, in the house until a few years ago, there was a very fine piece of carved work executed in lime wood by Grinling Gibbons. Another fine specimen of the Strutt is the celebrated lime avenue at Moor Park, Hertfordshire, formerly the seat of the Duchess of Monmouth. This has also been spared and is now called Moor Lane, Rickmansworth.

There is no doubt that the lime tree owes its reputation largely to these dignified and beautiful avenues, many of which have either disappeared or fallen into neglect and decay. They first became fashionable during the reign of Charles I and continued to enjoy justifiable popularity for 250 years. In fact, when we plant, either singly or in avenues, has been sadly neglected.

Throughout Germany, France, Russia, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland from the latter half of the fifteenth century *linen* trees were warmly appreciated and cultivated in avenue form beside roads and canals, as well as in gardens. The more thrifty people of these countries not only enjoyed their shade and scent

It seems that he had made friends with a professor at Harvard who encouraged him to take the plunge and he overcame his mother's doubts by promising to build her a house at Dornoch out of his first year's earnings in America, a promise which he faithfully kept. He was first of all at a course called Oakley, but in 1891 he migrated to Pinehurst, which has been his headquarters ever since. Those were very early days in American golf and Pinehurst, by spreading the gospel of the game, had a far-reaching effect. These are Mr. Ross's own words on the subject: "Pinehurst was absolutely the pioneer in American golf. While the game had been played in a few places before Pinehurst was established it was right here on these sandhills that the first great national movement in golf was started. Men came here, took a few golf lessons, bought a few clubs and went away determined to organize clubs." Naturally enough they thought of their original teacher to lay those new courses out, and in fact Mr. Ross has now laid out 600 courses and is still hard at it with a little matter of eighteen new ones on his hands.

Incidentally, when golf first came to Pinehurst the greens were of sand and remained so, I fancy, for some time; but then some keen-spring genius discovered that grass could be made to grow and the sand greens disappeared. The Tufts family, now in its third generation, still develop and look after this astonishing place, and the reading about it has all filled me with awe. It was Mr. Robert Harlow who sent me that noble bundle of papers—and I think it may have been—I hereby return him my best thanks. He has made me feel that my golfing education is sadly incomplete, but, at any rate, like the gentlemen in the poem who beheld the Hebrides, I can now behold Pinehurst in my dreams.

## THE USEFUL LIME TREE

By ALEXANDER L. HOWARD

but took full advantage of their bark, leaves and flowers for domestic and medicinal uses.

Among the large number of species in this country four varieties are most prominent, and can be found widely distributed in parks and gardens, and in groups. They are the small-leaved (*Tilia cordata*), the large-leaved (*T. platyphyllos*), the common lime (*T. vulgaris*), and the white lime (*T. tomentosa*). These, as well as many lesser-known varieties, have become so mixed that it is difficult for the ordinary observer to distinguish between them. In many places, of course, the small-leaved lime, considered indigenous to this country, predominates. All have a smooth, green trunk, which in later years becomes fissured, and bear a noble crown, somewhat pyramidal in habit, with a wealth of graceful limbs and rich foliage of bright green, heart-shaped leaves, with delicate and fragrant flowers.

The lime has a very long life, of perhaps 1,000 years or more, but it begins to lose its full beauty after about 150-200 years. Around the base of the majority of lime trees a strong growth of small shoots springs from the root and often reaches a considerable height. Although some other trees, such as the ash and the walnut, also have this peculiarity and produce a growth called "burrs," the lime, while its growth is more vigorous in the same manner, does not develop a useful burr. The bark grows in and destroys its value. The burr formation can be used only if in-bark is almost entirely absent. Elwes thought that only a minority of the lime tree produces this result but my experience does not confirm his view. Another notable quality of the lime is well recognised and commented on by Strutt, namely its numerous strong limbs which can withstand the fiercest gales.

An interesting feature of the lime is that it is possible, as in the case of willow, to plant it in sets. To do this a tree already grown to the height of 6 ft. to 8 ft. is uprooted and the root

is cut off; a hole is made in the ground; and the pole is pushed in to a depth of 2 ft. Thus can the selected trees be brought to an even height and size, and under suitable conditions they will continue to grow.

This practice has been followed in the establishment of avenues. Not only does it ensure uniformity in height but it brings the avenue to perfection sooner than could be accomplished with any other kind of tree. Evelyn, in the seventeenth century, had discovered this advantage, for he points out: "It may be planted as big as one's leg, and its head topped at about six or eight feet bole (trunk), thus it will become, of all others, the most proper and beautiful for walks, as producing an upright body, smooth and even bark, ample leaf, sweet blossom, the delight of bees, and a goodly shade at the distance of eighteen or twenty-five feet."

Many Londoners of to-day will be surprised to know that the area called Limehouse (originally Limehurst, meaning lime-wood) was so called on account of the many lime trees planted in the district. In the latter part of the eighteenth century and early in the nineteenth many wealthy City merchants made their homes between Aldgate and the East India Docks. Their stately mansions, surrounded by parks, covered this whole area, down to the banks of the Thames. It was customary for these prosperous gentlemen to walk down the lane to the docks, where they could watch with pride their



THE FAMOUS LIME AVENUE AT CASSIOBURY PARK, WATFORD, HERTFORDSHIRE

rich cargoes arriving in ships from the East Indies.

Pliny, writing nearly 2,000 years ago about the wood of the lime, refers to its lightness and the use as writing material of its inner bark, known as *liber*, from which is derived our word *library*.

The wood, which is light straw coloured, has a close, compact grain and, when seasoned, stands extremely well under all conditions. In days gone by it was a favourite of wood carvers and in the Victoria and Albert Museum, Kensington, may be seen two beautifully-carved oval plaques of the period of Henry IV. In this country the uses of the wood, which have been seriously limited for want of supplies, have been mainly in the construction of pianos and other musical instruments, and in cutting boards of shoemakers and curriers. It is also said that for artificial limbs it has proved satisfactory.

We are told that in Sweden the inner bark is used by fishermen for making nets, and in Russia for the manufacture of the upper parts of shoes and in the making of mats. Even to-day so-called Russia mats are known in most households.

Rather as an ornamental tree, planted singly, in groups or as an avenue, the lime has become a cherished British institution. When we consider the break-up of large estates, and the future of these once-beautiful places so beloved by their owners, we hardly dare to hope that the lime will once more flourish abundantly in Great Britain.

## A PLEA FOR MORE ALL-ROUND ATHLETES

By LIEUT.-COL. F. A. M. WEBSTER

IN Stockholm recently the International Amateur Athletic Federation met in full session for the first time since 1898. Many important decisions were taken. Great Britain was represented by Mr. E. J. Holt, the honorary secretary of the Amateur Athletic Association.

All members of the committee were urged to start at once to prepare for the Olympic Games of 1948. These, it is believed, will take place in London, which last had the privilege of staging such a festival in 1908. Preparations are in hand already for the holding of European championships this year, and Mr. Avery Brundage, who was present in Stockholm on behalf of the United States, was asked to explore the possibility of arranging Pan-American, South American and Central American championships also this year.

After the war of 1914-18 enemy nations were not readmitted to international contests until 1928. It will be interesting to see how far a similar policy will obtain now peace has come again. Meanwhile, an invitation has been issued to the Athletic Federation of Soviet Russia to become a member of the I.A.A.F. If they do so, there is likely to be some surprising performances both at the European championships and the Olympic Games—from which the U.S.S.R. has previously stood apart—for the Russians have shown very good in athletics.

The institution of various sets of games in the western hemisphere should have strong repercussions, for Latin America has improved vastly in all forms of sport since, in the Olympic Games, J. C. Zabala (the Argentine) won the marathon; M. Plaza (Chile) finished second a year earlier; and S. Toribio (Philippines) tied for second place in the high jump but was placed third on the jump-off. There has been, already, some talk of sending British teams, representative of a wide range of sports, on tour in the South American Republics.

Meanwhile, with a great revival of international athletics right on our doorstep, Great Britain will need to get her athletic house in

order, for we have not done too well in either the European or Olympic Games in the past. Honour at the first post-war European championships are likely to be divided between Finland and Sweden, unless Russia comes in.

For the present, the United States is likely to remain the main point-scoring factor at the Olympic Games, ten celebrations of which have been held since the re-inauguration in 1896. The programme has been varied many times, but was finally stabilised, so far as track and field athletics are concerned, in 1892. Of the events now held, first places have been taken as follows: United States, 108 times; Finland, 22; Great Britain, 21; Canada, 5; Sweden, 5; South Africa, 4; Japan, 4; Irish Free State, 3; France, 3; Germany, 3; the Argentine, 3; and 1 each by Australia, Greece, New Zealand and Norway.

We British people have always prided ourselves on our all-round ability in sport, but since the establishment of organised amateur athletics about the middle of the last century we have done little, or nothing, to prove our boasted prowess in this respect. In 1912 there was established an Olympic pentathlon, comprising the long-jump, javelin, 200 metres sprint, discus and 1,500 metres run, all decided upon the same day. This gave the lighter type of athlete an admirable opportunity to show his skill as a jumper, thrower, sprinter and distance runner. In the same year there was founded at Stockholm an Olympic decathlon, comprising 100 metres, long-jump, shot-put, high-jump, and 400 metres on the first day; and, on the ensuing day, 110 metres hurdles, discus, pole-vault, javelin and 1,500 metres. This gave the heavy-weight field events man the opportunity to prove his prowess and constitutes the supreme athletic test of all in skill, strength, speed and endurance.

It is, moreover, significant that Great Britain, with her wealth of great all-round Irishmen, has taken no interest—indeed, has rarely been represented—in these best of all athletic

contests, whereas the United States, Finland and Sweden, which have won the major portion of Olympic individual championships and medals, have scored places in the Olympic pentathlon thus: Sweden, 1, 2 and 3; Finland, first twice and third once; and the United States, second and third once. In the decathlons the United States has scored three firsts, three seconds and two thirds; Finland one first and two second places; and Sweden occupied all three premier places in 1912. All-round championships are held annually in all three countries.

An English decathlon championship was instituted just before the recent war and the best results have been, F. R. Webster (C.U.A.C.) 5,170 points in 1936, and T. L. Lockton (O.U.A.C.) 5,518 points in 1938, as compared with the world's record of 7,800 points held by Glen Morris, of the United States.

Greater popularity for all-round contests would, however, solve most of our athletic problems and raise considerably our standard of individual performance. The award of a Victor Ludorum Cup at most of our public schools has, for instance, become exceedingly unpopular, simply because the very nature of competitive individual contests tends to strain on a growing lad within the space of a couple of hours on a single afternoon. But if the cup were given for success in the properly-balanced programme of a pentathlon, both at the individual schools and the public schools championships, no harm would be done and our standard would undoubtedly improve.

The same thing would apply to the encouragement of decathlon contests as national championships; in the Services; at Oxford and Cambridge; and among the provincial universities and colleges which constitute the Universities' Athletic Union. There is no more sporting event than a decathlon and no more way to succeed in a single event than to attain strength, skill and endurance in all ten events.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## THE GREEN FACE OF ENGLAND

SIR.—Now that peace, however imperfect, is here again, may we not hope that certain projects may again be seen in a sane perspective?

Plans are well on the way for the flooding of many acres of good agricultural land in North Staffordshire to augment the water supply of Leicester Corporation.

While no one would wish in any way to monopolise so divine a blessing as pure water, one knows there must be alternative sites, sites less costly in conversation and needing not the ruthlessness apparent in so many of these public schemes.

No one who has travelled in the hills and dales of Derbyshire can believe that the recently opened Ladybower reservoir could not have been planned without the ruthless destruction of the village of Ashopton.

By the same token thousands of acres of the best agricultural land have been torn up for the getting of open-cast coal.

These acres the experts say—quite erroneously to my mind—will be restored as productive as before.

But dare they say how much per ton, say 20,000 tons of open-cast coal have cost? We need coal, but we also need milk and beef, and in such time that the pleasure of cutting through all opposition be denied some of those who may for one reason or another have certain powers vested in them.

Apart from the economic side, can we not soon hope for some consideration of the human values?

One is reminded again of Longfellow's Arcadian Farmer: "Alike were they free from fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the voice of republics."—KENNETH V. HOWE, *Had Green House, Team, Staffordshire*.

## BUMBLE BEE'S COMMON SENSE

From Sir John Headlam.

SIR.—I am a very regular reader of *Majors Jarvis's Countryman's Notes*, and was reminded by his reference to bumble bees in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 4, of an incident which certainly showed their possession of both decision and rapidity of action, and may, therefore, be of interest to your readers.

Walking round my garden I happened to kick over a half-rotted log, when out burst a cloud of bumble bees. My first emotion was alarm, as they swarmed round my stockings, but I soon realised that their interest was entirely on repairing the damage. They swept on to the lawn and set to work mowing and carrying—the grass. Within less time than it takes to write this they had covered their exposed nest with a perfectly constructed thatched roof of blades of grass—a picture of nest workmanship.

I was much struck by the instantaneous decision as to the right course in the sudden emergency, and the way in which it was communicated to the whole community.—JOHN HEADLAM, *Shropshire Club, Shrewsbury*.

## THE WOOD-PIGEON'S COO

SIR.—I was interested in Mr. Riviere's letter about the cooing of the wood-pigeon, particularly the last paragraph regarding the number of phrases these birds sing. In Northumbria, there is the most common number, then four and I often hear two. In addition, I have since March, 1944, heard on twenty-one occasions and quite exceptionally I heard seven on August



THE LADY CRICKETER, 1785

See letter: Another 18th-Century Cricketer

3 of that year. It is of interest that generally speaking the greater the number of phrases the quaker are they repeated and there is, I think, no doubt that each bird has its own type of song to which it adheres. There is, needless to say, considerable variation in the number of phrases sung by some birds, but in my experience it is usually possible to put a bird into its category, i.e., it is a two-phrase bird or a three-phrase bird, etc. Another point of interest is the possibility that the song may vary in different parts of the country.—H. TULLY, *Widfield, Alnmouth, Northumberland*.

## ANOTHER 18th-CENTURY CRICKETER

From Sir Ambrose Heal

SIR.—Since the publication in *COUNTRY LIFE* of the article *An 18th-Century Cricketer* many interesting letters have been received which throw some light upon the origin, and subsequent use of the engraving which illustrated it.

The representation of this elegantly attired batsman entitled "Oxfordshire Cricket Club" was, for many years during the last century, made use of upon invitations to the annual "ball given at Watlington." I am informed by Colonel A. V. Spencer that the side was drawn from among the gentlemen of Oxfordshire who played in the park at Wheatfield House, Tetworth, during the life-times of his father and his grandfather. They continued to hold their matches there up till about fifty years ago when the club came to an end.

I am indebted to Mr. R. Kockley, Wilton—a name well known in the cricketing world—for telling me of an early impression of this same engraving, dated 1787, which is in his fine collection of prints connected with the game. He has been kind enough to present me with a copy of another engraving from his collection which he allows me to reproduce here.

This forms an engaging pendant to the "Oxfordshire Cricket Club" print, being likewise set in an oval frame around which is the legend "The Ladies' Cricket Club, 1785." The figure of the lady cricketer is curiously similar in pose to that of the man in the companion picture and the setting of the scene in each is almost identical except that the lady's wicket is of the two-stump type and of a definitely rustic make. Mr. Wilson points out the resemblance between this one and the cricketer lady portrayed in the well-known colour print published by Carington Bowles in 1778 entitled "Miss Wicket and Miss Trigger" the latter being a sportswoman complete with gun.

The information received from the above-mentioned, as well as from other helpful correspondents, makes it appear that the date which I tentatively suggested for the "Oxfordshire Cricket Club" engraving of "round about 1785" was not far off the mark. I am told that the earliest Oxfordshire county matches which

have been recorded were played against Berkshire in 1776 and 1781.—AMBROSE HEAL, *Bayliffe's Farm, Kinty Green, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire*.

## THE FLYING DUTCHMAN IN LONDON

SIR.—I feel that many of your readers, apart from racing men and bloodstock breeders, will be interested to know that one of the finest pictures in British Sporting Art, is now on view in London for the first time for nearly 50 years. It is the spirited painting by J. P. Herring, Senior, of *The Flying Dutchman*, the wonderful horse who won the Derby, St. Leger, Ascot Gold Cup and many other prizes. He was only beaten once in his brilliant career and that was when his jockey was drunk.

The picture shows *The Dutchman* galloping on Newmarket Heath with his jockey, Marlowe, up. It is brilliant in colouring and action and measures 8 feet by 4 feet. It hung for some time in Herring's own house, Meopham Park, Kent. Later it was owned by that famous sporting personality, Caroline Duchess of Montrose, who raced as "Mr. Manton." At her death it fetched the highest price of all her pictures and was bought by Mr. James E. Platt, owner of the great sire Kendal.

He lent it to the Victorian Era Exhibition, held in London in 1897.

After that it hung for many years at Egerton House, Newmarket, where lived Dick Marsh trainer to King Edward VII and King George V.

Lord Harwood owned it for a time.

Now it is the property of Mr. Geoffrey D. S. Bennett, the hackney horse expert and amateur judge of sporting pictures who, it will be remembered, sold Mr. Walter Hutchinson, the publisher, the nucleus of the collection of sporting pictures which Mr. Hutchinson intends as the beginning of a British National Sporting Gallery. *The Flying Dutchman* is now on view by permission at 12, Berkeley Street, W.1, the showrooms of Eustace Watkins Ltd., and is well worth a visit by anyone interested in the elder Herring's work.

It is worth recalling that *The Flying Dutchman* was a brown colt foaled in 1846 by Bay Middleton from Barbelle by Sandbeck. He was bred by Mr. H. Vansittart, who sold him, before his racing career, to the Earl of Eglinton.

As a two-year-old he was unbeaten, running five times and winning 24,295.

In 1849 he won the Derby and St.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, BY J. P. HERRING, SENIOR

See letter: The Flying Dutchman in London

Leger, also the Belvoir Stakes at Newmarket. In this year, including forfeits and walk-overs, he won £12,108. At a four-year-old, he won the Ascot Gold Cup (called for that year the Emperor of Russia's Plate) by eight lengths from Jerico and the great mare Canoness.

At Goodwood, he won a sweep value £1,808, beating Vatican by ten lengths, but at Doncaster he was beaten by half a length for the Cup by Voltigeur, that year's winner of the Derby and St. Leger, who was carrying 7 st. 7 lb. against his own 8 st. 12 lb. This was the only defeat in his brilliant career and was solely owing to his jockey being drunk and ignoring his trainer's orders.

In 1851 the two horses met in a match over two miles for £1,000 at the York Spring Meeting, and here The Dutchman, giving 8½ lb. to his rival, won easily by a length.

The Flying Dutchman's total winnings amounted to £19,685. Marlowe rode him every time he ran.

In 1862, The Flying Dutchman was exported to France where he did great things at the stud, and did much to keep the strain of Herod flowing in that country. His best son was Voltaire, sire of Salvator who got a Canadian. This line is to be found strongly represented in Mexico to-day.

In this country The Dutchman was second in the list of winners sired by Newminster in 1859, and in 1860 and 1861, to Stockwell. He sired Blink Bonny, dam of Hawthornden, winner of the St. Leger and Katherine Logie, dam of Borthwell, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, but he is of the very utmost importance in British coursing through siring sired Flying Dutchess, dam of Galopin, sire of the great St. Simon.—J. WENTWORTH DAY, *Ingraham House, Hironage, Brentwood, Essex.*

## A BLOW FROM A PHEASANT

SIR.—The following incident occurred on a late leading to the river, and the result made him a very popular figure with the boys, who greeted him with much respect as Mr. Rogers, to which he replied "I'm Tommy Rogers."

No better type of Englishman either built or paddled a coracle since the days of the Romans.—J. G. MOWBRAY-JURNEY, *Hereford.*

## A THREAT TO OLD HASTINGS

SIR.—The Hastings, Sussex, Borough Council have a plan to build a huge



THE HASTINGS NET HOUSES

See letter: A Threat to Old Hastings

the wreckage, bringing some ashore.

Perhaps the most notable of these was Thomas Rogers of Ironbridge, popularly known and much respected as Tommy Rogers. What a genial, good-natured type of British waterman! As champion concherman and builder for miles, his entry in competitive events at the fête, and later the regatta, was a considerable attraction, he invariably being the popular winner in the coracle races. The prize was the Society's gold medal (a golden sovereign), which usually came into the pocket of Mr. Thomas Rogers, as winner, for a short time only. His many friends drank his health, mostly at his expense.

His sturdy figure, genial character and attitude to the younger generation made him a very popular figure with the boys, who greeted him with much respect as Mr. Rogers, to which he replied "I'm Tommy Rogers."

No better type of Englishman either built or paddled a coracle since the days of the Romans.—J. G. MOWBRAY-JURNEY, *Hereford.*

amusement park and (1) extend the promenade with a road across the beach. If this project is carried through it will mean that the ancient wooden houses built on the shingle will have to be taken down.

These tall buildings make an unusual picture and always attract the attention of visitors to the ancient town. They are very strange erections of great age and are used by the fishermen for the drying and storage of their fishing-nets. Some idea of their height can be judged from the figures in the foreground in my photograph.—J. D. R., *Dartington, Durham.*

## A REMARKABLE TAZZA

SIR.—I feel sure you would like to see the enclosed photograph of a remarkable and lovely alms dish recently acquired by York Minister. This silver-gilt tazza, which the Dean of York ascribes to a Continental source (Dutch or South German), c. 1675, bears a finely wrought repoussé design—in the bowl—showing Paul on the Isle of Melita (Malta). The Apostle is bringing his faggot to the fire, and the crowd fall back as they see the viper on his wrist. The consternation on the sailors' faces is well expressed; indeed, the whole scene, with the

wrecked ship in the background, is most vividly portrayed.

On the knop of the stem, strange to say, three Greek gods are represented: Hermes with his wand, Æsculapius with his cock, and Pallas Athene with her owl. Regarding these deities the Dean (who kindly allowed me to take the photograph) says: "Obviously the craftsman, with a most ingenious and truly Renaissance mind, put these Hellenic deities on a level with Old Testament characters as 'types' of St. Paul and his work."

"And they called Paul Mercurius because he was the chief speaker" (Acts XIV, 18) might be—

"Æsculapius the Healer, in virtue" (Acts XXVIII, 8-9 (St. Paul holds the father of Publius and the sick islanders).

"Pallas Athene, presumably because the inhabitants of Melita worshipped, like the Athenians, an unknown God, until the Apostle changed their minds."

—G. BERNARD WOON, *Raunds, Leeds.*

## COCKPIT OR LODGE

SIR.—With regard to the photograph *Cockpit or Lodge* at St. Donata, in a recent issue, about which Mrs. Dorothy Hamilton Dean writes: "No one seems to know which it might be."

The Editor's suggestion, with reference to this is correct, and as the owner I can state that it was the first lodge leading to St. Donata Castle, and was built about the date he mentions.—G. S. NICHOLL CARVE, *Nash Manor, Coubridge, Glamorgan.*

## FIGURES IN CHEESE

SIR.—Your long-awaited copy of COUNTRY LIFE has just appeared in our Mess and I was much interested to read your account of the figures in cheese. I have met similar figures in a different place as Taranto and Ancona, and I am quite prepared to believe that the method of moulding figures from cheese is universal throughout Italy.

I wonder if your correspondent understands the significance of the figures. The cocker represents the Nativity, and the lamb, I imagine, the Lamb of God.

I well remember my father bringing home similar figures from Italy many years ago, but I am afraid they succumbed to the elements one particularly hot summer, so perhaps your reader will be forewarned and keep hers in a state of refrigeration.—W. GROOMER (F/LA), 680 Squadron, R.A.F., M.E.F.

## A MOUNTAIN SHRINE

SIR.—As the owner of a cottage and derelict mill in the valley below the church of Parthakine (or *Parthakine*) and alongside the "Bishop's bridge" (Pontesgab, spelled variously—even Pontespig in an English map) I may be allowed to supply a brief footnote to Mr. Wright's interesting article, *A Mountain Shrine*.

Unfortunately, the carving of the screen shown in your admirable illustration had been considerably mutilated (not by iconoclasts but by tourists and other vandals), and is now restored, I think, under Mr. Carve's direction. Quite properly, no attempt was made to render the repairs in any way deceptive, and some of them can be seen very clearly in the illustration. For the statement that the cross in the churchyard "dates from about 1300," I should substitute "from the fifteenth century."

The tabernacle head has been appropriately restored in the style of that period. Clustered around the cross may be seen a number of the highly characteristic local tombstones. They are of remarkable interest because they set at naught most of the commonly accepted notions about the evolution of the stone. The "Charles II type" with confronted cherubs' heads and naive baroque ornament will be found persisting right down to the end of the eighteenth century; while

## COUNTRY GAMES

SIR.—It would be, I suggest, interesting if the writer of your article on country games or any other reader could tell us how it occurs so regularly that the games of marbles and tops (still popular throughout the country) are "in season" in early spring each year.—R. W. YOUNG, *Constitutional Club, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2.*

## BIRDS OF THE CAIRNGORMS

SIR.—In completing a systematic list of the birds of the Cairngorm Hills I should be grateful for any records your readers may care to send me. Date, locality, altitude, and numbers would be helpful.—RICHARD PERRY, *Drumguish, Kintuagh, Inverness-shire.*

## THE SEVERN

### CORACLE-MAN

SIR.—To those who remember the skilful and daring watermen of the coracles, your excellently illustrated article revives many happy memories.

I believe these men had a little of the Roman pioneer in their nature; no feat too hazardous or dangerous, no risk too great, if of service to their fellow-men.

With a twenty to thirty feet rise in the swift-flowing Severn, huge trees, timber and cattle and occasionally a human body caught in the flood, floated down. The expert coracle man would be paddling about quite complacently, dodging



ST. PAUL AND THE VIPER

See letter: A Remarkable Tazza

extraordinary rustic renderings of neo-classic decoration occur on head-stones well into Victoria's reign. A volume on head-stones, arranged on a regional basis, is long overdue, and to such a study, particularly valuable because of the innumerable dated evidence they afford, Monmouthshire and Glamorgan should make a notable contribution.

The dating of buildings in this remote district is by no means easy, and in a comparison with more sophisticated areas a liberal allowance for "time-lag" must be made. Sir Cyril Fox, director of the National Museum of Wales, had nearly completed a most fascinating investigation, which will show that glazing was not generally introduced in Monmouthshire until the seventeenth century was far advanced. Many of the farm-houses and cottages still retain, besides clear evidence of the pre-glazing arrangements in their generation, another interesting feature which must once have been almost universal. The living-room is divided from the kitchen beyond by an oak screen with wide panels, painted in massive uprights. In my cottage we discovered such a screen so completely concealed behind layers of canvas and paper that its very existence was unsuspected. The chamfered uprights finish on pseudo-Gothic stops, but the screen is certainly contemporary with the building, which dates from the seventeenth century—perhaps after the first half.



**OLD COOPERS' AND WHEEL-  
WRIGHTS' TOOLS: ONLY ONE  
STILL IN USE**

*See letter: Bygone Tools from Suffolk*

through and the gardener spotted him and shot him stone dead in the

William I to Victoria. This game was also published by John Jacques and Son, Hatton Garden. Whether it is still published I do not know, but I have never come across it. Mine has been in my possession between forty and fifty years.—G. S. HAWKINS (Rev.), *The Rectory, Errol, Alesbury, Warrickshire*.

### BYGONE TOOLS FROM SUFFOLK

Sir,—I send you a photograph of an interesting collection of tools of the coopers' and wheelwrights' crafts, from an old workshop at Westleton, Suffolk. At the top left-hand is a wooden brace—now obsolete—known colloquially as a "sway"; which is more evidence of the countryman's directness in naming an article, since that is the motion necessary to its use. Below are two bung-borers, and in between, an auger.

Then, right, comes a hand-made spoke-shave: while, left, is a rotary plane used for trimming snathes or scythe handles. The central long object is a gauge for marking the point on the spokes to which the felloes must fit in order to gain the complete circle. It is used by inserting the spindle member into the hub and swinging the stick round so that the adjustable pointer marks the circle on the spokes.

To its right is an appliance for pinching the spokes together to fit

In 1886, they celebrated their centenary, and in the absence of written records these two bottles offer definite proof of a much older existence. Examined by a local expert they were pronounced to be made of Chesterfield salt glaze ware, and were at least 150 but far more likely 250 years old. Here, then, is certain proof of the lengthy existence of Wakefield Tulip Society.

Further, must be pointed out that the old tulip fanciers were not much concerned in arranging their flowers in vases to secure an artistic effect as we do at the present time, but solely to stage them in such a manner that the judge could easily examine each bloom, and these bottles are ideal for this purpose. From an intrinsic point of view their value may not be much, but it is not difficult to conjure up the glamour and romance, and the arguments and contentions their lovely occupants have provoked over that long period.

Fortunately this glassware is particularly hard and durable, and with reasonable care should last for many and many a long year, thus providing an interesting link with the old tulip fanciers and the English florist's tulip.—LEWIS HAWTIN, *Wakefield*.

### A REMINDER OF ENGLAND

Sir,—The letter *A Reminder of England* in your issue of November 2, 1945

### THE CAROUSEL (Middle) COUNTRY SCENE

*See letter: A Reminder of England*

The "Hishop's bridge" is also of this period, and is fully worthy of the lovely stream which it spans. It owes its escape from the disastrous process of widening and reconstruction to the small amount of traffic on this by-road to Crickhowell, and *pace* Mr. Wright's hopes for a larger population, may the traffic at this point long remain small. There is, I am bold to say, no tract of country so wild and completely inviolate within an equally short distance of London, a mere 180 miles. A few villages and hamlets scattered about the Llanthony and Greyne Valleys and their character will be gravely impaired. It is good to know that there is a proposal to schedule the whole of this area as a National Park.—RALPH EDWARDS, *Suffolk House, Chiswick Mall, W.4*.

### A BADGER'S CRIME

Sir,—A large male badger was shot by my gardener here early in December; he weighed over 30 lb. and was in perfect condition. For a long time he and his family had been working locally, destroying chickens, etc., and this particular Friday morning he got through the wire netting and, by using his teeth and claws, eventually got into the house where nine hens were roosting. He then proceeded to suck the eggs out of seven hens, leaving two, who were naturally perished with fear, still running round the house. Having thoroughly fed himself he tried to get out by the hole he had come in at, but having got such a huge meal, he couldn't get

head, notwithstanding the presence of the other two hens left alive. The carcasses were terribly torn and mutilated, but having taken a piece of flesh from one of two of his victims, he made no attempt to bite them in the neck as a fox does.

I should like to have sent a snapshot of him, but unfortunately he was removed on Saturday to be skinned, etc. He was a beautiful specimen with the typical pig's nose, very sharp teeth, and terrific claws, and I should think if he had been in a tight corner would have given a good account of himself with terriers.—R. V. K. F., *Surrey*.

(Although the average badger is a harmless, inoffensive inhabitant of the countryside, occasional rogues raid poultry pens and bring their respectable relatives into bad odour. We have heard of very similar cases before. Such criminals deserve the fate that befell this one....Ed.)

### HAPPY FAMILIES

Sir,—I was much interested in the article in *COUNTRY LIFE* on the old game of Happy Families, and especially in the statement that the original drawings were by Tenniel.

The writer also refers to County Cards, and to others which bore representations of pictures in the National Gallery. In this connection, it may interest your readers to know that I have a game called *The Sovereigns of England*, consisting of cards with portraits of all the kings and queens from

into the holes made in the felloes. Two remaining implements are moulding planes for making the moulding that used to decorate the sides of the old raved wagons. The only implement of these now in daily use is the central marking object.—ALLAN JONSON, *Beauchamp Cottage, 21, Crown Dale, London, S.E.10*.

### TULIP GLASSES

Sir,—Now that the opportunity to plant tulips has at last been restored to us, the enclosed photograph of two exhibitors' bottles may be of interest to admirers of this flower.

Perhaps it may be as well to explain that formerly there were many tulip societies in the country, though, apart from the National Tulip Society which used to hold its exhibition under the eaves of the R.H.S. at Chelsea, most of them were in the north, notably at Manchester and Wakefield. Unfortunately, all these societies have ceased to function, except Wakefield, who are bravely keeping the flag flying, and who claim to be one of the oldest floral associations in the country.

### THROUGH THE ARCH: A SCENE FROM "COUNTRY LIFE"

*See letter: A Reminder of England*

prompted me to send you some photographs of the dining-room that I recently completed in our mess at Haddo. The assignment was English countryside to include hunting, shooting and fishing with a carousel at one end.

The scene through the right-hand rusticated archway was copied from the top photograph in your September 21, 1945 issue on page 808.—S. R. C. ALDERSON (Captain), *Chelsea, S.W.3*.

### OLD TULIP GLASSES IN SALT GLAZE WARE

*See letter: Tulip Glasses*



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## NEW BOOKS

# THE FACT-CULT HAS GONE TOO FAR

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

IT has been interesting this week to consider two books side by side, one written by a man of the West and the other by a man of the East. Some significant points of agreement, not unrelated to the complex and sombre outlook of man to-day, are reached by the two authors.

Our Western writer is the Rev. Joseph McCulloch, Rector of Chatham, already known for a number of books which have expressed his dislike of the Church's present tendency. His new

community. At this early stage, and in all the subsequent stages, the basic idea of the relationship is that human life can be successful and worshipful only when it is governed by the thought of "getting through giving," for that is love, and love admits of no other way of getting.

The next stage is that the couple living thus in love and community do not consider that an Englishman's home, or any other home, is his castle, to be furnished with moats, bolts and

**MEDWAY ADVENTURE** By the Rev. Joseph McCulloch  
(Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.)

**BETWEEN TEARS AND LAUGHTER** By Lin Yu Tang  
(Dorothy Crisp, 10s. 6d.)

**NUNWELL SYMPHONY** By General C. Aspinall-Oglander  
(Hogarth Press, 15s.)

book is *Medway Adventure* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) The Eastern writer is Mr. Lin Yu Tang, who gives us *Between Tears and Laughter* (Dorothy Crisp, 10s. 6d.). We should remember, though, that this writer has lived for long in the United States of America and is pretty deeply "conditioned" thereby. He is the most Westernised of Easterners.

Mr. McCulloch considers a parish; Mr. Lin Yu Tang considers a world; and one is reminded of John Wesley's famous saying: "The world is my parish." Every hamlet, after all, is a microcosm of the universe of human beings; so far as moral governance goes, truth is one and indivisible.

### MARRIED HARMONY

For this reason, though he considers his parish, Mr. McCulloch does not begin with his parish; he begins with his wife and himself, believing that when you have established a right relationship between two people you know the essence of all that need be known about the right relationships of all people. Once the relationship between man and woman is right, the universe unfolds naturally and inevitably into the wider relationship between them and their children (which is to say, in its wider sense, that there is understanding between one generation and another); and children, nurtured in such an environment, will be the sports, advocates and practitioners of the further extension of the idea: that is, a right relationship between worker and worker in any and every field of life.

"This is only intelligible if we admit that there is in the universe an abiding pattern of relationships, true at all times and in all places." That is to say, if you could establish that this was true in one parish, you would have established that it was the whole world.

This, then, was (and is) the *Medway Adventure*. The first stage is the individual. The second stage is the man and woman living together not as two things—but as two halves of one thing which is greater than the mere sum of two separate identities, for there has been added to it com-

munity. We are shown how, from the Chatham paragonage, the spirit of community was caused to radiate and to be magnetic, drawing together a widening community (not all church-goers, by any means) all ages, all anxious to find a way of life in common.

Describing in a sentence what has come into being, Mr. McCulloch calls it "a group of people freely associating without organisation and written rules around the focal centre of a person's household, having as its objective an adventurous quest for the true pattern of all human relationships and as the field of its adventure the district comprising the Medway towns."

This free association of people living in community is, to Mr. McCulloch, the deeply significant thing. As he puts it, "instead of training for society what is required is a training in society." And this training is not a matter of intellect. "For the intellectual life is to the emotional life as a molehill to a mountain. Human relationships are well and truly based on emotional integration, not on intellectual syllogisms. A group of people might be completely incapable of accepting together the doctrine of the Trinity; if, however, the group was integrated emotionally by concerted action towards its highest vision, it would be nearer to an experience of society than any group of men. Crowded than all the learned doctors in Christendom."

Perhaps in this paragraph you find the essence of the whole thing, for this is the story of an emotionally integrated group moving by concerted action towards its own highest vision, and content for the time being to leave the precise religious implications of this association to declare itself in its own time and its own way.

### THE SMUG ECONOMIST

Now let us go to Mr. Lin Yu Tang; and we shall find the point of contact in his conviction that men must cast themselves more fully upon the guidance of their emotions. He is saying much the same as Mr. McCulloch when he writes: "Peace on earth is an act of faith, and without

faith we shall not be saved.... What we need above all is a theory.—Mr. McCulloch would say "a living experience"—"of the rhythm of life and the unity and inter-relatedness of all things. Without that faith, the doctrine of force cannot be destroyed."

He detests and rejects the notion that all we must do for our salvation is hand ourselves over to "economists" with what he calls their "swine and slop" notions. "If there is one thing I can be addicted about it is swine and slop economics. My only desire in life is to see the economist, the law-giver of Europe" (what about America?) "dethroned, disgraced and hanged. I burn with rage whenever I see tables of percentages. If he were not so smug with his little facts, it would not arouse such a resentment in me. It's that expression which we see on the face of Ph.D. candidates—a stilted and hypnotised expression, doped with facts and figures and statistical averages and mechanical laws—a case of complete auto-intoxication. The impostor at least has a sense of humour, but the Economist is utterly humourless and sincere. He has a fear of emotions.... The Fact-Cult has gone a little too far. The first step of wisdom is the realisation of this folly."

#### PEACE IS GROWTH

In passage after passage Mr. Lin Yu Tang's thought chimes with Mr. McCulloch's "Peace is rich, peace is satisfying, peace is growth and movement and action and life. Peace is as natural as harmony because it is the normal way of man; man rejects war as he intuitively rejects discord or dissonance in music. And the psychology of domestic peace, national peace, and world peace cannot be very different—it is merely the harmony of social relationships. For that harmony of social relationships there is a technique. Human philosophy should occupy itself exclusively with that technique of social harmony."

While Mr. McCulloch's book concentrates on our theme, Mr. Lin Yu Tang's ranges over a wide field, and there is much in it with which I find myself in disagreement. Here I have sought only to show the unity of thinking on a particular point between these two writers so widely different both in tradition and present circumstance. Certain it is that the way of life on the Midway and on the Yellow River and on the Hudson have incalculable psychological effects one upon another and the things that belong to their peace are one, and must ever be so.

#### THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT HOME

General C. Aspinall-Oglander is known as the author of two excellent books, *Admiral's Wife* and *Admiral's Widow*; and now in *Newswell Symphony* (Hogarth Press, 15s.) he gives us another to rank with these.

This is a history of the Oglander family and their house, Newswell, in the Isle of Wight. It is a level narrative both few peaks and valleys, for the Oglanders (the d'Oglanders, of Normandy, who came over with the Conqueror) "always stayed at home." The author says: "The record they have left behind them is a domestic one; a simple picture of the life of the country squires and his family over the changing times of the past 800 years—times of threatened and even actual invasion, as well as times of peace."

It is fortunate that Sir John Oglander, who lived at Newswell before, during and after the Civil War, stand-

ing staunch as a "King's man," though he took no part in the warfare, was a diarist and collector of letters and documents. As well as his contribution to the family archives, many other records and letters of the family have survived covering the years both before and after Sir John.

With the historian's skill that he has already so well displayed, General Aspinall-Oglander has woven his own narrative in and out of this background material, and the consequence is a clear and living picture of the kind of life lived by this kind of family century after century upon beloved land and in a beloved house. "Born and bred at Newswell, they lived there and died there, and at the end of their lives they were buried in the family chapel. They housed and obeyed the King and all that were put in authority under him. They hurt nobody by word or deed. They kept their hands from stealing and their lips from evil speaking, and they never thought of coveting other men's goods. As Deputy Lieutenants and Governors, high sheriffs, magistrates, trained band captains or officers in the army, and occasionally as members of parliament, they zealously did their duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call them."

Thus are the Oglanders as here mainly self-portrayed; and you would go far for a better or more direct picture of a slice of English society which for so long had so important a contribution to make to the common weal.

#### COUNTRY YEAR

IN fifty-three parts, of varying length and style but mostly brief, Mr. Frank Kendon has written *The Time Piece*. (Cambridge University Press, 6s.) He travels through the rural year, with the eyes of a poet fixed on time and country lore, but with sterner always as a background. On an early page he issues his challenge:

It is not science sanctifies each morning,  
But that within, which hails the  
sun an angel;  
No diagram, no proof, a wild  
evangel,  
Whose needy believers, cheered  
by a glance of light,  
Make spring of winter gaily,  
morning of night.

One reader at any rate could wish that Mr. Kendon had not attempted to combine poetry with debatable spelling reforms, of which that word "cheerd" is an example. For even poets cannot have things both ways. If they wish us to concentrate on the meaning of what they write, then they must not at the same time subject us to the constant distraction of coming with such novelties as "small," "entring," "astoniast." However, such obstacles, although frequent, are not formidable. Sweet to our eye and memory here is many a lyric evocation starred with felicitous phrase or word, enriched with gem of perception or vision. Particularly successful are parts II, 27, 28, 31. Best of all, perhaps (except for a couple of archaic words inserted in an otherwise modern poem) is part 11, about a bird disturbed on its nest, which ends by describing with a marvellous fidelity of tenderness the moment when the bird returns, to

Find the eggs mine, and nestle  
To the warm comfort of her body  
pressed.

Drawing the ache of motherhood  
back again.

This whole sequence has a haunting reach and sweetness well exemplified by the beautiful sprays of honey-suckle that make the book's cover.

V. M. F.

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into the shops, many more people are asking for it today—and mean while, Forces' and hospitals' needs must still be met, milk is still scarce, men and materials are both still short. If you find Horlicks hard to get, remember these heavy extra demands.

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## FARMING NOTES

# CATTLE BREEDING CHANGES

**A**LTHOUGH the Ministry of Agriculture now requires us to make returns of crops and livestock four times a year, there is no official source of information about changes in the types of cattle that farmers are breeding. No one can say, for instance, how many herds are being graded up to pedigree standard or how many herds are being bred in an inconsequent fashion by changing the herd sire every few years. I know of one herd where a Shorthorn had been used for three years, that the farmer thought he would get more milk by using a British Friesian bull, which he did for a couple of years and then he switched to a Guernsey because, being a producer-retailer, he wanted to get a bit more colour in his milk. The only indication we have of what is happening is the Ministry's summary of the numbers and breeds of bulls which have been licensed in recent years. On the dairy side the British Friesian has been graded about 3,500 Friesian bulls were licensed in 1939 and 11,000 last year. The Ayrshire has gone ahead from 554 to 2,422 and the Shorthorn has dropped from 10,678 to 16,078. Not all these Shorthorn bulls are, of course, of dairy type, but the majority would be. The switch-over to out-and-out dairy bulls is significant of the marked swing to milk in the war years. Milk prices have been increased to keep pace with higher wages and other increased costs, but beef prices have lagged behind and it is not surprising to find that the number of beef bulls in England and Wales has gone down during the war years. In 1939 Aberdeen-Angus bulls to the number of 783 were licensed. This figure had dropped to 373 last year. Devons had gone down from 1,128 to 589 and Herefords from 2,251 to 1,201. The trend has been away from beef and towards the specialised dairy breeds. Specialisation in breeding in so far as it gives more productive cows leads to the good. The disturbing factor in these changes in the use of bulls is that many farmers are not following a consistent policy. The Ministry has started some educational propaganda and we can only hope that this will be followed up by the National Advisory Service.

### New Zealand Beef

**A** NEW ZEALAND farmer has sent me a report on the chilled beef championship lately held at Wanganui. They seem to have had some very good entries and are getting into their stride to meet post-war requirements. The points they are stressing are "Youthfulness for quality, freshness to supply the maximum protein and the heaviest amount of flesh (not fat) for carcasses." New Zealand evidently means to keep pace with the Argentine in quality production for our market. In looking through the catalogue I noticed the judge's report on numbers 34 and 35: "It is worth quoting: 'Two cross-bred steers that are hopelessly out through over-weight as specimens of beef production for the post-war era. I have an idea that these two steers would win hands down if this year's entry were judged by British butchers.'" This is an interesting sidelight on New Zealand's idea of standards of beef production in the Old Country. There is just this point to be made. In the war years we have gone in for communal feeding in a large way at works canteens and British Restaurants. This may well continue and provide an outlet for heavier joints than the housewife normally wants.

### Raise Hips

**I**N Scotland last year 70 tons of rose hips were gathered, bringing the total over the past four years to 280 tons. Perth and Kinross did particu-

larly well and so did Stirling, Fife and Lanark. The schoolchildren and other collectors are to get certificates of merit. The opinion of the Scottish Department of Health is that the syrup made from rose berries has done much to maintain the health of children and invalids during the war years. I do not know that I have ever tasted rose hip syrup, but I do know that in common with most people I am looking forward to a greater variety being allowed this coming year in our ordinary diet. Mr. Tom Williams has warned us again that the world will need another two good harvests before ample supplies of feeding-stuffs will be available to this country. This is not a cheerful prospect for the expansion of poultry or pigs, the two types of livestock which can most readily give us greater variety in our diet. Sir Ben Smith, the Minister of Food, has recently been over to Washington. I hope he kept well in mind Britain's need for more feeding-stuffs.

### Tractor Tyre Slip

**A** NEIGHBOUR'S tractor on pneumatic wheels was making such a good job of mowing grass and after the first that I stopped the driver to ask the secret. He had not any special strakes fitted to the wheels. What he had done was to fill the tyres three-quarters full with water. He put in some calcium chloride anti-freeze solution and said this made a weather-proof job. It was a very good idea. On rainy days when rubber tyres are hard to replace, but the advice from one of the tyre companies is that even if freezing should occur with the three-quarter-pipers full with water no damage will be done if the tractor is not used or better still if the tyres are jacked off the ground.

### Potatoes Under Compulsion

**O**NE War Agricultural Committee is taking a tough line in the area where I am. The farmers are those who are not keen to continue potato-growing. Compulsory orders have been served and farmers are warned that prosecutions will follow failure to grow the specified acreages even though seed potatoes cannot be got from Scotland or potato fertilisers are not available. I am told that seed potatoes are coming through slowly from Scotland now. There was the same gap last winter. In the end no doubt sufficient will be forthcoming. I hope they will be rather smaller in size than the other will cover more ground at planting. The potato position is decidedly worse than it was last year. Nothing is coming through from Alsace yet and shipments from Palestine are behind schedule. All through the war the Ministry of Supply managed to provide our bare needs in potato and phosphates as well as nitrogen. We can only hope that amid the preoccupations of peace, the Ministry does not fall down now on this essential job.

### Threshing Rations

**H**OW many of us have been getting extra rations for our men when they are threshing? We remember to get them during the hay time and corn harvest, but something extra is often very welcome at this time of year when the days are short and it may be inconvenient for the man to get home for a hot dinner. By applying to the local Food Office a farmer can get enough tea and sugar to provide four hot drinks a day and two snack meals. The farmer's wife need not now prepare the food in the farm kitchen. The men can be given a week's supply of extra rations at a time so that their wives can prepare the meals they require to take out.

CINCINNATUS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## ECHOES OF A BUSY YEAR

**I**N a long recapitulation of the main points of their work in 1945, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley remark: "As the threat of war damage receded, interest in residential accommodation in Central and Greater London increased far beyond the supply. Vacant possession, a good standard of repair and decoration, labour-saving planning and amenities are factors which have ensured ready sales, and, when they have been obtained, high prices have been obtained. The value of regular maintenance has never been so strongly demonstrated as at present. Many otherwise saleable houses are without purchasers, owing to disrepair and restriction which prevent the work being done. Much accommodation is thus denied to those whose needs are urgent. The scarcity of domestic help has caused increased interest in flats, and here the shortage is even more acute, and aggravated by the number of buildings still under requisition for non-residential purposes.

"Improvement has been shown in the demand for central sites for future development and the sale of Derby House, which covers nearly three-quarters of an acre, one minute from Bond Street Station, was one of the larger West End transactions.

"During the last six months of the year builders have been eager to purchase land in order to build houses for the people, but the many difficulties attached to this form of enterprise, including the extreme shortage of labour and material and the necessity to obtain licences from the Local Authorities, has damped their enthusiasm.

## INVESTORS BUYING FARMS

"THE demand for farms let to tenants greatly exceeds the supply, thus proving the confidence of corporate bodies and the general public in the choice of agricultural land as a safe investment. Included in the purchasers for this type of property were the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, the Society of Merchant Venturers and other important bodies. The publicity given to estates offered by auction in lots by the Firm has fully justified the expenditure in the way of advertising, and the preparation of illustrated particulars and plans. A 12,000 acres estate in Radnorshire, which was offered in this manner, resulted in the sale of over three-quarters of the area.

"Mansions, mainly in the Home Counties, have found buyers for Scholastic and institutional purposes. There has been no falling off in the demand for better class residential properties at prices varying from £10,000 to £25,000 and for the smaller country places available at about £5,000 enquiries have been found to be insatiable.

"Salmon and trout fisheries continue to fetch high prices in England and Scotland. In a recent sale, fishing in the Test fetched £8,000 a mile.

## FURNITURE AT AUCTION

"THE Galleries have had an exceedingly busy year with a large increase in the turnover as compared with 1944. Approximately thirty-two thousand lots passed under the hammer at Hanover Square and on owners' premises. Prices of high-class furniture and works of art have, if anything, appreciated during the year. The most noteworthy sale was the contents of the late German Embassy under instructions from H.M. Office of Works. It realised over £70,000."

## RESERVES FAR EXCEEDED

**I**N commenting on their business in the past year, Messrs. Hampton and Sons emphasise the utility of auctions, saying that sales approximating to 100 per cent. of the lots offered were far in excess of the reserve prices. They add: "The demand for estates and country houses greatly exceeds the supply, and prices have moved strongly in favour of vendors. Houses requisitioned during the war years are slowly being released, but when they do come into the market prices are not to be compared with those that are obtained when the houses have been reasonably maintained. Larger houses have met a good enquiry for commercial use. There has been little or no enquiry for building land, as the outlook remains obscure. The end of the war and in consequence London's freedom from bombing caused a great demand for all types of accommodation for residential purposes. Flats are in increasing demand, mainly on account of their being so much more easily worked with a minimum of domestic service and for every flat that becomes available there are many prospective tenants. Houses of the smaller type are also now eagerly snapped up and we have dealt with a large number which have been vacant and the market for sale since the early days of the war and which, up to the past few months, appeared unobtainable. We have been concerned in many transactions where large houses, particularly in Mayfair and Belgrave, have been acquired by corporations, business and professional firms for commercial purposes. Wimbledon and Hampstead retain their pre-eminence as suburban areas and all types of houses and flats are in great demand, and our turnover of properties here is greatly in excess of any previous year.

"Probably there never was so great a demand for some of the finest properties as is the case to-day. Trustees were rather shy during the war period of advancing money on Metropolitan property because of the risk of damage and destruction, but there are considerable funds now available for investment at from 3½ to 4½ per cent. and it is difficult to find sufficient securities to fit the funds available. Many furniture sales and valuations have been conducted throughout 1945 mostly in private houses, and results have been excellent and prices far in excess of descriptions of good antiques and modern furniture are in favour of sellers."

## AUCTION TOTAL OF £1,920,970

**R**EPORTING on their transactions in 1945, Messrs. Fox and Sons (Bournemouth) say: "We have sold 903 houses (including work at the offices in Brighton and Southampton), mainly residential; nearly 50 hotels and boarding-houses, many shops, blocks of flats, a theatre, motor garages, offices, and over 120 building plots, an island in Poole Harbour, and a large number of farms, country properties and estates. The actual amount realised is £1,920,970, and this constitutes a record one for the firm; included in this total is £1,020,970 obtained under the hammer. We have held 112 separate property auctions comprising 459 lots, and sold 394 or 86 per cent. We have held 86 furniture sales in private houses, realising a total of £119,154, the number of lots sold being over 25,000. Prices have been good throughout." The firm adds: "In the country department of our business, which has personally developed, the late Mr. Ernest Fox will be particularly missed."

HE

lives on the  
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In the years between the two wars our agriculture was grossly neglected. People thought in terms of shops and ships instead of fertile fields.

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And in peace too. Not only is the land our leader, but if it prospers it always makes for prosperity in the factories as well. So that no matter what or where our work may be, we ALL of us "live" on the land!



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## BROAD SHOULDERS

**NAVY GARBARDINE SUIT.** Featuring the deep armhole, back fullness, the generally bulky look that marks it as 1946. Zarna.

**NAVY COAT.** In a soft pliable wool crepe with the fichu shoulder line and a full pleated back belted in to a trim waistline. Jaeger. Clarice's triangular feathered hat.

**S**HOULDER pads shaped like slices from a melon, armholes slit almost to the waist, sleeves belling out at the wrist and wider above the elbow—all contribute a radical change in the cut of suits and coats. The tiny waist is still clearly and definitely marked above a skirt that can be slim as a pencil, emphasising further the top-heavy, bulky-shouldered look, or is as full as unpressed pleats can make it, flared, gored, or has deep box pleats giving a bustle effect at the back. The Zarna suit we have photographed shows this silhouette with great distinction. The Jaeger coat has the tiny waist, a back where gores and pleats give lots of movement, a graceful top with epaulette seams carried on to the waistline giving almost the effect of a fichu. For this coat one of the pliable heavy wool crepes with a bouclé twist in the weave is used. Heavy wool georgettes, matt and limp, are used for other Summer coats which have pencil skirts and folded cross-over tops, full sleeves.

Absolutely vital to the success of the Spring silhouette, is the foundation garment worn below. Fortunately, the outlook for corsets is brighter. Some exquisite materials are coming onto the market and the workroom people returning slowly to their peace-time firms. These model corsets are longer, made in gored, closely-fitting sections, curving well above the waist to just below the bust line. They are made in satin with side panels of two-way

stretch satin elastic, in many sections running the full length of the garment, and lightly boned. They mould the torso, controlling the crucial part of the hips. A few are laced at the back, others zipped down the side front; all accent the tiny waist but avoid the menace of tight lacing and heavy boning; many seams, gussets and careful fitting give the correct line with the utmost comfort. Sometimes pads are inserted below the waist for the frocks that require the curved pannier silhouette to look really smart.

Good news this Spring comes from Gossard's where, now that the Board of Trade are allowing corsets of a slightly higher price to be manufactured, they can re-introduce one of their most popular styles of pre-war days, an all-in-one corselet called "Miss Simplicity." This is specially designed to define the waist, reduce the diaphragm and raise the bust. It comes in the super-utility range and Gossard are producing it to the limit of their capacity, and numbers increase each month. This firm have just finished making a short film called *The Waist of Time* which shows the evolution of the light *swells* modern corset from the heavy whalebone, steel and cotton contraptions of Elizabethan, Georgian and Victorian days. Girls in the billowing tight-waisted Elizabethan costumes are shown walking in the sunlit Summer gardens at Hampton Court Palace; Georgian panniers, crinolines and Edwardians in their period settings. The first corset to be made in two



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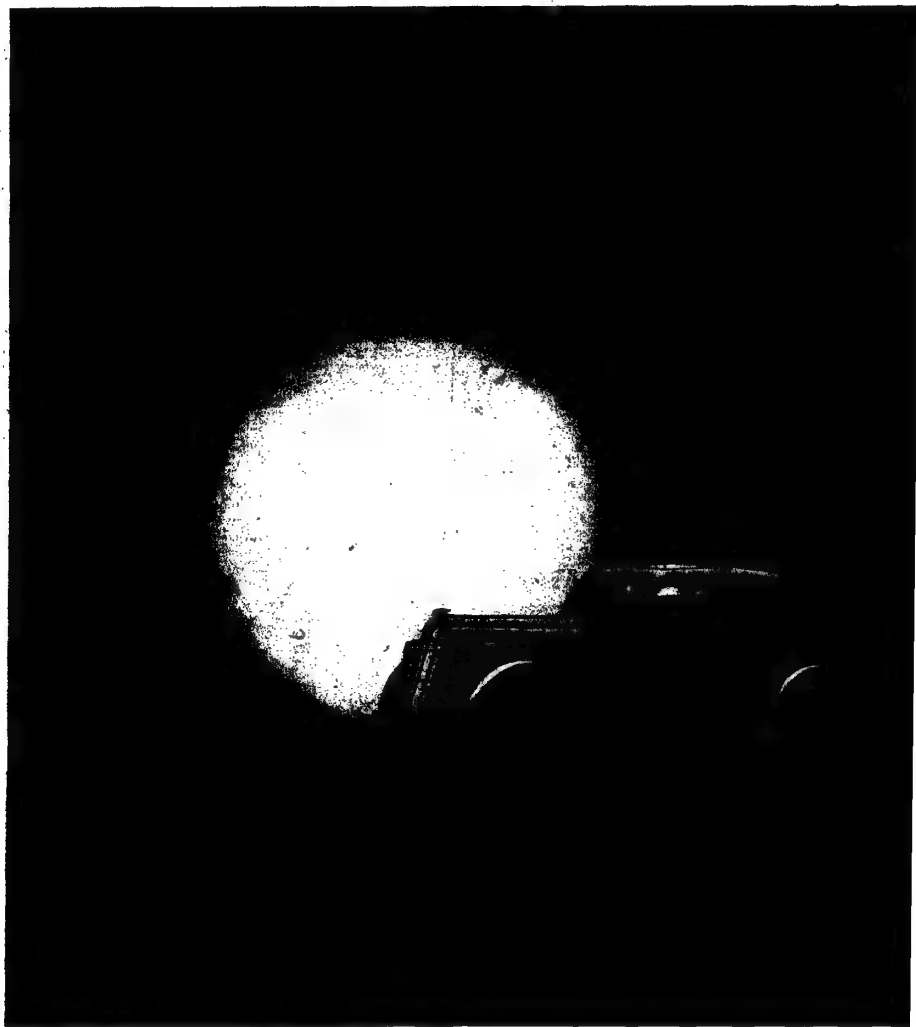
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■ T.T. Attested) varying from 177 to 288 acres. The Old Rectory and cottages, comprising

### THE VILLAGE OF COLD OVERTON

Woodlands and Accommodation Lands with Buildings.

### FREEHOLD. MAINLY WITH VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

For Sale by Auction at The Victoria Hall, Oakham, on February 22 at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. WITHERS & CO., Howard House, 4, Arundel Street, W.C.2.

Auctioneers: Messrs. ESCRITT & BARRELL, Elmer House, Grantham, Lincs; and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. and 14, Dogpole, Shrewsbury. Particulars, price 5/-

Immediate Possession.

## BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND DORKING

650 feet up, facing South with panoramic views.

Occupying a sheltered position, the Norman Shaw residence which was erected in 1904 is in first-class order, and is approached by a long drive with Lodge at entrance. Lounge, 4 reception rooms, billiards or dance room, 9 principal and 4 servants' bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, white-tiled domestic offices. Companies' Electric Light and Water. Central Heating. Telephone.



Septic tank drainage. Garage accommodation for 4 cars. Two cottages. The Pleasure Grounds are an outstanding feature and set in terraces which form a delightful setting to the house. Tennis court.

### FINE SWIMMING POOL.

Lily ponds. Well-stocked kitchen garden. Woodland. In all about 60 ACRES.

### FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.

The property was the subject of an illustrated article in "Country Life" about 35 years ago.

Sole Agents: Messrs. HAMPTON & SONS, Ltd., 6 Arlington St., S.W.1 and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20 Hanover Sq., W.1. (36,400)

## DEVONSHIRE

### FREEHOLD ESTATE OF OVER 500 ACRES (IN HAND) FOR SALE.

Occupying a sheltered position about 500 feet above sea level, facing South with delightful distant views.

The Residence is built of stone and brick with millions of windows and slate roof and is in excellent order as the

Vendor has expended a large sum on improvements.

It is approached by a long drive with Lodge at entrance and the accommodation which is all on two floors is as follows:

Hall, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, 10 bedrooms (most with baths), 6 bathrooms, well-arranged offices, including kitchen with 'Aga.'

Central heating throughout. Companies' Electric Light and Power. Telephone. Water supply from never failing Springs. Modern drainage.

Over 3 miles of Salmon Fishing available in the Turrills. Shooting over adjoining Farms of about 650 acres. Hunting. Golf.

Sole Agents: Messrs. RICKEARD, GREEN & MICHELMORE, 82, Queen Street, Exeter; and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (30,785)



Ample Stabling and Garage accommodation. Chauffeur's Bungalow.

### BEAUTIFUL GARDENS

studded with fine specimen trees, Tennis Court, Rose Garden, Sweeping Lawns, Woods and Shady Walks, Walled Kitchen and Fruit Garden, Orchard, Glass.

The remainder of the Estate includes:

Two Stock and Dairy Farms each with Modernised Farmhouse.

Excellent Outbuildings (T.T. standard). Bailiff's House.



# JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1.

MAYFAIR 3316/7

CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel. 334). AND AT NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS, YEOVIL AND CHICHESTER

## BETWEEN HERTFORD AND BISHOPS STORTFORD



### WELL-PLANNED RESIDENCE IN EXCELLENT ORDER THROUGHOUT

Good position on high ground.

7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. On's electric light, gas and water. Main drainage PARTIAL CENTRAL HEATING.

Excellent cottage. Garage 3 cars.

Attractive well-maintained garden with tennis lawn.

### ABOUT 3 ACRES

FREEHOLD

VACANT POSSESSION

Inspected and recommended by the Agents: JACKSON STOPS &amp; STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Mayfair 3316/7).

### ON THE FRINGE OF THE CHILTERN

Under 25 miles from London.

#### ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

In the old-world style. Particled brick hall, 2 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. All main services. Garage. Well-maintained garden of about

1 ACRE

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,000

Vacant Possession. In excellent order throughout.

Inspected and recommended by the Agents: JACKSON STOPS &amp; STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Mayfair 3316/7)

### GOTSWOLDS

Cheney 7 miles. Cheltenham 9 miles.

#### Attractive stone-built and stone-floored Cotswold Farmhouse

standing in delightful country some 550 feet above sea level. 2 reception rooms, 4 principal bedrooms, bathroom. Garage. Stable buildings. Cottage. Electric light. Estate water. Septic tank drainage.

Garden and pasture land extending in all to

ABOUT 19 ACRES

Low rates. To be sold with immediate possession of the house, buildings and garden.

Full details from JACKSON STOPS, Cirencester (Tel. 334/6). (8,100)

### IN THE BEAUTIFUL LEITH HILL DISTRICT

#### For Sale, Charming Red-brick House of Queen Anne type

and containing 3 bedrooms, 2 baths and 3 reception rooms. Garage. Bungalow.

COMPANY'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER.

Attractive gardens and woodland, in all

45 ACRES

JACKSON STOPS &amp; STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Mayfair 3316/7) (9,000)

## IN THE CREAM OF THE BEAUFORT HUNT

By direction of Mrs. Thompson Miles.

### THE MANOR, KINGTON LANGLEY, Near Chippenham

#### A REALLY CHARMING AND COMFORTABLE SMALL MANOR HOUSE, CHIEFLY GEORGIAN IN TYPE

on two floors. Delightful HALL, 4 SITTING ROOM, 7 PRINCIPAL, 3 SECONDARY BEDROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS

MODERNISED OFFICES WITH AGA COOKER. SERVANTS' SITTING ROOM. SCHOOLROOM.

First-rate Butler's Room and Garage.

3 FIRST-RATE COTTAGES.

30 ACRES, CHIEFLY FINE OLD PASTURE

FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE.

JACKSON STOPS &amp; STAFF, Cirencester (Tel. 334/6)

Cirencester 334/6  
(8 lines)

## WINKWORTH & CO.

46, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

### WITHIN 2 MILES OF THE SUSSEX COAST

occupying a delightful situation about 200 feet above sea level. Golf. Hunting.

The residence, which is ready for immediate occupation, is unusually well built, planned and equipped.

It is approached by a long carriage drive and contains 11 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms and 4 reception rooms.

CENTRAL HEATING.

CO.'S WATER AND ELECTRICITY.



Modern drainage.

STABLES FOR 8 HORSES.

GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.

Most attractive but inexpensive pleasure grounds. 2 tennis courts. Water garden.

Productive kitchen and fruit garden.

Viney. Woodland. 4 cottages

IN ALL ABOUT 30 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Messrs. WINKWORTH &amp; Co., 46, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.1.

# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY



## KENYA COLONY

One of the show places in the Colony

which would appeal to those wishing to find a beautifully furnished house, surrounded by its own estate.

AN ESTATE OF 65 000 ACRES

with every convenience. The stone-built house in first-class condition contains 8 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, etc. Servants' quarters, constant hot water. Electric light. Ample outbuildings, dairy, garage, 4 loose boxes and range of stables.

Excellent farm suitable for high-class farming.

**TO BE SOLD, PRICE £25,000**

Including thorough equipment of machine shop, carpenter shop, motor-car mill with engine, farm implements, dairy utensils, etc.

Agents: Messrs KENNY FRANK & RUTLEY 20 Hanover Square W.1 (48 107)

## ADJOINING OXSHOTT COMMON

15 MILES FROM HYDE PARK CORNER

An Attractive Residence occupying a delightful position on sandy soil.

The house is planned mostly on two floors and is erected of brick with tiled roof and contains oak paneled hall, 8 reception rooms, billiards room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms.

Companies' Electric Light, Power, Gas and Water. Central Heating. Telephone. Modern Drainage.

Garage 6 x 4 cars. Stabling with feed over. Gardener's cottage. The garden is well laid out and includes a long grass walk with herbaceous borders, clipped box trees, an old French fountain, summerhouse, kitchen garden.

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 2 ACRES**

Agents: Messrs KENNY FRANK & RUTLEY 20 Hanover Square W.1 (48 107)



## KENTISH COAST

A fine elevated position. Outlook of village & miles East & West. Sea view. Many roads of 5 mph curves.

**UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE LATE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE**

Hall, 10 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms.

Central Heating. Company's Electric Light and Power. Modern Drainage.

Stabling 2 garages.

Gardens of about 1½ ACRES.

**FREEHOLD £6,000 VACANT POSSESSION**

Agents: Messrs KENNY FRANK & RUTLEY 20 Hanover Square W.1 (18 908)



Mythral 3771  
(10 mins)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

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Collection, Wende, London

Reading 4441  
Regent 088/2377

## NICHOLAS

(Established 1908)

1 STATION ROAD READING 4 ALBANY COURT YARD PICCADILLY, W.1

### TWO WELL-KNOWN HOUSES IN THE SAME PARK

27 miles West of London with  
190 ACRES (or less)

### SUITABLE FOR PRIVATE OCCUPATION, SCHOOL OR INSTITUTION

House on left contains 8 reception rooms, 14 bed rooms, 11½  
4 bathrooms

The other has 5 reception rooms, 15 bedrooms and  
5 bathrooms

Cottages, 2 banquet court, Hard courts, Fields for sports  
etc.

Sole Agents: Messrs NICHOLAS 1 Station Road, Reading

Telephone:

"Nicholas, Reading"

"Nicholson, Piccadilly, London"



OXFORD  
4487/8

## JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

OXFORD AND CHIPPING NORTON

CHIPPING  
NORTON  
29

### TO BE LET UNFURNISHED SWALCLIFFE PARK, OXFORDSHIRE

Swalcliffe & miles

Lounge hall & reception rooms, excellent  
labour-saving domestic offices including a  
various sitting room and kitchen with  
breakfast room, 5 principal bed and dressing rooms  
5 principal bathrooms, 5 servants' bedrooms  
and bathroom, 5 good stables.

CENTRAL HEATING MAIN ELECTRICITY  
CITY UNLIMITED ESTATE WATER  
SUPPLY TELEPHONE

Garage for 3 (2 heated) Stabling for 6-10 with  
groom's rooms over. Three cottages (built 1907)



The grounds include walled kitchen garden  
and greenhouse, ornamental water fed by  
stream, orchard and 5 grass tennis courts.  
The park of about 40 ACRES, with up-to-  
date buildings and the use for 8 cows is now  
farmed by the owner but would be let if  
desired.

Shooting over about 700 ACRES of adjoining  
land is available if desired.

For further particulars apply the Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford (Tel. No. 4487/8)



# HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

(August 1922, 12 lines)

Telephone: "Glasgow, Place, London"



## WEST SUSSEX

Comprehending a magnificent view of the South Downs; 5 miles from Main Electric Line and 2 miles from well-known Golf Course



Joint Agents: MESSRS. RACKHAM & SMITH, 31, Clarendon, Harborne (311) and HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (C.46,300)

## HARPENDEN, HERTS

Overlooking the Golf Course.

### PICTURESQUE "TUDOR" RESIDENCE

CONSTRUCTED OF OLD OAK TIMBERS, BRICKS AND TILES REGARDLESS OF COSEY.

5 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 11 baths, All main services. Central heating. (Range for 8.)

Charming gardens with orchard.

In all 2 ACRES

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £10,000

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Tel.: RB.1, 1922.)

## FOR SALE

### PICTURESQUE MODERN RESIDENCE

WITH ITS ACCOMMODATION ARRANGED ON TWO FLOORS

Lounge 30 feet long, dining 18 ft. 6 in., study, 5 bedrooms, bath, dressing room, 5 other bedrooms.

COMPANY'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER, COMPANY'S WATER, AGA COOKER, GARAGE AND STABLES.

THE MATURED GROUNDS SLOPE TO THE SOUTH AND WERE LAID OUT BY A LANDSCAPE GARDENER, AND TOGETHER WITH TWO PADDOCKS EXTEND

TO ABOUT 1¼ ACRES

## WEST SURREY

5 miles from Guildford, excellent position close to station and bus service.

### AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

of pleasing elevation approached by drive.

Lounge, 3 reception rooms with oak beams and polished black flooring. 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 half-bathrooms, 5 other bedrooms. Main electricity, gas and water.

Double garage, Workshop, (Master's) flat of 5 rooms and bathroom.

Beautifully landscaped garden. Double garage, 2 stables, garden, orchard, woodland.

¾ ACRES

FREEHOLD £7,300. EARLY POSSESSION

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Pages 2828 (S.41281))

# CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

2/- per line (minimum 3 lines). One p. 1/-

## AUCTIONS

**APPROVE, WEYBRIDGE.** On St. George Hill, ATTRACTIVE CHARMING RESIDENCE, fully equipped in a pretty setting, close to golf links and tennis club, authority accepted. Well arranged accommodation, leading light windows, tiled red brickwork. Seven bed and dressing rooms (barned in 5 suites), 4 bathrooms, lift from ground floor, oak paneled dining room, fine lounge and study. Coolish bath, cloakroom. Complete office, all services, excellent out-buildings. Stabling, garage, (Chandler's) house, Delightful grounds, tennis lawn, formal garden, kitchen garden. Well maintained throughout. ABOUT 10 ACRES. Vacant possession. By Auction, Wednesday, February 27, 1946, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately) by MESSRS. & CO., 1, Baker Street, Weybridge and at 10.30 a.m. under the auctioneers, Messrs. Lovell, Werra & Kins, 4, Tavistock Lane, Holborn Circus, E.C.1. **Viewers Sale.** On St. George Hill, **LIVINGTON, NEW FOREST.** The charming old-fashioned Freehold Residential Property "BUCKLAND MANOR." Fine detached house and dwelling rooms, 2 bedrooms, 5 main bedrooms, 5 reception rooms, good office. Three excellent modern outbuildings, garage and stabling. Matured garden and grounds, pasture and arable land, in all about 15 ACRES. Main a.c. water and gas connected. Modern drainage. VACANT POSSESSION. For sale by Auction on Tuesday, February 28, at 2 p.m. (unless sold previously)—Particulars from the Auctioneers Messrs. JACKMAN & MARTIN, 40, High Street, Lyngdon.

## WANTED

**ANYWHERE** in Southern Counties. Naval officer urgently requires small furnished cottage, reasonable rent. Alternatively, appreciate offer in share house.—Box 832.

**WIMBORNE** (Dorset). 20 miles. Weymouth. 10 bedrooms, 2 reception. Fine Park, 50-60 acres. Outbuildings. Advertiser prepared to pay Agency Fee for introduction to suitable property.—Box 832.

**LONDON** (outside 60 miles). Wanted in hunting country, good Character House (8-10 bed, 2 bath, etc.) with little land or no to let on lease if possible, or to let on long lease (21 years).—MRS. TROSBADGE & CO., 77, South Molton Street, W.1.

**MIDLANDS or NORTH MIDLANDS.** Manufacturing Pharmaceutical Chemist requires Large Country House with excellent outbuildings on long term lease (21 years) as Laboratory. Suitable for use as electrical processes, and packing.—Box 832.

## WANTED

**SOUTH OF THAMES.** very distance London, to rent for year or two, from March onward furnished or unfurnished, small house, bungalow, or ground Floor Room. With phone and all conveniences.—Box 832.

**SUSSEX COAST.** I am looking for a cottage within 10 miles of, about £2,000. Also comfortable bungalow.—Write: Mrs. J. G. Grand Avenue, Hove, Sussex.

## FOR SALE

**BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.** About 8 acres. Charming Residence, 4 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bath, 2 closets, 2 fireplaces. Stable and stone room. Paddock, orchard and productive garden. Also plantative birches, beech and oak trees and shrubs. Telephone. 5 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 half-bathrooms, 5 other bedrooms. Main electricity, gas and water service. While in excellent condition. £7,750. View by appointment.—MRS. J. G. Grand Avenue, Hove, Sussex. Telephone: 57,750. M. G. 115.

**CORNWALL.** New & Cornish Yeast Club. A fairly built modern House: 5 rooms, town and country outlook; easy reach of sea. Hands in large garden, with lawn and terrace. Accommodation: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms (4 baths, 1 and 1/2), 2 excellent bathrooms. First-class domestic offices with new corner. Large double garage and other outbuildings. All main services. Freehold. £10,500. Possession on completion.

**AGENTS:** PROCTOR & FRANKS, 10, Market Street, Falmouth, Ref. 2012.

**CANTON.** An exceptionally attractive property with extensive views of 5 acres situated. Very pleasant bungalow (3 reception, 4 bedrooms), modern outbuildings. £10,000. Possession on completion. £10,000. Suitable for sale by Auction on Tuesday, February 28, at 2 p.m. (unless sold previously).—Particulars from the Auctioneers Messrs. JACKMAN & MARTIN, 40, High Street, Lyngdon.

**CHESHIRE.** An exceptionally attractive property with extensive views of 5 acres situated. Very pleasant bungalow (3 reception, 4 bedrooms), modern outbuildings. £10,000. Possession on completion. £10,000. Suitable for sale by Auction on Tuesday, February 28, at 2 p.m. (unless sold previously).—Particulars from the Auctioneers Messrs. JACKMAN & MARTIN, 40, High Street, Lyngdon.

## FOR SALE

**CHICHESTER, SUSSEX.** Attractive modern brick and tile House in about 1 1/2 acres. Very good position with fine view. 5 reception rooms with oak beams and polished black flooring. 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 half-bathrooms, 5 other bedrooms. Main electricity, gas and water. Double garage, Workshop, (Master's) flat of 5 rooms and bathroom. Beautifully landscaped garden. Double garage, 2 stables, garden, orchard, woodland. ¾ ACRES.

**DORSET.** BAYVIEW with modernised mansion. Situated over modern conveniences: park, 5 farms, 5 smallholdings, 700 acres. Good road net. Renting 5 days a week. For sale with building programme.—Sole Agent, 41, BEDFORD SQUARE, W.1. Woodhouse Chambers, 10, Pall Mall East, London, W.1.

**EAST SUSSEX.** Good part coastal resort, overlooking all parts town and district and near golf course. Delightful property, main house, 5 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 half-bathrooms, 5 other bedrooms. Main electricity, gas and water. Double garage, Workshop, (Master's) flat of 5 rooms and bathroom. Beautifully landscaped garden. Double garage, 2 stables, garden, orchard, woodland. ¾ ACRES.

**GLoucestershire.** In beautiful Cotswold setting. 6 attractive residential property. Matured Cotswold house and grounds; 6 principal bed and dressing rooms, 2 secondary bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, Main, electric light. Central heating, Gas, water, and gas. Double garage, 2 stables, garden, orchard, woodland. ¾ ACRES.

**GLoucestershire.** On high ground, 1 1/2 miles from town and district, close to Down and golf course. Waterloo 15 minutes by rail. Attractive modern house with well-planned and easily run accommodation comprising 6 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 half-bathrooms, 5 other bedrooms. Main electricity, gas and water. Double garage, Workshop, (Master's) flat of 5 rooms and bathroom. Beautifully landscaped garden. Double garage, 2 stables, garden, orchard, woodland. ¾ ACRES.

**Hampshire.** 7-roomed House for sale. On Heath, facing South. Modernised. £10,000. Possession on completion. £10,000. Suitable for sale by Auction on Tuesday, February 28, at 2 p.m. (unless sold previously).—Particulars from the Auctioneers Messrs. JACKMAN & MARTIN, 40, High Street, Lyngdon.

**Hampshire.** 7-roomed House for sale. On Heath, facing South. Modernised. £10,000. Possession on completion. £10,000. Suitable for sale by Auction on Tuesday, February 28, at 2 p.m. (unless sold previously).—Particulars from the Auctioneers Messrs. JACKMAN & MARTIN, 40, High Street, Lyngdon.

## FOR SALE

**MID-HAMPSHIRE.** A house of 6 rooms, completely modernised, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, 5 other bedrooms. Main electricity, gas and water. Double garage, Workshop, (Master's) flat of 5 rooms and bathroom. Beautifully landscaped garden. Double garage, 2 stables, garden, orchard, woodland. ¾ ACRES.

**NEWARK, Notts.** 15-acre House. Good condition. 4 bed, 5 dining, bath, 11 reception. Main services, modern drainage, telephone. 5 acres, garage, outbuildings. Best offer over £2,000.—Box 832.

**NOTTINGHAM.** On fringe of famous Lincolnshire. In probably the finest and healthiest spot in country, 2 lovely, small, modern Residences. 4 bed, 5 dining, bath, 11 reception. Main services, modern drainage, telephone. 5 acres, garage, outbuildings. Best offer over £2,000.—Box 832.

**WALTON-ON-NEA.** 15-acre House. Good condition. 4 bed, 5 dining, bath, 11 reception. Main services, modern drainage, telephone. 5 acres, garage, outbuildings. Best offer over £2,000.—Box 832.

**SUSSEX HIGHLANDS.** 1 mile main line station. Delightful Modern Residences. Seven bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, kitchen, fitted Aga. Central heating. Main electricity, gas and water. Garage, Garden's outbuildings. Matured garden and grounds, pasture and arable land, in all about 15 ACRES. Main a.c. water and gas connected. Modern drainage. VACANT POSSESSION. For sale by Auction on Tuesday, February 28, at 2 p.m. (unless sold previously).—Particulars from the Auctioneers Messrs. JACKMAN & MARTIN, 40, High Street, Lyngdon.

**OXFORD.** Magnificent, pretty cottage-style house, 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, 5 other bedrooms, 5 reception rooms, 5 other bedrooms. Main electricity, gas and water. Double garage, Workshop, (Master's) flat of 5 rooms and bathroom. Beautifully landscaped garden. Double garage, 2 stables, garden, orchard, woodland. ¾ ACRES.

**TRING, Bucks.** 15-acre House. Good condition. 4 bed, 5 dining, bath, 11 reception. Main services, modern drainage, telephone. 5 acres, garage, outbuildings. Best offer over £2,000.—Box 832.

**WIMBORNE, Dorset.** 20 miles. Weymouth. 10 bedrooms, 2 reception. Fine Park, 50-60 acres. Outbuildings. Advertiser prepared to pay Agency Fee for introduction to suitable property.—Box 832.

## EXCHANGE

## TO LET

**TRING, Bucks.** 15-acre House. Good condition. 4 bed, 5 dining, bath, 11 reception. Main services, modern drainage, telephone. 5 acres, garage, outbuildings. Best offer over £2,000.—Box 832.

**WIMBORNE, Dorset.** 20 miles. Weymouth. 10 bedrooms, 2 reception. Fine Park, 50-60 acres. Outbuildings. Advertiser prepared to pay Agency Fee for introduction to suitable property.—Box 832.





Grosvenor 1933  
(4 lines)

# GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1770)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hebert Place, Eaton Sq.  
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and 25, Victoria St.,  
Westminster S.W.1

## HERTFORDSHIRE

### THIS WELL-PLANNED AND PICTUREQUE RESIDENCE



Half, 4 reception rooms,  
19 bed, 5 baths.

All main services except  
drainage, which is to a  
sewer.

Excellent hot water service.

Central heating.

CHAUFFEUR'S LODGE AND GARAGE. GARDEN'S BUNGALOW.

Incandescent garden and  
ground, in all.

ABOUT 7 ACRES

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, WITH POSSESSION

All further details of the Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1.

## ADJOINING WINDSOR GREAT PARK

Situated in a unique position in a quiet lane adjoining Windsor Great Park.

### A WELL BUILT HOUSE OF

pleasing elevation containing on the ground floor 4 sitting rooms, kitchen, scullery, pantry, larder, maid's sitting room and cloakroom. On the first floor 7 bedrooms, large dressing room, heated linen room, 3 bathrooms, 2 with W.C.s. Domestic quarters in a separate wing comprising 6 bedrooms on two floors, bathroom and 2 W.C.s. Good wine cellar.

Outbuildings comprising stabling for 6, saddle room or garage in the room over, horse room and workshop with large playroom over. Covered yard, vineyard and greenhouse.

MAIN ELECTRICITY, GAS AND WATER, OVERPOOL DRAINAGE, CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.

To be Sold Freehold with 7 Acres of Land for £25,000

More Land and 5 Cottages available to purchase if required.

All further particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1.

# F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 5491

## CHOICE-SMALL ESTATE ON THE CHILTERN HILLS

600 feet up

### A CHARMING MODERN GEORGIAN STYLE RESIDENCE



with lovely views, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 6 principal, 2 servants' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

(Central heating. Main services. 2 heated garages, outbuildings and 2 modern 4-roomed cottages.

The parkland land covers 30 ACRES (2 fields let on yearly tenancy). orchard and tennis court.

PRICE FREEHOLD £12,000

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Tel.: Reg. 5491.)

## ON THE RIDGE BETWEEN NORTHWOOD AND RUISLIP, FACING THE GREEN BELT

### Well Built and Splendidly Fitted MODERN RESIDENCE

Is situated on convenient situation and some from the road facing S.W. Large hall, 3 reception rooms (parquet floor), conservatory and loggia, 7 bedrooms, 3 baths. Labour-saving office. Aga cooker and refrigerator. Maid's room.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. DOUBLE GARAGE.

Inexpensive but delightful garden, productive kitchen garden and paddock.

About 5 ACRES



£10,000. EARLY POSSESSION

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Tel.: Reg. 5491.)

# FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

(Established 1790)

AUCTIONEERS, CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS.  
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Telegrams:

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Central  
9344/5/7

## SURREY

Adjacent to favourite old-world village, 600 ft. above sea level, with splendid southern views.

### A WELL-APPOINTED HOUSE

7 principal bedrooms, 6 staff rooms, 4 bathrooms.

Fine suite of reception rooms.

Central heating.

Main water. Electric light and gas.



Entrance Lodge. Outings and good garage with chauffeur's flat.

Charming gardens with woodlands, in all

ABOUT 13 ACRES

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD

With Possession

Further particulars of the Agents: Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. (Central 9344/5/7).

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1  
(Kensington 7000)

# MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1  
(Regent 6088)

## NORFOLK LODGE, KINGSWOOD, SURREY

A really choice property situated in a much sought-after district near several golf courses, including the Walton Heath course, 800 ft. up.

The Residence has a very fine interior with all modern conveniences and is approached by a drive with very nice lodge at the entrance. Accommodation includes: Five superbly appointed main, most attractive drawing room, dining room, morning room, billiard room, lounge, 4 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 modern bathrooms, etc. 3 bedrooms for maids. Very efficient CENTRAL HEATING, ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER. Two garages, stabling and excellent lawns. FINE GARDENS OF ABOUT 2½ ACRES.

Trees and other trees. Very good, runs garden, productive kitchen garden, etc.

For SALE by AUCTION at WINCHESTER HOUSE, OLD BROAD STREET (London previously held).

Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. HARRIS BRADY & SON, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4. Radcliffe; and MAPLE & Co., Ltd., 5, Grafton Street, Old Broad Street, W.1.



5, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1

# CURTIS & HENSON

GREYHOUND 8121 (8 lines)  
Established 1876

## SURREY

**SURROUNDED BY CONISCONS AND OPEN HEATHS**  
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7-8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, sunlit room and billiard room, 2 reception rooms, lavatory, leading to bed-rooms. Main electric light and water. Central heating. Garage and stabling. Good fish garden. Charming garden.

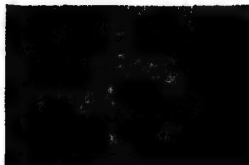
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**FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION**

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## DEVONSHIRE

*In the beautiful valley of the Exe.*



**ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN HOUSE.** Accommodation on two floors: 11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, hall, & fine reception room. Main electric light, gas and water. Central heating. Domestic hot water. Stabling. Flat. Lodge. Garage. Charming garden intersected by a stream.

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**ON ITS OWN LOVELY ISLAND**  
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A Pleasant Modern Residence. High up. Convenient for London, yet in country with fine walls.

Hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, domestic offices, sun lounge. Garage. Electricity, water, drainage.

**GARDEN ABOUT 11 ACRES**

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**IN SECLUSION, WITH VIEWS OF RIVER AND HILLS.**

11 bed, 2 bath, 2 reception rooms. Domestic offices. Central heating and hot water. Main water and electricity. Garage. Dry hot-house. Delightful Wooded Grounds.

**5 ACRES. FREEHOLD £25,000**

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**ONLY £320**

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**2 BEDROOMS, 2 RECEPTION ROOMS, 2 BATH-ROOMS. CONSTANT HOT WATER.**

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**GARDEN OF ABOUT 1½ ACRES, WITH STREAM**

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Forewood site on high ground. Southern exposure with lovely views. Handy for Virginia Water Station.

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Delightfully planned accommodation contained on two floors only. 8 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms and hall, all with oak strip flooring. Labour-saving office.

**MAIN ELECTRICITY, GAS AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT GARDENERS' UP-TO-DATE GOREHOUSE. GARAGE WITH FLAT OVER. GARDENS OF EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY WITH FASCINATING BROAD STONE PAVED TERRACES AND RETAINING WALLS. CUMBERLAND'S STONE ROCK GARDEN WITH WATER FOUNTAIN. BRILLIANT FAIRLY PRODUCTIVE KITCHEN GARDEN, ORCHARD, ETC., in all**

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**A MEDIUM-SIZED COUNTRY HOUSE**

**IN ABOUT 41 ACRES**

standing on grassland at some 450 ft. above sea level, and well sheltered from cold winds.

The property is of an interesting and attractive type, partly GEORGIAN, and the accommodation is entirely on two floors, and includes 4 entertaining rooms, 11 bedrooms, and 4 bathrooms.

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The estate also includes cottages and a small secondary residence.

This property is within easy reach of Sidmouth, and also close to Lyme Regis, while convenient facilities for fishing may be had.

General sporting amenities are available in the neighbourhood. Possession would be given on completion of the purchase.

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*OUTSTANDING ON-THE-HILL (Prestige electric train City and West End.)*

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Hall, 2 reception, 2 bath, 7-8 bed. All main service. Central heating. Double garage. Spacious reception room. Swimming pool. Hard and grass tennis courts. Lawn. Kitchen garden, orchard, etc.

**2½ ACRES**

**STRAW FREEHOLD**  
with benefit of W.D. Compensation.

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(25,400)

**2½ ACRES.**  
**HUNTER'S BORDERS.** On the borders (L.W.S.), 400 feet up. **HUNTER'S BORDERS.** On the borders with L.W.S. 2-4 reception, 3 bath, 10 bedrooms (3 fitted & 4 c.s.). Electric light, main water and gas. Garage for 2. Bath, 2 bedrooms. Charming garden, lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, etc. **EARLY POSSESSION.** THOMPSON AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (10,445)

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Situate on a Private Residence, Hotel, Nursing or Convalescent Home, School or Institution.

In a large central position within 4 minutes' drive to the Central Station, and minutes' walk from the sea and only 5 minutes' walk from the beautiful East Cliff.

The very fine Freehold Residential Property

"KNOLE," KNYVETON ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH

with imposing Massacre of character of the country house type, occupying complete well-kept, set in beautiful grounds of about

5 ACRES

9 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS, 2 STAFF BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS, FIRE SUITE OF RECEPTION ROOMS, COMPLETE DOMESTIC OFFICES, GARDENER'S COTTAGE AND GARAGE WITH CHAUFFEUR'S ROOM.

The grounds have extensive frontage to two roads and there is ample scope for future development.

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About 2½ miles from the Coast and Golf Course. 3 miles from Lymington with its excellent shooting facilities. 1½ miles from a main bus Station.

### FOR SALE

This substantially built and well appointed Residence occupying a pleasant position with delightful views, 8 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, hall and cloak room, modern offices. Central heating, electric lighting. Main water and gas. Garage. Stabling. Attractively designed gardens and grounds with broad tree, flower borders, shady lawns, shrubberies, well-wooded hillside garden. Orchard. Excellent paddocks. The whole extending to an area of about

5½ ACRES

**VACANT POSSESSION OF THE RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS ON COMPLETION PRICE £25,500 FREEHOLD**

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Delightfully placed on the CHER. Obvious uninterrupted Marine and Drowned Views.

## SEAFORD, SUSSEX

About 12 miles' pleasant drive along coastal road to Brighton.

## GENTLEMAN'S MARINE RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

### DETACHED AND MODERN

Recently constructed in 1930 of Purbeck stone and Portland slate roof. Compact accommodation: 5 bedrooms (lavatory basins), 3 bathrooms (lavatory basins), lounge hall. Magnificent lounge and dining room facing south. Spacious sun lodge. Painted library, kitchen and excellent domestic offices.

Central heating.

Double garage.

SET IN 6 ACRES PARTLY ENCLOSED BY PURBECK STONE WALL WITH DIRECT ACCESS ON TO THE CLIFFS.

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## THE SANDFORD ESTATE

and including the Impending Elizabeth-style Residence

### SANDFORD HOUSE

of moderate size, occupying an elevated site overlooking Poole Harbour and Bournemouth, and well sheltered by Fir Plantations.

ENTRANCE HALL, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, 9 PRINCIPAL AND SECONDARY BEDROOMS, DINING ROOM, 7 SERVANTS' BEDROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS.

OBSERVATION TOWER, LARGE DOMESTIC OFFICES.

Central heating. Complete electricity and water. Garage. Extensive climbing including specimen trees. Apple orchards: Productive walled kitchen and fruit garden.

Glass houses. Well-wooded grounds. Pleasure gardens. Health land. Plantations. Profitable Woodland.

THREE MIXED FARMS varying in area from 44 to 264 acres and comprising

HOME FARM with Attached House and Substantial Farm Buildings. FERRY'S FARM with House and Farm Buildings.

ORGANFORD FARM with Farm Buildings. ACCOMMODATION FARMERS AND SMALL FARMS.

NINE COTTAGES. FOUR BUNGALOWS. SCHOOL. The Property has Main Road Frontage for about 2½ miles in all.

The whole Estate extends to an area of about 1,422 ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION OF about 1,120 ACRES

To be SOLD BY AUCTION as a whole or in SEVERAL LOTS at the RED LION HOTEL, WARHAM, on THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1946, at 2 p.m.

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Situated on the fringe of the New Forest in an ideal position. About 10 miles from Bournemouth. Convenient for travelling in the Forest and easily accessible to Bournemouth.

### THE MOST ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

"WOOTTON HALL,"

Wootton, New Milton

8 bedrooms, 2 extremely fitted bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, compact domestic offices. West-basins in all principal bedrooms. Part centrally heated. Main electricity and water.

3 COTTAGES, MODEL COWHOUSE AND GOOD FARM BUILDINGS. Delightful gardens and grounds, well-kept kitchen garden, excellent pasture and arable lands, the whole extending to an area of about

37 ACRES

Vacant Possession of the Residence, Lands and 3 Cottages on completion of the purchase. Possession of third cottage can probably be arranged.

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Standing high up with fine views.

### A CHOICE AND WELL-SITUATED FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

With picturesque residence designed by a famous architect with subsequent additions and approached by a long carriage drive with picturesque lodge at entrance.

11 bed and dressing rooms.

3 bathrooms.

4 reception rooms.

Excellent domestic offices.

Electric light and gas.

Central heating. Main drainage.

Parquet floors.

Oak panelling. Greenhouse.

Butteries larder. Double garage and 4 living rooms.

Five old matured gardens with temple and other lawn, rock garden, rose terrace, kitchen garden, paddock, also an excellent 4-acre meadow forming a superb building site. The whole extending to an area of about

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**VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION OF PURCHASE**

PRICE £10,250 FREEHOLD

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In a beautiful wooded setting, 9 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms, kitchen with "Eco" cooker. Main electricity and water, ample tank drainage.

Owner's cottage. Beautifully finished grounds and woodlands, walled kitchen garden, paddock.

In all about  
**35 ACRES**  
of which about 10 acres are woodland.

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## LOVELY VIEWS OF THE SEVERN ESTUARY, FOREST OF DEAN AND MALVERN HILLS

*In a beauty spot of Gloucestershire adjoining National Trust Land and noted Golf Course. Within 2 miles of a station, 3½ from Bristol and 15 from Gloucester.*



### THIS LOVELY TUDOR HOUSE

Beautifully restored and in superb order, 5 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms.

Modern equipped office. Central heating. Electric light. Good water and drainage.

Stabling. Garage and attractive old stone-built barn.

**30 ACRES**  
of which 10 acres are being woodland and about 10 acres are pasture.

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*Cirencester 5 miles.*

## THIS LOVELY OLD STONE-BUILT AND STONE-SLATED

completely modernized and in perfect order.



3 reception and billiard room, 7 bedrooms (all with en-suite), 5 bathrooms. All labor-saving conveniences.

CENTRAL HEATING  
THROUGHOUT.  
ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Charming drive approach and well laid out garden with bowling and tennis lawns, numerous outbuildings, stabling, garage.

PRICE WITH 11 ACRES £24,550 FREEHOLD

Now land available.

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By direction of Brig.-General The Hon. W. Selous Bt., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

## NEWHAM HOUSE, Near BASINGSTOKE

*On Newham Green, under ½ mile from the main London-Basingstoke Road.*

## LONG, LOW TWO-STOREY PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE

11 contains lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, complete office with "Eco" cooker, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, etc.

Owner's electric light and water. Central heating throughout. Modern drainage. Impressive garden in excellent order with tennis lawn, kitchen and vegetable garden, etc., and 5 paddocks. Outbuildings, covered, etc.

## FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 9 ACRES

Further particulars of the sale Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (61,171)

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### GOOD GEORGIAN HOUSE

THREE COTTAGES AND 80 ACRES

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POSSESSION.

£15,000

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### A GOOD MODERN HOUSE

*Designed for easy urban and with great convenience.*

Main light and water—Central heating. 2 cottages, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Garages. Stabling. Attractive garden.

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**31 ACRES**

To be sold Freehold

With possession.

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*Between the Sea and Royal York Downs (off Chichester and the Atlantic Ocean) at Walsingham.*

BEAUTIFUL PERIOD REGENCY STYLE RESIDENCE. Compact, of great character, built of stone, delightfully situated on site of a mill in wooded valley, secluded, with southern aspect and approached by a long drive of great beauty.

Hall, 3 reception rooms facing south, 12 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, office with "Eco" cooker, etc. Main electric light, water and gas. Inexpensive garden. Washing. Garage. Small acreage.

ABOUT 26 ACRES

in all including 16 ACRES WOODLAND, mainly oak and birch, with small stream running through.

PRICE £7,500

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### BETWEEN OXFORD AND BANBURY

*1 mile north of W.F.R. Station, 5 from Banbury.*

## BEAUTIFULLY BUILT TUDOR-STYLE RESIDENCE

*Situated 400 feet above sea level, faces south and east, and approached by 40-yard carriage drive.*

Hall, garden hall, cloak-room, 3 reception rooms, modern office, 4 bed, 2 bath, box room, etc. Modern drainage. Excellent water.

Company's gas. Main electricity available.

Pumpkin, grass, garden with tennis court, walled kitchen garden, orchard, paddock.

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c.4

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WITH 400-YEAR-OLD RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 2 reception, 4 bed and dressing.

2 bathrooms. Complete offices.



HEALTHY LIGHT, GOOD WATER.  
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On high ground. With fine land and sea views.

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(would be sold with low land).

3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, electric light, main drainage, garden cottage. Gardens laid out fruit trees, tennis lawn and are well wooded.



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Facing Village Green and convenient to Station.

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with lounge-dining room, male's sitting room, 3 bedrooms, bathroom.

MALE SERVANTS' WALLED GARDEN.  
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Male services, 2 garages, outbuildings, 2 lagoons.

WELL-TIMBERED GROUND  
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ABOUT 12 ACRES

FREEHOLD £12,900



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In an attractive Village.

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3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Main water, central heating.

Garage, gardens of about 1 ACRE

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FOR WALLS

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CHLORINATOR  
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Full details of all benevolent activities and Forms of Request can be obtained on request.

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**FOR EVERYTHING**  
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Fortunately countless numbers are still able to enjoy that special alleviation of pain brought by the use of

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Used and loved by  
Generations of Sufferers  
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RESULTS**



For dairy equipment strong and light  
You can't use better than "Birmabright"

Makers of dairy equipment are recommended to investigate the merits of the corrosion-resisting excellent strength aluminium alloy "Birmabright." Easy to manipulate, light to handle, clean and strong in service, "Birmabright" is an ideal material for the dairy and the farm. "Birmabright" is suitable for milk pails, cans, drums, measuring, coolers, filters, wash troughs, separators, cheese appliances, bottle cradles.



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ONE SEEING IS WORTH  
A HUNDRED TELLINGS

Because this is equally true to-day we will not describe the efficiency of

**THE TRUSTY TRACTOR**



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The Pearly Queen  
In buttoned boots  
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**built for Fashion Comfort**

But fashion calls  
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Norvic shoes are made on the Braced Foot Principle.

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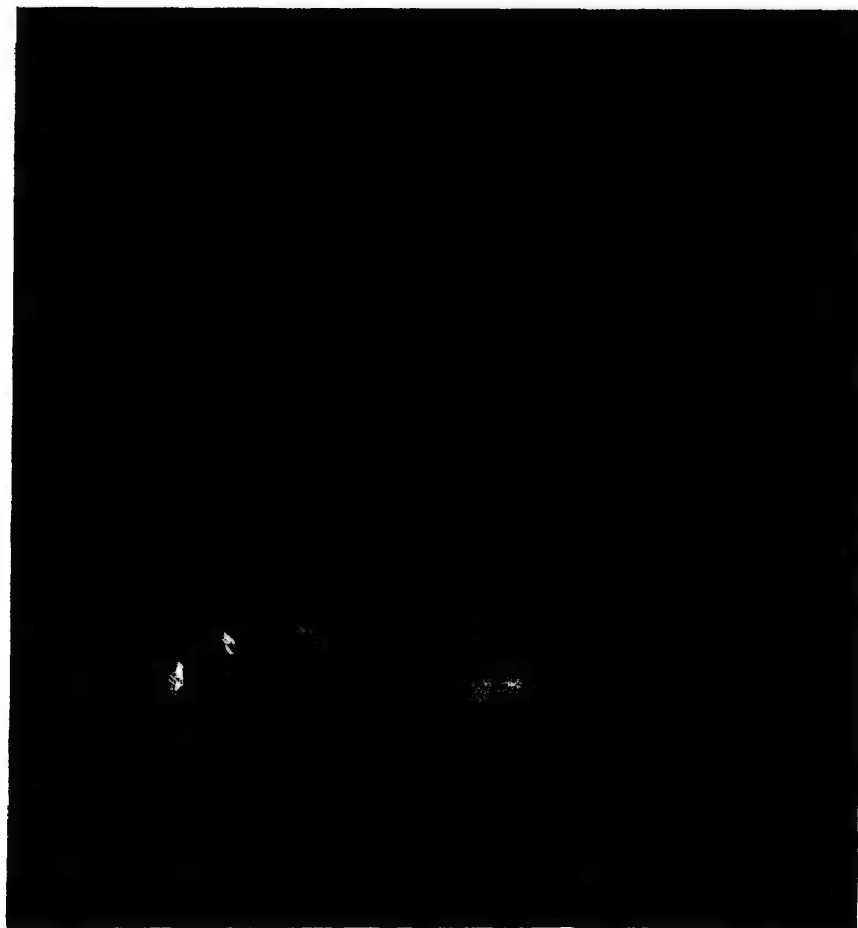
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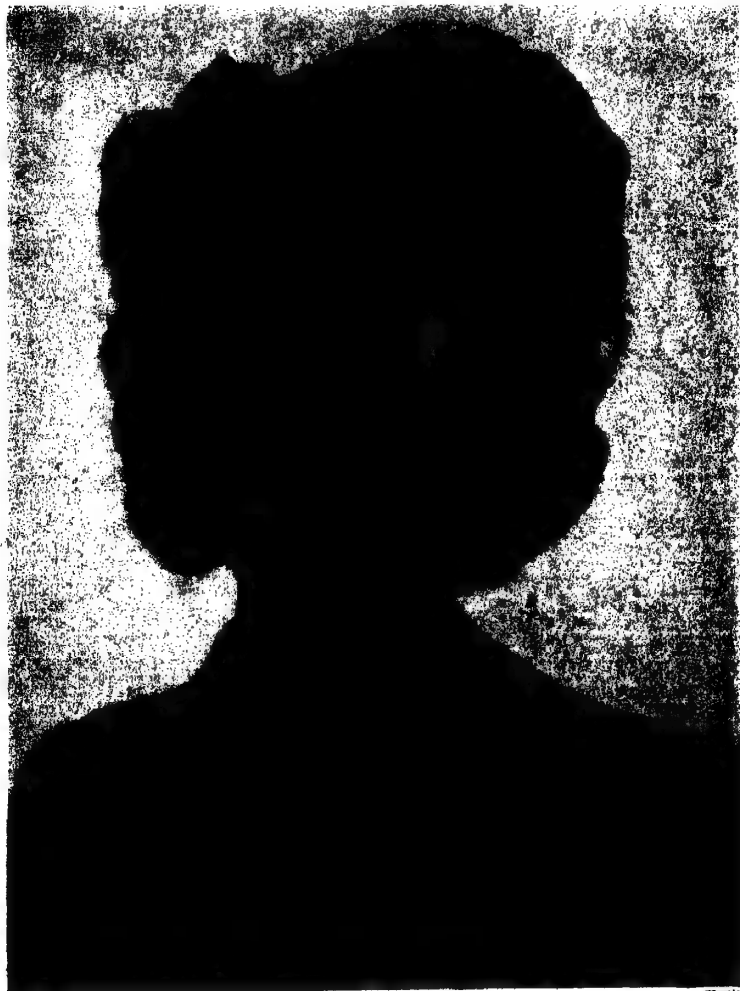
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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX. No. 2561

FEBRUARY 15, 1946



*Henip*

## MRS. DAVID HODGES

Mrs. Hodges was Miss Kathleen Marion Colville and is the daughter of the late Mr. G. S. E. Colville and of Mrs. Corbett Thompson, of Woodlee, Canonbie, Dumfriesshire; her marriage to Mr. David Michael Hodges, son of Admiral Sir Michael Hodges and Lady Hodges of the White House, Thatcham, Berkshire,

## COUNTRY LIFE

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## AN EMPTY GRANARY

NEITHER the Government as a whole nor the two Ministers particularly concerned.

Sir Ben Smith and Mr. Tom Williams, can take any credit for the handling of the country's food affairs in the past few months. Blind optimism is no policy when the world is short of food. Now the country is face to face with difficulties. Once again the British farmer is told that it all depends on him. He must even though it is mid-February, grow all the wheat he can for the 1946 harvest. This call, coming after the deliberate discouragement given to wheat-growing by the reduction of the acreage payment from £4 to £2 and the inevitable fall in the Autumn-sown acreage, cannot win an effective response. The farmer has been well-provided varieties of wheat suitable for Spring sowing, but the amount of seed is small and on most farms barley is likely to yield better and prove more profitable. The world is short of all grains and additional barley and oats will help to fill the nation's granary.

The farmers' response will be shown by their willingness to put the plough into green land, both temporary ley and permanent pasture, and thereby restore at least part of the tillage acreage which has been lost in the past two years. On almost every farm there is at least one field now in grass that can be found for grain growing without seriously depriving grazing stock. Summer leys have been given away in the markets because farmers have no food to carry them on to make the pork and bacon that the consumer so urgently needs. Instead of a substantial increase in poultry flocks this Summer and the promise of some more fresh eggs for the housewife from next Autumn onwards, farmers will have to give away their orders for day-old chicks and the revival of egg production, normally an important section of British farming, is set back for another year at least.

These last-minute reversals are being taken philosophically by farmers who have lived long enough to know the ways of politicians. We

may yet get a settled long-term policy for British agriculture which will enable farmers to plan ahead in confidence and develop economically those lines of production which should be the mainstay of our farming. All that can be said now is that the food war has outrun the shooting war. The country can rely on the farming community, masters and men, to meet their responsibilities now as staunchly as they did when the U-boats menaced our life-line across the Atlantic. In this renewed emergency no skilled farm-workers can be spared, even for the Services. Recently, the Prime Minister has decided that the extra 8,000 farm-workers who were to be called up shall now be left at the jobs where they are needed most.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

A BLACKBIRD whistles lustily,  
Down by the budding lilac tree,  
The joys of married life he sings  
And flirts his glossy tail and wings.

His amorous and roving eye

Darts higher—higher, low and high,

Darts higher—higher, low and high,

"Oh, where is she? Oh, where is she?"

D. S.

## POISONOUS FUNGI

A FRENCH lady, disatisfied with her husband, was recently reported to have enquired for some poisonous fungi. It was in France, in 1918, that a certain insurance agent was executed for having dispatched, with the aid of fungi (*Amanita phalloides* was one of the species employed) a number of his clients. That more use has not been made, both in fact and fiction, of virulent fungi and of such other homely poisons as the seeds of yew and laburnum, has always seemed a little strange. Of course, there is the possibility that these things are employed so shrewdly that no one but the user knows: some gypsies, for example, are reputed to know more than is healthy for their enemies about the values of fungi. Again, some poisons are useful drugs if administered in small quantities: the familiar and beautiful fly agaric (*Amanita muscaria*) is valued in various parts of the world as an intoxicant, and Dr. John Ramsbottom noted in a recent book on poisonous fungi that "the price in the barren Steppes, three or four reindeer for a single specimen, suggests considerable potency." The same authority related, in his address to the British Association in 1936, the prize horror in the fungus field. The Watani of the Victoria Nyansa region,

when they wish to wreak their vengeance on anyone, exhumed the corpse of a person who has recently died of pneumoconiosis. They remove the lungs, dry and powder them, and administer this in banana beer. The fungus survives the treatment.

By comparison, the French lady who ingenuously asked which were the poisonous fungi was almost lovable in her naivety.

## THE HOUSING PROSPECT

MR. BEVAN'S Housing Bills will be criticised first and foremost for the small and insignificant part which they assign to private enterprise. Excuse me, no doubt, be found in the necessity to confine the use of the present limited building resources to essential rehousing, but it remains to be seen whether the public authorities will get on with the job as fast as a combination of public and direct private enterprise might have done. To gauge this it will be necessary to have those regular reports which have been promised, but not produced. A great deal more information is also required about the special plans for rural housing. The offer of a 10 per cent. discount for factory workers building houses for agricultural workers suggests that some realisation has now been attained of the practical problems ahead. Agricultural production is to be maintained. But nothing is said with regard to the labour-saving and time-saving reconversion proposals of the Coalition Government, and it would appear that nothing

is to be done to subsidise such work and thus encourage the use of local builders. Information is also required as to the meaning of "agricultural dwellings." Are they to be strictly confined to agricultural workers, or merely to workers living in an agricultural area? It must be remembered that in the past local authorities have employed similar special subsidies to build rural cottages which they have promptly let to workers who have not the remotest connection with farming. The question of rents also requires elucidation. At present a deduction of three shillings a week only is allowed from a worker's pay as the rent of a "tied" cottage. The rent of the new three-bedroom houses announced as about 7s. 6d., after national and local subsidies in rural areas have been taken into account. What may the effect of a general provision of such houses in rural areas be expected to be on the question of agricultural wages? And what its final repercussions on agricultural prices?

## EMPIRE ARCHITECT

NO English architect of our time won for himself more magnificent opportunities or affectionate admiration than Sir Herbert Baker. Both he owed in large measure to an unaging fund of youthful idealism and practical wisdom which earned him the respect of men of action in all walks of life. Foremost among the latter was Cecil Rhodes, who divined in the young Englishman, fresh at the Cape, qualities akin to his own, and made him his architect. So forty years ago tales were reaching London of a prodigy in South Africa creating a new Colonial style in harmony with the work of Milner's "kindergarten." Throughout this time, which culminated in Baker's masterpiece, the Union Building at Pretoria, he kept in close touch with his student-days friend, Edwin Lutyens. Though differing in taste, the two architects, and a famous grew parallel, and sometimes discussed collaboration on some great enterprise. In 1911 this dream came true in their joint assignment to create New Delhi, but the collaboration had tragic consequences to one of the most remarkable of architectural friendships. The misunderstanding was the result of a quarrel to a breach for which neither was, in fact, to blame. Happily the old friendship of the two foremost architects of their generation was to some extent renewed in the evening of their lives. Sir Herbert was most successful in works such as the Winchester College War Memorial, in which his breadth of sympathy and gift for inspiring team-work had scope for architectural expression, but in all he built high purpose wars (without always clarifying) the classic forms. His autobiography, *Architecture and Personalities*, published last year, is a delightful record of friendships as distinguished as his buildings.

## AMERICA AND THE STYMIE

THE fine old crusted argument for or against the stymie will probably be revived in many British club-houses by the news that the American Professional Golfers' Association have taken the law into their own hands and decided to abolish the stymie in their match play championship and the other tournaments held under their auspices. The news is not surprising, for America has never taken very kindly to the stymie, but it may produce a clash, since the United States Golf Association, from everything that we know of it, is most unlikely to let itself be disturbed by the stymie in their match play rules under which the game is to be played by the general body of American golfers. The general argument is one which, humanly speaking, will never end. If one party is inclined to exaggerate the bad luck of the stymie, the other lays perhaps too much stress on the beauty and skill of overcoming it. A most skilful shot it is, but there are many occasions in which it is almost impossible to play it. The strongest argument for the stymie is that it is an essential or traditional part of the game which has been handed down from an immemorial past, and one which it would be a needless piece of iconoclasm to alter.

# A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

THERE are two official posts pertaining to the countryside as the result of the war which should not be confused in any circumstances, and they are that of the Pest Officer to the local War Agricultural Executive Committee, and the Rodent Officer of the Rural District Council. The Pest Officer is almost always either an ex-farmer (very occasionally a farmer does make enough money to enable him to retire) or a country resident with a considerable knowledge of wild life. The Rodent Officer, on the other hand, has all too frequently no standing as a natural historian and is just an ordinary man who has had the benefit of one month's training at vermin destruction before he is let loose on the countryside.

At a recent meeting of a Rural District Council in the south of England the Rodent Officer proudly rendered a report to the effect that he had carried out gassing operations on a large scale along the banks of the local river. This evoked the remark from one of the Council that in all probability he had been "barking up the wrong hole," as the only animals frequenting this particular spot were the water-rats, against which no one, except possibly a maker of dams, has any complaint. It must have been an amusing sight to see the enthusiastic Rodent Officer pumping away vigorously with his gas outfit into the surface holes, and the poor old owner of the place waking up in his dry Winter's nest, and rubbing his nose irritably as the first whiff of the cyanide reached him. As every water-rat sees to it that his under-water back door is in good working order, one presumes that long before the fumes reached fatal proportions he had made his exit silently.

IT is a pity for the water-rat that at first sight he should resemble the common rat; when one examines the two animals closely, there is a very wide difference. The first, with his very high quality fur coat, his daily upholstered tail and his very benignant expression on his aristocratic, chubby countenance, is so very unlike the common rat with his patchy hair, his scrofulous tail and all the evil of the world in his lean, rapacious face. The only complaint I have against the water-rat is that, so often while I am sitting on the evening, he is the author of that deep plopping noise right under the bank, which could only have been caused by a two-pound trout, and almost, I suspect, he does it on purpose.

It is a very moot point if, even in these days, such a deadly poison as cyanide should be entrusted to a man with only a cursory knowledge of wild life, and with only a cursory instruction in the use of the gas outfit. I have heard of one clear case where a fox-terrier entered an open rabbit bury, which had been recently gassed, and which never returned, and the probability is that quite a number of the dogs which have disappeared mysteriously during the war years have all along been carried off by unthinking soldiery as is usually suspected, but have met their fate at exposed holes containing cyanide gas, which the Rodent Officers have neglected to fill in.

I WAS relieved to see in the correspondence columns of COUNTRY LIFE's issue of January 28 a letter providing confirmation of my belief that I had seen French partridges in a covey. The Rev. C. Medcalf, who wrote the letter in question, was with me on the occasions mentioned in some recent Notes when, towards the end of the season, we flushed on the near hind leg of the White Horse at Sutton Poyate a big pack of these



Bertem Huchings

## THE CRONIES

birds, but as it happened nearly forty years ago I cannot recall how many partridges we obtained. My impression is that the first time we saw them the rise was so unexpected that we took no action whatsoever until the covey was out of shot.

With regard to partridges and their numbers, perhaps some knowledgeable reader can supply an explanation as to why in this part of the world the coveys this season were so deplorably small, and so few and far between, that some estate owners refrained from shooting them at all, while the pheasants on the same lands were in astonishing numbers, considering that this is the sixth year since artificial feeding ceased and efficient keeping ended. On one shoot the number of birds killed during the season exceeded that of any year since 1920, and on the last day that the guns were out "cocks only" was considered unnecessary.

FROM a most interesting article which I read in Egypt's illustrated weekly, *The Sphinx*, I have obtained a reminder that there is nothing new under the sun, and also that so many products of to-day, which we regard as the result of the great advance of civilisation and progress in mechanical skill, were known to the ancient peoples of the world. Among other things I have learnt is that artificial eyes were made by the ancient Egyptians 5,000 years ago, and that some of the earliest examples in the Cairo museum are of finer workmanship than those produced here to-day.

I imagine that at that period of the world's history the inhabitants of Great Britain had just reached the stage of advancement when they had made the epoch-making discovery that a flint skilfully knapped would provide a

cutting edge to assist in removing the skin from the aurochs. Civilisation, however, has its inevitable drawbacks, and as it is to-day so was it back in the dawn of history, for among the many papyrus documents in the museum is one 4,000 years old in which a junior official complains bitterly of Government red tape which, he says, is such that he is quite unable to get on with his job.

AS I turned the pages of *The Sphinx's* Christmas number, no fewer than sixty-eight of them of superfine paper with unlimited first-class illustrations, I thought with sadness of the drastically reduced size of every journal and newspaper in this country, and of the depleted counters in our bookshops with their slogan of "not of print", and I wondered if it might be possible to obtain on loan from Egypt for a short time their Minister of Supplies. I am sure the publishers, newspaper proprietors, and the general public of this country would welcome the addition to our Cabinet of a man who has supplied his country with all the newspaper it requires, despite the fact that every bale of it has had to be imported. It is quite possible, also, that he might possess the perspicacity to see that paper pulp is a very cheap commodity, and that it would only require the sale of quite a small number of British books altered to wipe out the adverse balance caused by the import of the raw material.

I DO not believe everything that I see in the daily newspapers, but recently in an article on that desirable commodity, coal, I read that a fuel controller in the north was seriously concerned when he found a miner at work at a

screen, and throwing out as waste those large blocks of pure black limestone which look like coal and which try to pass themselves off as such. The fuel controller complained that this unnecessary action seriously affected his output return, and, I take it, his views were respected, as my last consignment of coal contains a generous proportion of those coal-like blocks, which will not burn, but which respond to the heat generated by any real coal that happens to be in their vicinity in the grate.

If it is one's lot to dwell on a quite limitless soil one is constantly reminded of the fact: for instance the shells of the eggs produced by the hens are so fragile that birds which consider it necessary after laying to go off the nest like a rocket accompanied by a volley of cackles usually smash one or more of those deposited by earlier occupants. By sufferers who take out their existence on an acid soil the blocks of fire-treated limestone, which figure so prominently in the fireplace as the result of the fuel official's devotion to duty, should not be regarded as waste. They should be cracked up with a hammer, and taken down to the poultry-run where some two dozen hens and pullets will swoop on them with those murmurs of delight

which they reserve for the most appetising meals only. When one compares the size of an egg with that of the lady who produces it every day, the very least one can do is to provide her with the material with which she has to wrap it up.

PRIOR to the war only a few hotels in the British Isles had adopted the Continental system of adding ten per cent. to the total of the bill as gratuities for the staff, but now the infliction would seem to be general. This ten per cent. addition is a tripartite arrangement concerning the payer of the bill, the recipient and distributor of the total and the staff who are supposed to benefit from the infliction. If the staff, the people really concerned, welcomed this innovation all would be well, and one of the little worries of hotel accommodation—the adequate and satisfactory-to-all-parties tipping of waiters, chambermaids and porters—would be removed, but unfortunately it does nothing of the sort. The staff leave no stone unturned to let the visitors know on every possible occasion that the new system is most unpopular with them and that they are out-of-pocket through it, so that when one leaves the hotel

on the last day of one's stay the same little contingent of those who stand and wait are present, with the same look of expectation on their faces. If one is firm in one's resolve not to be weak, and not to let one's own side down, one goes forth in that atmosphere of self-reproach which one experiences on those occasions when one suspects oneself of stinginess combined with ingratitude.

For two people for a fortnight the average bill in one of our good country or seaside hotels to-day would be in the neighbourhood of £40, which yields 24 in gratuities, and, as this is at least £1 more than the most generous tipper handed out in the past, one should certainly feel relieved of all responsibility for further remuneration, but this most definitely is not the case. I do not know what the explanation is but presume that a considerable proportion of the gratuity must now be paid over to kitchen and other unseen staff, who in the past did not receive or expect tips and who therefore had to be paid wages which took this factor into consideration. ■ this is the case ■ only the hotel-keepers who benefit from a scheme that now makes a stay in a good hotel an uncomfortable experience.

## WILL THE GREY SQUIRREL OUST THE RED?

Written and Illustrated  
By FRANCES PITT

A GLEAM of red in the tree-top, the flick of a plumed tail, an elfish face adorned with puckish ear-tufts peeping out from behind the trunk, and we glimpse that ages-old inhabitant of the British woodlands, the red squirrel.

Further on, where the woods cease and give place to orchards and cultivated ground, we have another glimpse of a squirrel, not a slim, fragile, brown sprite, but a creature of robust, substantial, yet handsome silver form. On the wooden palings, sunning itself, sits a grey squirrel in its full Winter fur, its silvery jacket seeming to glitter as the light catches it, likewise its thick, full tail that is curved in an "S" bend over its back.

It has no ear-tufts and its large, dark eyes are set in a rat-like face, but it is a lovely creature. It is no matter for wonder that so handsome an animal caught the fancy of certain rash people who little recked what they were doing when they brought it from North America and introduced it into our English countryside.

The story of the turning out and spread of the grey squirrel in Great Britain is too well



JENNY, MISS PITT'S PET RED SQUIRREL, IN HER WINTER COAT OF A SURPRISINGLY GREY COLOUR. Notice the tufted ears and compare them with those of the grey squirrel below

known to need repetition here. The newcomer found conditions very much to its liking and flourished exceedingly. Its rise and spread can only be paralleled by that of the little owl, likewise introduced from abroad, with the best of intentions, and in the belief that it would be a useful and ornamental addition to our fauna.

Both the little owl and the grey squirrel soon acquired more than doubtful reputations. All sorts of bad deeds and evil conduct were attributed to them, and their fondest supporters could not say the charges were wholly groundless.

The little owl has, however, pretty well lived down this storm. It is generally agreed that, though occasional individuals may be described as criminals, feasting on young birds and so on, the majority live blamelessly on a diet of insects, earthworms and small mammals. No such whitewashing has been applied to the grey squirrel; indeed its reputation has gone from bad to worse, until it now looms in the agriculturist's eyes as public enemy number one and is dubbed, with some accuracy, a "tree rat."

Of course, the red squirrel is not in all respects a blameless mint. Foresters detest it, declaring that it delights in nipping off the



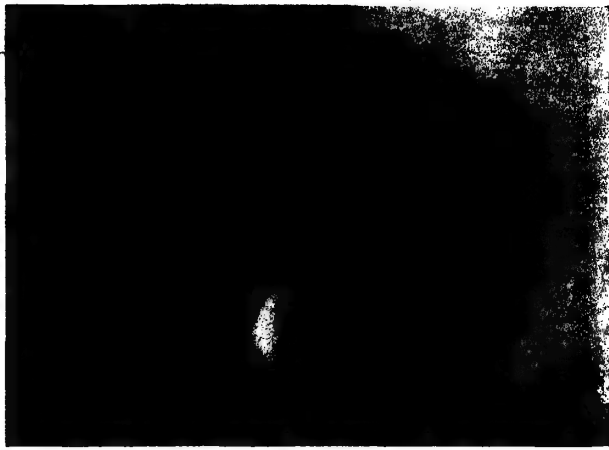
A FEMALE GREY SQUIRREL IN SUMMER COAT WITH A GOOD DEAL OF BROWN IN HER JACKET

leading shoots of their young trees, and I should not like to trust it with the nest and eggs of a small bird. However, with regard to the latter accusation, I have offered eggs to my pet red squirrels and in every case they were refused with disdain. I put a blackbird's egg before Jimmy, who was much interested in this new kind of nut, rolling it over in his strange, long-fingered, red hands, before testing it with his teeth, when he dropped it in disgust and spent the next five minutes licking his paws and washing his face in an earnest endeavour to clean off the nasty stuff; nor would he look at another egg.

The reactions of a pampered, spoilt pet are not necessarily those of a squirrel in the wild, especially a squirrel whose nuts have run short. However, we do know that the red squirrel is chiefly a nut-eater. It is a more fastidious animal than the alien and it has not the grey squirrel's catholic tastes. It is also a much more fragile, delicate creature. It is but a wisp of life and high spirits, plus plumed ears and a flowing tail, whereas the grey is a heavy, solid beast of robust constitution.

To all who love our native squirrel—and speaking for myself, no animal is more adorable—nothing has been more distressing than its disappearance before the advance of the invader. No fact concerning the red and the grey squirrel seems better established than that where the newcomer takes up its abode the native vanishes.

Accounts and opinions vary as to how this comes about. Many people maintain that it is a matter of direct attack. I doubt this being usually the case. The smaller and lighter red squirrel is much nimbler and more agile than the heavy grey squirrel. When the latter chases the former the agile red has no difficulty in taking "evasive action"; moreover there does



ANOTHER OF MISS PITT'S PETS. THIS IS JAMES, A RED SQUIRREL, IN FULL WINTER DRESS

here and another there, but these were merely stray individuals, scouts moving ahead of the main force.

The first evidence I had of the presence of the invaders was a splendid specimen galloping across the lawn two years ago. It vanished and no further trace of grey squirrels was observed for some time, though the large number of squirrel nests to be seen in the woods aroused suspicion. The grey squirrel is an amazingly elusive beast. It can do the disappearing trick and knows how to avoid being seen better than most creatures. Whereas the red squirrel, on being alarmed, goes aloft and as high as it can get, thence to look down with confiding inquisitiveness, the grey is quite likely to drop to earth and vanish in a thicket.

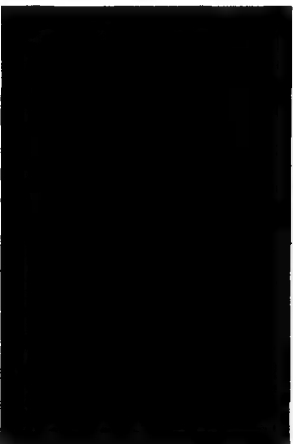
The drey of the red squirrel is usually a well-felted structure of moss, grass and honeysuckle bark, strengthened with a few small twigs. Where you see nests in which strong

twigs, and small sticks with leaves attached, are a conspicuous feature, it may be suspected that the architects were grey squirrels.

Both grey and red will, on occasion, utilise a hole in a tree. I have known baby reds and young greys found in such situations. However, the normal nursery for both species is a nest in the branches.

Continuing with the infiltration (to borrow a term from the communiques of the war) of the grey squirrel into this corner of southern Shropshire, it has, during the past twelve months, become more conspicuous, that is if the word conspicuous can be used of an animal that rarely flaunts before the public eye, and is seen here and heard there.

Squirrels, both red and grey, are ever temperamental and given to expressing disapproval in no uncertain terms. The red will stamp its feet and swear heartily, and the grey has a peculiarly harsh, far-carrying voice when

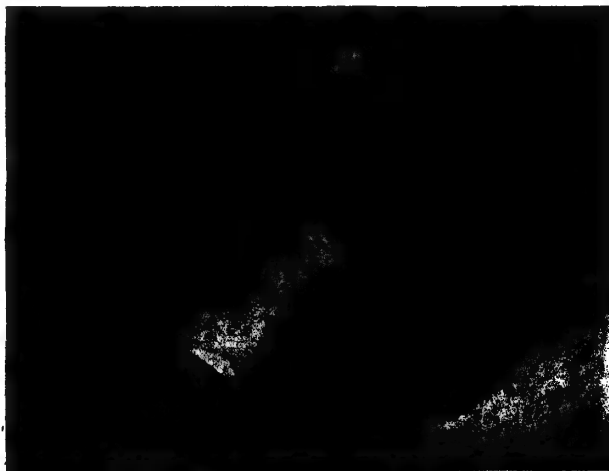


A GREY SQUIRREL AT LUNCH

not seem to be any great animosity between the two. Where they occur together they may be seen going about their affairs without worrying much about one another. It is my opinion that the red squirrel cannot stand up to the competition of the grey. I mean as regards food and everything else that a squirrel requires.

The prolific grey squirrel takes the best of everything and, when it becomes very numerous, clears up all the nuts on which the red depends, after which, being more versatile, it turns to other fare, whereas the red has a hard struggle to live without plenty of hazel nuts, beech mast and so on.

Where I live, in southern Shropshire, the grey is just establishing itself, though the red is yet numerous, perhaps more so than it has been for a number of years. Five and six years ago there were rumours of a grey squirrel seen



JENNY, THE RED SQUIRREL WHICH APPEARS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE IN THE FULL DRESS OF AN ADULT, SHOWN HERE AS A BABY

annoyed. My first intimation that grey squirrels were in residence in my home wood was the sound of one cursing steadily. Possibly a magpie had tried to tease it. Anyhow, I heard a magpie chuckle as it up to some impish mischief.

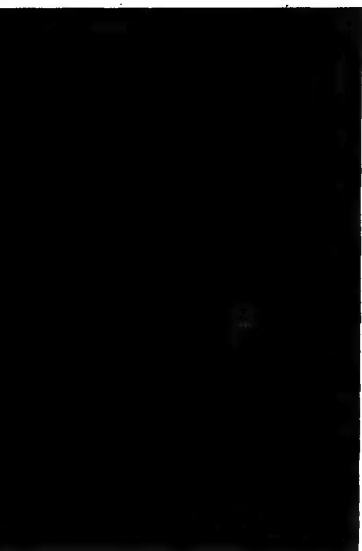
The present position is that our red squirrels are still with us in full numbers, but, despite efforts to deal with them, there are almost certainly several pairs of grey squirrels.

In small numbers, there is no doubt that the grey is everything its introducers imagined it to be, a charming and beautiful animal, ready to "live and let live," but its capacity for rapid increase, combined with the absence of natural foes—what predatory animal have we capable of dealing with it?—means that it soon multiplies to an alarming extent and becomes a serious nuisance.

All the smaller rodents tend to wax and wane in cycles. Their populations are never stable but are either rising to a peak or falling back again. The researches of Elton and others show that this rise and fall has a steady rhythm based, in many cases, on a three to four years' cycle. The Scandinavian lemming is, of course, the classic example. Each third or fourth year it becomes plentiful, and if its peak period coincides with a specially favourable season it may easily attain "plague" proportions. Then, descending from its normal territory on the fields, it overruns the cultivated grounds in the valleys and becomes a pest.

Squirrels have likewise their periods of increase and decrease, though their cycle appears to be a considerably longer one than that of their smaller relatives. It is possible that the diminution of the red squirrel in Britain is not entirely due to the grey squirrel. At the present time the red seems to be on the increase again, except in areas strongly held by the grey, and has even been reported in localities whence it was supposed to have been ousted.

In that district adjoining the Welsh marches which I know especially well, where there are extensive woods of oak and ash, I can confidently say that the red squirrel has been steadily increasing for at least five or six years and is now present in nice numbers. As this species does well in coniferous forest I hazard a guess



A BALANCING TRICK. THIS HALF-GROWN GREY SQUIRREL SEEMS QUITE SURE OF ITSELF

that the far-flung plantations of the Forestry Commission, such as now cover large areas of the Welsh hills, will afford it grand sanctuary, a sanctuary into which the grey squirrel, with its liking for orchards, gardens and a cultivated countryside, will not be anxious to penetrate.

I do not anticipate the extermination of *Sciurus vulgaris leucurus*, the British light-tailed red squirrel—our island form of the European red squirrel fades very easily and its tail often bleaches to a pale buff—by the grey, though the latter may yet oust it from many districts. I expect to see *Sciurus carolinensis*

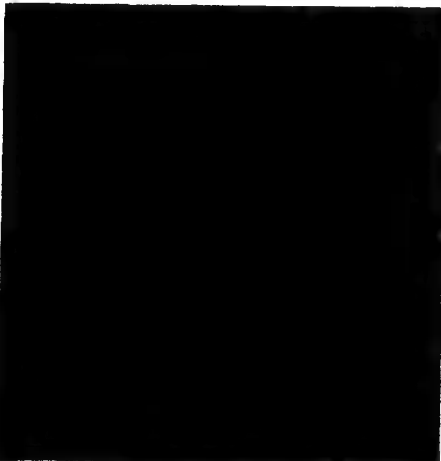
and *S. v. leucurus* alike strike a bad patch, with coccidiosis and other diseases decimating them and a consequent fall in their populations.

Some people wonder if the grey and red squirrels hybridise and if this may lead to the latter animals being lost in the ranks of the more virile foreigners. It is true that we sometimes see grey squirrels in quite brown coats and red squirrels in surprisingly grey jackets, but this is merely a normal phase in their respective pelages and does not indicate any admixture of blood.

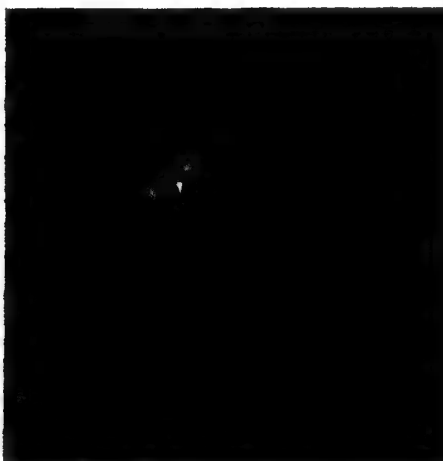
Cross-breedings take place, we know, between seemingly unlikely animals, but there is no evidence to suggest that these squirrels ever fraternise and much to show that they do not. Once, when I had some young grey squirrels for the purpose of study and research, I introduced Jimima, my pet red lady, to them. She was a little inquisitive but did not seem to regard them as fellow squirrels. Her behaviour, after she had satisfied her curiosity, showed that she was not concerned with them. I cannot think she would ever forsake her beautiful mate, Joey, for a "follower" of foreign race.

In some parts of the country grey squirrels seem to be vying with rats in the art of not only pilfering farm produce but of getting where they are not wanted. For example, on the COUNTRY LIFE estate, Goodings, in Berkshire, they are reported as attacking ricks and making homes in the thatched roofs of cottages! It is no matter for surprise that farmer, game-keeper and gardener alike view *Sciurus carolinensis* as the supreme example of the folly of introducing a species from abroad.

It is little good telling them that there have been worse cases (for instance the rabbit in Australia) and that in course of time the grey squirrel will settle down into its own niche in our fauna. Their anxiety with the present, and this damaging nuisance, that likes fruit, grain and everything that is good to eat, causes them sore concern. Severe action is taken; squirrel clubs by the hundred are formed to cope with the invader; pest officers work hard; but still it flourishes; and the considered opinion of a naturalist is that time alone will bring about the desired result.



ANOTHER HALF-GROWN GREY SQUIRREL. FROM THE LOOK IN ITS EYE THERE SEEMS NO MISTAKING THAT IT IS ON MISCHIEF BENT



JEMIMA, A TAME RED SQUIRREL—DISTURBED IN THE ACT OF SAMPLING A TASTY 'TIT-BIT' WHICH SHE APPEARS TO BE ENJOYING THOROUGHLY





# COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS

## LANDSCAPES AT SANDRINGHAM

**I** AM desired by Her Majesty Queen Mary to ask your help. Two large landscapes hang at Sandringham, photographs of which I enclose. There is no record to say what places they depict; such widely separated places as North Europe and Canada have been suggested. Queen Mary wonders if, perhaps, there might be someone among your readers who could identify either the harbour or the mountain range.—CONSTANCE MILNES GARELL, Sandringham, Norfolk.

It has not proved possible to identify the scenes from the photographs. They appear to be Scottish, one perhaps Glasgow, the other possibly the entrance to Glencoe, or the Cairngorm-Lochnagar district. Similarly it is difficult to deduce the painter from the photographs; A. Callender (c. 1790 - c. 1850) is a possibility. But it may well be that some readers will be able to make less tentative suggestions.

## FLINTLOCK PISTOLS

Could you refer me to a book on the history of firearms? I have two flintlock pistols and want to know more about them. The brass cannon pistol has these stampings on the barrel similar to other hall-marks, but arranged one above the other:



which makes me think it might be early Victorian. The maker's name is Henshaw, London. The other pistol is silver-mounted, by Louis Thomas, and has a blood steel barrel with some gilded markings and design on the barrel. The mechanism is similar in both types. Could you give me briefly some idea of how to judge the dates of pistols by type of mechanism or design? I read recently in COUNTRY LIFE that silver wire work on the butt is of the time of George I. When did

the flintlock die out and the cap type come in? I should be most grateful for some assistance on this subject.—H. EADES, Quarry Cottage, Shalford Road, Guildford, Surrey.

The Rev. Alexander John Forsyth took out the first patent for a percussion system in 1809. E. Baker evolved a combination percussion and flintlock in 1821, and Samson Davis took out a patent for a lock of this description in 1822. Joseph Manton invented the "tube" lock, a percussion system, in 1818; the copper cap type was seemingly evolved in America about 1816, and appeared in this country four years later. The marks stamped on the brass barrel of the first pistol are proof marks. It is probably mid-eighteenth century, but it is impossible to date either pistol accurately without seeing them. Silver wire inlay on pistol stocks



AT SANDRINGHAM. A MOUNTAIN SCENE FOR IDENTIFICATION

See Question: Landscapes at Sandringham

was quite common until the close of the eighteenth century. A good picture-book of pistols and other firearms is Herbert J. Jackson's *European Hand Firearms*, but this should be supplemented by sale catalogues.

## A GEORGIAN COIN

A silver coin equal in size to a half-crown (on one side head of George IV crowned with laurel leaves, and the inscription round the edge GEORGIVS IIII D: C: BRITANNIAR: REX F: D: Reverse, royal coat of arms with a thistle on the left side, shamrock on right, and a rose underneath: on either side of this the words ANNO 1821. A filed to the rim a small ring. The coin has milled edges. What is it?—ENQUIRER, London, W.I.

The coin described is a half-crown of the first coinage (1821-22) of George IV. The reverse was altered and for the worse in the coinage of 1823-25. The portrait bust of the King by Benedetto Pistrucci is the last in which the laurel wreath appears; it was omitted from Wyon's head based on Chantrey's bust, which was used on the coinage of 1825-30, with, however, the exception of the Maundy money.

## A PAINTING BY HERRING

I recently bought at an auction, for an inconsiderable sum, a small oil-painting on panel of a huntsman in a red coat, on a well-bred grey horse, taking a water-jump on bog or fenland. It has remarkable quality in colouring and action, and is signed at the back "Herring." I believe he is a well-known horse-painter of the early nineteenth century, is he not? Could you tell me something about him, and if his work is of value?—N. CAMPBELL, Clondalkin, Co. Dublin.

There were no fewer than five Herrings painters: Ben, senior, circa 1808-1830; Ben, junior, circa 1830-1863; John Fred, senior, circa 1798-1865; Charles, circa 1828-1858; John Fred, junior, circa 1825 (?) - 1875. The younger Ben, John, and Charles were sons of John Fred, senior. Without at least seeing a photograph we cannot express an opinion on our correspondent's picture.

J. F. Herring, sen., was the most popular painter, after Landseer, of the Victorian era. Many of his pictures have been sold for very big sums, but he has gone out of popularity lately. Our correspondent may be a study for a big picture.

Herring's signature must always be treated with grave caution, for his sons were not the only ones who freely forged it.



A LANDSCAPE AT SANDRINGHAM FOR IDENTIFICATION

See Question: Landscapes at Sandringham

## A VICTORIAN WATCH-PAPER

I should be glad if you would tell me the significance of five circular labels (one illustrated) which I have discovered fitted into the back of my grandfather's watch. They date from 1842 to 1864.—G. CONWAY FLUMBE, Windy Ways, Grassy Lane, Sevenoaks, Kent.

These watch-papers were common from early in the reign of George III until about 1875. Watches during this period, although made with outer and inner cases, were never entirely dustproof. About 1760 watch-makers began to insert linen or paper discs between inner and outer case, thus preventing dust from entering the mechanism through the keyhole. Twenty years or so later watch-makers and repairers began to print advertisements on the disc, inserting a new one every time the watch came for repairs. The plain reverse was used to enter



THE WATCH-PAPER OF W. H. JOLLY, MANSFIELD, 1864

See Question: A Victorian Watch-Paper

name of watch owner, number of watch, date of receipt and cost of repair. Lettering on early examples was always in formal script. Then came a bold type emphasizing the watch-maker's name, followed by open or ornamental types or engraved letters. Grim capitals belong to Victorian days. The wording on many watch-papers surrounded an engraved picture. Some London printers held stock illustrations which were distributed throughout the country, spaces being left for the insertion of the watch-maker's name and address. One very popular stock design appearing in nearly every town displayed the figure of Father Time. The most interesting watch-papers from the collector's point of view are those bearing personal designs, often of local association. The watch-paper of W. H. Jolly, Mansfield, dated on the reverse side July 29, 1864, is an excellent example. Late watch-papers such as this are rare. The Guildhall Museum houses about 1,200 specimens belonging to the Company of Watchmakers.

## CHINESE OPENWORK PORCELAIN

I am in possession of pieces of china of which I include pictures. Could you tell me if they are of any antique interest or just mere curiosities?

The pieces are all made of a double layer of porcelain, apart a quarter of an inch the one from the other.

The teapots are decorated inside and out in blue and the cups and saucers in blue inside and pink, green and yellow outside.—J. VAN HEURCK, 18 Wapperstraat, Antwerp, Belgium.

The pieces of porcelain are examples of Chinese porcelain with openwork decoration of the type known in China as *lung ling*. The blue-and-white teapot and winepot are shown by their style of painting to date from the reign of the Emperor K'ang Hsi (1662-1722): the pink colour included among the enamel pigments on the cup and saucer show these to be somewhat later, made under Yung Cheng (1723-1735) or early in the reign of his successor Ch'ien Lung (1736-1795). Openwork of this kind originated in the period of the Ming Dynasty. Specimens dating from the eighteenth century are not uncommon.

## A BEDROOM-DOOR BOLT

I enclose a rough sketch of an old brass bolt; they were used on bedroom doors, and were manipulated by the person in bed, with the help of cranks and wires, to unlock the door without rising.

I have heard they were Cromwellian, but doubt their being so old.

I should be much obliged if you could tell me when they were first used.—Sir CHARLES LANGHAM, Tempo Manor, Enniskillen, Northern Ireland.

The brass bolt, manipulated from a distance, has rarely survived and was usually restricted to bedrooms. The method is quite simple. Examples are sometimes found in country houses built or reconstructed in the early eighteenth century. It is not possible to date the bolt and its accessories from a sketch, but the form of the plate is characteristic of the eighteenth century.



OPENWORK PORCELAIN TEAPOT AND WINEPOT (K'ANG HSI), CUP AND SAUCER (YUNG CHENG)

See Question: Chinese Openwork Porcelain

## FISHBONE ORNAMENTS

Many years ago I saw in seaside lodgings a species of bouquet made, apparently, of mother-o'-pearl and pieces of shell stained to realistic colours to represent flowers. It was so different from the Victorian objects one sees (or saw) in junk shops and furnished rooms that I cannot help wondering whether there is any record of this sort of work in the eighteenth century, to which, to judge from the finely moulded mahogany case in which the bouquet stood, the whole thing apparently belonged. Perhaps your readers know of similar work, or can throw some light on the date and material, certainly older than the mass importation of mother-o'-pearl used for Victorian paper-maché.—E. H. Clapham, S.W.

In 1801, as J. T. Smith tells us—and earlier, since the catalogue in the British Museum is dated 1800—a Mrs. Dade held an exhibition of her work at No. 1, Suffolk Street. She says she had worked on her collection for 80 years, and that it "consisted of a great variety of beautiful objects called to nature"; she evidently presided at her exhibition, which was open from 10-6 in the Summer, 10-4 in the Winter, since she told Smith that "the proprietors of the London Freemasons' and Crown and Anchor Taverns, desired their waiters to save all the fish bones for me," and but for their kindness she would never have completed her piece of lilies in the valley, since "each cup consists of the bones which contain the brains of the turbot," and matching the sizes was most difficult. Smith describes the exhibition as "an immense collection of artificial flowers made entirely by herself," and it must have had some attraction, since Smith met not less a person than Elizabeth Carter, translator of Epictetus and friend of Dr. Johnson, at the exhibition.

(Our correspondent's description certainly suggests that the mother-o'-pearl "may" have been painted fishbones, coloured to the life.

## A TABLE CLOCK BY FRANCIS HOBLER

I shall be very grateful if you can tell me the age of my clock (of which I enclose photographs).

Two features, which do not appear in the photographs, and which may help to date it, are the verge escapement, and cutguts on the barrel and fuses. The maker's name is Francis Hobler, London.—JOHN SAPPWELL, Aylsham, Norwich.

This clock is a good quality example in an unusually original condition (original escapement and bob pendulum and wood frets at side of case) of a London-made spring clock of the period of 1770 to 1780. There is a watch by Francis Hobler in the well-known Dennison Collection of Watches.

Collectors' questions should be forwarded to the Editor, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. It is no use sending originals by post; nor can any valuation be made.



LONDON-MADE SPRING CLOCK 1770-1780 BY FRANCIS HOBLER

See Question: A Table Clock by Francis Hobler



1.—MILL STREET, WITH THE MEDIEVAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL ON THE RIGHT

## OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—XVI

## LUDLOW-IV: THE PALMERS' GUILD

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY



2.—AT THE TOP OF MILL STREET: A REGENCY AND GEORGIAN SEQUENCE

*The history of medieval Ludlow is interwoven with that of the curious Palmers' Guild, parents of the Corporation, Grammar School, and other existing institutions.*

THE Borough of Ludlow received its formal charter of incorporation from Edward IV, its feudal lord as heir of the Mortimers, on his ascending the throne in 1461, in recognition of the Burgesses' "laudable and gratuitous services" to the Yorkist cause. From the reference to "Burgesses," it is evident that Ludlow was already constituted a Borough. In fact Henry III's Letters Patent for the walling of the town in 1233 were addressed to the "Men of Ludlow," and the list of Bailiffs preserved goes back to at least 1240. The very need of the town for a wall, and its known importance as a wool centre at that date, connote some previous form of self government which no doubt took the form of a merchant or other Guild.

In the later Middle Ages the principal Ludlow guild had the curious, indeed unique, form of a Guild of Palmers—pilgrims. The fact that the existing Guildhall (Figs. 4 and 6) was previously that of the Palmers, who also founded the Grammar School (Fig. 12) and supported a College of Canons with hospital attached, besides owning much other property, leaves little doubt that this society was the parent institution round which municipal "liberties" accrued.

The Palmers' Guild claimed pre-Conquest origin; Leland was told "the Original thereof was in the tyme of King Edward the Confessor, and it is constantly affirmed there that the Pilgrims that brought the Ringe from beyond Sea as a token from St. John the Evangelist to K. Edward were inhabitants of Ludlowe." The story of the Confessor's Ring has been told in COUNTRY LIFE lately in connection with Havering-atte-Bower (March 17, 1944) where the palmers, it is said, returned the ring to the King. The Guild documents, however, do not go back before Henry III's reign, and it is now clear that Ludlow, as a town, did not exist prior to its foundation by Roger de Lacy about 1080. Nor is there any evidence to show that members of the Guild ever engaged professionally as palmers—technically vagrants from shrine to shrine who bore a palm if they had visited Jerusalem as those to Compostella wore a cockle-shell. But in the early Middle Ages Ludlow, standing on the westernmost north-south highway, did no doubt have a large



3.—MILL STREET, EAST SIDE, WITH THE MUSEUM AND ASSEMBLY ROOMS AT THE TOP

number of palmers passing to and from the south-western counties, N. Wales, Ireland, and so on. St. Winifred's Well, Flint, for example, continued (and continues) to attract pilgrims long after the Reformation, for whom the curious *Uetlai* (cells) were built in Pentreobin near Mold as late as Elizabeth's reign (COUNTRY LIFE, October 15, 1943). The inference probably is that a charitable guild for the care of these religious vagrants was formed at Ludlow soon after its foundation and, early acquiring property, became the nucleus of municipal organisation; and that, when the Borough took shape, Henry III's cult of the Confessor led to the Guild adopting the Ring legend as its own genesis. By 1329, when a new charter was granted to the Guild by Edward III in connection with the founding of the College of Chantry priests to serve St. Lawrence's church, the society had become primarily a mutual benefit association, though the gradual rebuilding of the great church, and certainly the provision of the stalls for the canons, was due no doubt in great measure to the Palmers.

The College, still identifiable on the west side of St. Lawrence's churchyard, consisted in Henry VIII's reign of a warden, seven priests, four singing men, two deacons, and six choristers to serve the church; its revenues maintained also a schoolmaster, the school being then probably held in the Reader's House on the east side of the churchyard, and an almshouse. In addition, there was the original hall of the Guild in Mill Street. The latter became exclusively the town Corporation's property at the Reformation, but it seems likely that for some time previously the Palmers' Guild had in practice been synonymous with the Corporation. What now happened, as at Burford, Oxfordshire, was that the Guild came under the clause excepting from complete dissolution those societies

performing genuine charitable and administrative functions and, in return for abolishing all "superstitious uses," agreed to surrendering its properties to the Crown on the understanding that they would be vested in the corporation of the town (i.e. largely the same body of persons under another name)

for the charitable, etc., purposes previously served. The College was duly converted to other purposes, but the Guild's other subsidiaries survived—the Grammar School, and Barnaby House. These three structures traditionally connected with the Palmers, are the oldest domestic buildings in Ludlow.



4.—THE GUILDHALL, WITH ITS COACH-HOUSE. West side of Mill Street



5.—ENTRANCE TO THE GUILDHALL,  
1768

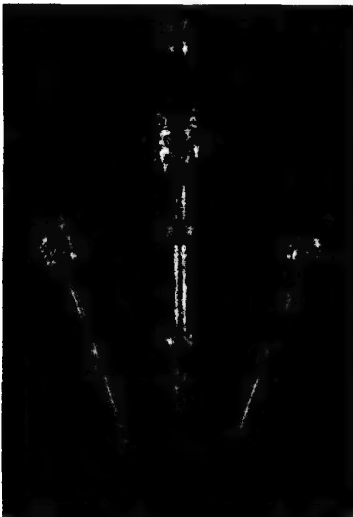
The Guildhall, half-way up Mill Street (Fig. 4), is outwardly a red-brick Georgian front, with an attractive "gothick" doorway (Fig. 5) and a quaint old coach-house surmounted by a clock and belfry beside it, dating from 1768 when the hall was refaced. Within (Fig. 6), the hall was wainscoted at about the same date and the structural uprights encased as classical columns. But the mediæval roof with cusped braces, which remains to show that the skeleton of the Palmers' Hall was retained, dates probably from about 1400. The Corporation possesses notable insignia, some of it made from bowls and spoons recorded in 1564. Of the bowls (Fig. 8) the smaller date from 1651, but were



6.—THE GUILDHALL, ORIGINALLY THE HALL OF THE PALMERS' GUILD. The  
15th-century timber structure encased 1768

re-embellished for presenting to James II in 1687 on his raising Ludlow to a Mayoral Corporation. The larger, 3 ft. 4½ ins. high, London hall mark 1692-93, maker's mark R.C., was presented in that year by John Salwey, alderman, of Moor Park, Ludlow. Of the tankards (Fig. 7), the smaller are dated 1677 and 1680, the latter given by Somerset Fox (d. 1689), concerned as a young man in a plot against Cromwell. The larger, hall-marked 1718-19, and a pair of salvers, were made by Humphrey Payne out of the remaining mediæval plate. Two oval tobacco boxes (Fig. 9), notable for the fine mantling of the town's arms, were given 1721 by William Cowley of London on admission as a Burgess.

The Grammar School lies at the foot of Mill Street (Fig. 1), just within the town wall. The original portion consists of a long hall with later dormer windows, an original pointed doorway and three pairs of lancet windows with cusped ogival heads. In 1552 the new charter of foundation stated that the School had been maintained by the Guild, since at least 1349, but it was not moved to the present building till 1533. This had formerly been known as "The Great House," and had presumably been the mansion of a wealthy merchant or feudal retainer of the Mortimers. The structure bears out its antiquity. The doors and lancets could be late fourteenth century. The extraordinary



7.—TANKARDS AT THE GUILDHALL. The smaller (7 ins. high) dated 1677 and 1680; the larger (11 ins. high) 1718-19

(Left) 8.—LUDLOW  
CORPORATION  
MACES

The larger (3 ft. 4½ ins.)  
1692-3; the two smaller  
temp. James II

★

(Right) 9.—TOBACCO  
BOXES

Oval, 5 ins. by 3½ ins.  
by 1½ ins.; 1721



roof construction (Fig. 12), of no known type, has two tie-beams one above the other supporting a collar beam by a series of uprights. The further portion of the room seems originally to have had an upper floor, subsequently extended over the whole length and used as a dormitory to light which the dormer windows were inserted. This floor has been latterly removed. The curious construction is probably accounted for by the walls having been heightened and roof raised, probably to accommodate the dormitory when the school took over. This supposition seems borne out by the present height of the eaves above the original windows. If this is the case, the lower tie-beams are original and were retained, the



10.—BARNABY HOUSE. FRESCO DECORATION c. 1525

upper ones inserted above to rest on the top of the heightened walls, and the roof reconstructed above that.

The school now has excellent modern buildings, and among its scholars have been Thomas Andrew Knight, the pomologist; Richard Payne Knight, the dilettante; Sir Caesar Hawkins, the surgeon; Stanley Weyman, and Adrian Jones.

Set at right angles to the School in Silk Lane, but now included among its buildings (and partly used as a gymnasium) is Barnaby House. It is a stone-walled hall with a notable roof (Fig. 11). This has cusped windbraces and similar construction, though stouter, to that of the Guildhall. The hall is traditionally said to have been an hostel for pilgrims maintained by the Palmers' Guild. But from before 1461 till 1577 "Barnaby Place" was the property of the Barnaby family, of whom Thomas, killed at Towton, was Treasurer to Edward Duke of York, later Edward IV. Whether or no it replaced a palmers' hostel, it evidently was built as a private residence about 1400. In a first-floor room adjoining



11.—BARNABY HOUSE. ROOF, c. 1400

the hall are preserved fragments of a fresco, in black and white, of a repeating pattern akin to decoration at Nonsuch (Fig. 10). Possibly it is by a craftsman brought to decorate the apartments added to the Castle in 1525.

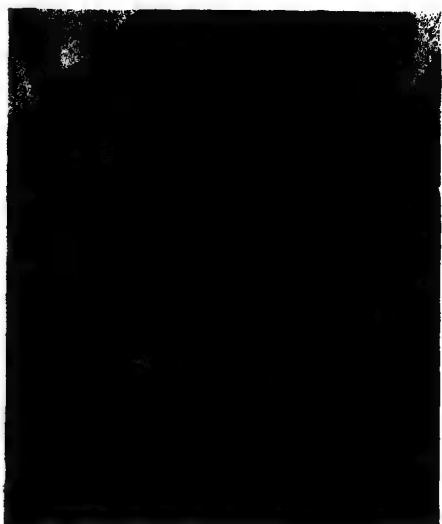
There were other guilds in Ludlow: the Fletchers', or arrow-makers, added the north transept to St. Lawrence's church; and that of the Hammermen, or smiths, existing before 1470 and incorporated in 1511, remained in existence as a social club for builders, leather, and metal workers till after 1850. The Hammermen's papers, etc., are preserved in the Ludlow Museum, a Regency building adjoining the Assembly Rooms at the head of Mill Street (Figs. 2 and 3). Another relic of Ludlow's mediaeval life survived till within living memory in an unusual sport: a tug-of-war on a communal scale. At 4 o'clock on

Shrove Tuesday a rope, 3 inches in circumference, 30 yards long, and with a large wooden ball attached to each end, was paid out of a window of the Market Hall. Two teams, recruited respectively from Castle Street and Broad Street Wards, and those of Old Street and Corve Street, tried to drag the other across the town, the Broad Street men aiming to dip their ball in the Teme, and the Corve Street men theirs in the Corve. The sport may well have been connected with the local rope-making industry, which gave its name to Linney Gate, a postern in the north wall leading to the river meadows and ropewalks.

Mill Street closely rivals Broad Street as an "architectural sequence," and what was said of the latter equally applies. Indeed the houses in Fig. 3

show even better how Georgian builders contrived to obtain continuity between façades on a slope by carrying through some of the levels. For example, the eaves line of the two houses on the right is carried through by the sills of the second-floor window of the house beyond; and although that line breaks there, the line of the first-floor sills is carried on thereafter. Incidentally the brick house second from the right, dated 1727, was the home of Mr. Henry Weyman, an authority on Ludlow history and brother of Stanley Weyman who was born and brought up in the town. An historical novelist could not have had a more inspiring home than Ludlow, itself a chronicle, intact and continuous, of nine centuries of English history.

*The previous articles on Ludlow appeared on December 31 and 28, 1945, and February 8, 1946.*

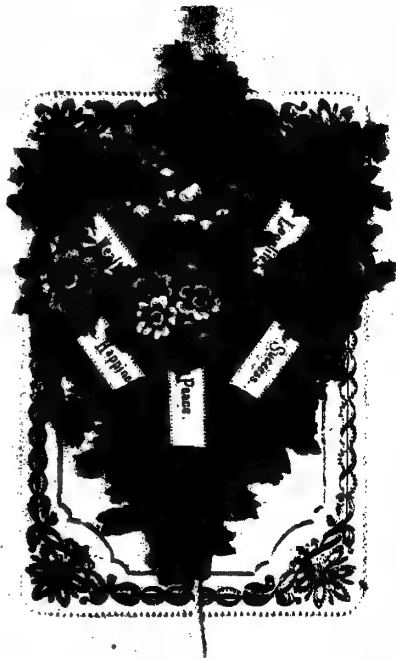


12.—THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL. C. 1400(?) ; reconstructed, c. 1600(?)

# THE IMPROVING STORY OF THE VALENTINE

By LAURENCE WHISTLER

NOTHING, one is prompted to say, could well be more innocent than a Valentine, yet its origin is a little indelicate. Like the candles of Candlemas, recently gone by, it comes to us by direct descent from the Lupercalia of pagan Rome, that long February festival whose obstinate refusal to die so exercised the ingenuity of the early Fathers. It was about the middle of the month that the names of willing young ladies were put in a box, and well shaken up, so that each young man could draw out one at random. After a few centuries of denunciation, the Church perceived that she must change her tactics. Bad customs, rooted in the staccato twilight, could be altered, made harmless and even in the end helpful to her, but they could not be executed



**A POSY OF GOOD WISHES.** An elaborately coloured and cut card. A ribbon at the top, when pulled, raises the flowers and reveals the words attached to them. About 1870  
(Left) **SPRAYS OF ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS FRAMED IN TIERS OF SILVER EMBOSSED PAPER LACE.** About 1875

by edict. Accordingly, even as she instituted Candlemas, to outshine the torches with her long processions of candlelight, so did she set herself to correct this even more unsavoury feature of the Lupercalian orgy. Evidently, a lottery there must be. Then let dead saints replace the living courtesans in the box. They did. And obscure St. Valentine, whose feast it was, lent to the day—or alternatively acquired from it—his reputation for unusual warmth of heart.

And yet, as it turned out, there was more willingness to exchange torches for candles than to accept the other substitute. Moreover, as we know, the peculiar privileges of the season extended right across Europe to our own rude ancestors, and they, too, were regrettably conservative. Nature herself seemed to bolster their conservatism—for did not the very birds choose their mates on St. Valentine's Day? Nevertheless, the Church got her way in the end, as she is apt to do. For though centuries passed, and still the lottery for girls continued, now under the respectable patronage of a saint, the full implications were presently forgotten, and what began as a debauch evolved into a game. "It is a ceremony never omitted among the Vulgar," wrote antiquary Bourne in 1725, "to draw lots which they term Valentines. The names of a select number of one sex are by an equal number of the other put into some vessel; and after that, every one draws a name, which for the present is called their Valentine, and is also look'd upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards."

There had been nothing ominous about the original custom, in that sense at any rate. But times had changed. There was now, too, more than one method of selecting a Valentine, though on inspection, all methods are seen to involve the old principle of chance. According to one tradition, it was the first man seen by a woman that morning who became her Valentine willy-nilly, and he here, and each then could look for none other. This thought was amusing Pepys on February 14, 1681, when he left home early to make sure of his Valentine. "Up early and to Sir W. Batten's, but could not go in till I asked whether they that opened the door was a man or a woman. But Mingo (the manservant) in a feigned

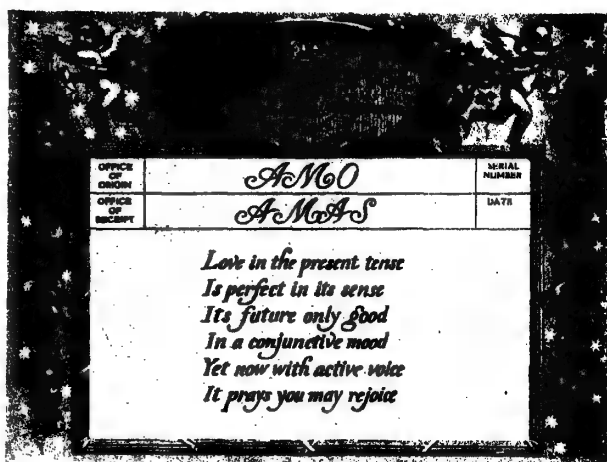
(Left) **THE LOVER'S OWN BOOK.** A Victorian guide for gentlemen who would write their own Valentine, including also "appropriate answers"



voice, answered a woman, which with his tone made me laugh; so up I went, and took Mrs. Martha for my Valentine (which I do only for complacency), and then Sir W. Batten he got in the same manner to my wife, and so we were very merry."

Next year his wife was more seriously exercised by the thought: "This morning comes in W. Bowyer, who was my wife's Valentine, she having (at which I made good sport with myself) held her hands all the morning that she might not see the paymasters that were at work gilding my chimney-pieces." It was well for a woman to save herself for a good Valentine, since a handsome present would follow. Sir William Batten, on the previous occasion, subsequently sent Mrs. Pepps "half a dozen pairs of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters." These were the usual gifts—or jewellery. "The Duke of York, being Mrs. Stewart's Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800."

In the end, the element of chance disappeared altogether, and fancy or affection alone dictated the choice. But it was the advent of the twopenny post that gave us the Valentine as we know it to-day, or rather as our grandparents knew it. It became the more normal practice to claim a Valentine by letter, rather than in person, and this, while eliminating the traditional present, gave limitless scope for wit and sentiment and secrecy, for the entwining of initials, for the authorship cryptically hinted, for the rhymes and serious hints. By 1825, the London Post Office was handling two hundred thousand more letters on St. Valentine's Day than on any other, and each year the number increased. We read already in *Eliot* of the "bestuck and bleeding heart," and of "the finest gilt paper" glittering with rhymes and mottoes and advice, "sent in the chippy water, thick piled on Pyranus and other allegorical pale moments. But that was still in the Spring of the Valentine; its Summer arrived with William IV and remained with the young Queen Victoria. Then, beneath the sun of humid sentiment that nourished the Keatses and the *Album*, its edges crumbled into pinkish earth on lace, its leaves became plural, studded with buds, baskets, ribbons and cupids, its petals turned gold and white, opening in trellis-work, one beneath another, to reveal at last the trembling delicacy of a rhyme. And it acquired perfume. Even so did this rutilant, anaglyphic and nostalgic filament of sentiment hang over a veil of *forget-me-nots* over its deplorable past. How long a journey from the Lupercalian ballot-box!



On a form designed for the General Post Office a few years before the war

Valentines were sent in increasing numbers deep into the reign of Queen Victoria, but with the Christmas card they suffered the general degradation of popular art into witless and mechanical vulgarity; and thus we find too many of them in the stationer's window to-day. Yet, although in our age no Valentine of even half the old elaboration could be sold in the shops at a price that would attract many buyers, perhaps the old elaboration is out of fashion. Might not artist and poet combine to evolve a few shillings' worth of grace and wit in contemporary terms? Opportunity awaits the imaginative publisher, and the market, we know, is not deserted. For already, and for the second time, the General Post Office has hit upon the right stimulant for an ailing tradition. A few years before the war it commissioned the writer's brother, Rex Whistler, to design the first "Greetings Telegram," and copies of his

gay-coloured form, larger than usual and printed on good paper, were issued to every post office, whence they were despatched to the fair in golden envelopes. A Valentine sent on his form is reproduced on this page—though not quite as it reached the recipient, in the handwriting of the local postmistress, for that copy is not available. Each year until the war a new artist provided the design, and the immediate success of the venture was sustained. But now there is one thing more we would ask of these enterprising authorities, before they revive the Greetings Telegram. The verse reproduced here, did, in fact, arrive at its destination in good shape. Not so every Valentine verse. Some of them came out very lame in the form of prose! It seems that what the telegraph office require is a little instruction in prosody. What better than a directive from the Postmaster-General himself?

## GEHAZI'S TALE OF A FLY - By E. MOORE DARLING

THERE was a breeze, even in the sheltered Benat valley on the Montgomery border, so that by the time I had climbed the thousand feet up to Llyn Wenlas, it was really blowing. Gehazi was already there with the boat. "A woolly have you under your mac?" he asked, "for cold will it be or the pool?"

I had, and it was plain that Gehazi had followed his own advice. But by the length revealed that he was wearing no fewer than three pullovers. I knew that underneath them was a leather waistcoat, for no matter how hot it was I never knew him to discard that. "Grand fishing weather is it," said he as he drew the line through the rings of my rod, "and on a day of your life we have had. But you can be Alexandra, and before you begin I will spit well on it." I may say that this reprehensible habit of his was not to bring luck but to make the fly go down—a good thing if it is an Alexandra.

I did as I was ordered, using a small hackled Greenwell as bob fly, so that Gehazi began happily. He bated now and then, by which he means any but the half-drawn or which he is convinced are all one needs. Above all he loathes nymphs, even though he has seen them succeed. So, as he rowed me up to begin our first drift, he said unctuously, "A south-west wind, proper Alexandra from London with a little Greenwell to back it—what more could you want, Sir?" I agreed.

"Know you how the Greenwell got its name?" he asked. I knew him much too well to make the tactical blunder of saying that I did, so he went on, "At Rhiwlas there is a well

among the evergreens, and at Rhiwlas lives Morgan Evans, the finest fly-dresser in Wales. Sitting by the well was he one day, thinking as usual of the flies he would dress when, see you, a fly was on the water of the well, and another and another. Not blue or olive or steel or iron duns were they, but somehow like them all and very dainty. Morgan catches one, looks at it, and hurries home to dress it.

"The wings got he from the quill feather of a starling, with dun hackle for a tail, while the body was of fur from a hare's ear, dubbed over very fine silk. Yet, when he tried it in the water, which was his way, not so it was. Then did he wind twice of this gold wire round the body, and so it was. That fly got him great glory, so because of that and the green well at Rhiwlas he called the fly Greenwell's Glory."

Shade of old Parson Greenwell forgive me, I was so staggered that I let him get away with it and never said a word.

By this time we had got to the top of our drift, so Gehazi shipped his oars, lit his pipe, and left me to it with his usual admonition, "Keep the fly moving, Sir" which, when the tail fly is an Alexandra, is not bad advice. Quickly we had three slashing rises, giving us two handsome pounders. The one we lost was, so Gehazi swore, at least two pounds, but, of course, they always are. Then things slowed down a bit, though several fish were moving off the rushes which block up one end of Wenlas. It was towards these rushes that the wind blew, so I got the gillie to work me along them across wind, which, with his usual cleverness, he did.

This is the sort of loch fishing I like—a longish line, and the fly quietly pitched into each little bay and avenue in the rushes. Twice a good fish moved but came badly short.

Just then there was a real hatch of March Browns, so I changed the Alexandra for Parson Bather's dressing of the best fly of them all. With the third or fourth cast we were into a real fish which came straight for the boat, and had to be headed off by side strain as I quickly got in line. He was firmly hooked, and it was only a matter of time and ordinary care until he was safely in the boat—a picture of a two-pounder.

Soon the rise was over, so Gehazi put us ashore for lunch, where the shade under the trees and a pinch of mossy turf made an irresistible appeal. Gehazi put away a pint of cider, and some of my sandwiches as well as his own formidable parcel of bread and cheese. Then we smoked and looked across the water where an occasional plump marked the fish that seems to feed all the time but never to rise to an artificial fly.

Just as I was thinking of getting to work Gehazi said, "Remember you my fine story of the Greenwell and Morgan Evans? I have another one of him and the Zulu." "No you don't," I said firmly. "I'll tell you this time. The Zulu was on sale in Alwicks, London, Manchester, Birmingham, and probably Stirling before Morgan Evans was born, and it takes its name from the fact that its scarlet brush is a bit like a Zulu's head-dress."

Gehazi looked at me reproachfully. "They are moving, Sir," he said.



# WHAT I LIKE ABOUT COWS

By

J. B. THORBURN

I MUST admit first of all some cupboard love. Cows are profitable animals for a farmer to keep. In addition to producing a calf which kept for three years will grow into an animal as valuable as herself a good dairy cow will yield in a year a thousand gallons of milk worth in round figures £100. To this extent at least my affection has a mercenary tinge but there are many other reasons for my liking of cows.

Their independence amounting almost to aloofness, gives them a dignity possessed by no other farm animal. Perhaps this is partly due to their ruminant habit. Most animals spend a long time in eating if they have the opportunity. Watch a horse intently cropping grass all day. The cow however having quickly packed away a good meal in her primary stomach sets out to chew cud. She falls naturally into a reflective mood like an old man contentedly puffing away at his pipe as he sits by the kitchen fire.

I think that this habit makes cows extremely intelligent. Already knowledgeable they are always eager to learn. I used to think that cattle were merely idly curious when they wandered about inspecting every strange object even those obviously inedible. Since working with them I have formed the opinion that this curiosity is akin to that possessed by university researchers. It is a keen desire to know and to learn. How quickly a cow learns depends on acute upon its mental gifts. This varies among cattle in exactly the same way as among human beings.

No cow is really as stupid as the man sometimes seem to be. A short tempered cowman. It must be admitted however that for cows cows are stupid. On the other hand others are extremely clever. All acquire some wisdom with age as they have retentive memories and a lesson learnt in calfhood is rarely forgotten.

One of the most intelligent cows I ever owned was Brenda. She was born on my farm before I took it over and she could not regard me as anything but an ignorant interloper. She never reconciled herself completely to being milked by me. Her worst habit and one which ultimately compelled me to sell her was her contempt for my ideas of managing the grazing. She was very clever at opening field gates by lifting them with her horns, she found the gate impossible to open she would always find a place at which she could climb over the hedge. This she did whenever she felt that the time for removal to fresh pasture was overdue. Never once did she try to leave the little farm. She would walk about from field to field with complete disregard of the wishes of her owner. The other cows acknowledging her leadership followed her.

It was not until a heifer of my own rearing came into the dairy that I found a cow not only clever but co-operative. Little Bluebell calved young and always remained small. She had not only brains but great strength of character. At first a little wary of the bigger cows she soon found that sheer weight and muscle counted for little against her own determination. Perhaps because of the attention I had given her when she was young and helpless she formed a conclusion that collaboration paid.

None of us knows how our own human words are understood by an animal, but I feel certain that if it so wishes it can read the human mind. When I opened a field gate Bluebell would know instantly if it meant fresh keep for her and she would trot bravely towards me. The others would follow.

Unlike Brenda, Bluebell had no scruples



THE AUTHOR WITH JANE, ONE OF HIS HERD

about trespassing on neighbour's fields if it seemed desirable. She would never do this wantonly nor if I were present to show the disapproval which her conscience prompted her to expect. In fact I might never have known of these tendencies had I not noticed and wondered at a sudden jump in the quantity of milk I was dispatching. It was deep winter. The cows were all fed indoors, spent the night in a sheltered field. Bluebell always led them down to the field gate in the evening. In the dark morning when I went out with a lantern she was always there with the others forming a more or less neat queue behind her.

As I watched them suspiciously one evening in the dusk it seemed to me that Bluebell was crossing the field with rather indecent haste considering that she had just finished an ample meal and that there was no possibility of her finding anything worth eating in the field. She had however found something well worth eating outside. I discovered that she was leading all the cows every night through a gap in the hedge to a neighbour's turnip field. Each morning she had shepherded them back to stand with an innocent expression

at the field gate waiting for me to call them to breakfast.

The faces of cows are extremely expressive. They can run through the whole gamut of feeling except laughter. They can certainly cry. I remember an old cow which reared a big bull calf for me. I sold her to a farm some miles away and she was tied up in a loose box there for two days before being let out. Immediately she was free she broke bounds and found her way back home. I shall never forget her face as she strained her neck over our front gate calling to her adopted son with great tears rolling down her cheeks.

Of all the lovable qualities of cows this maternal side touches me most. Few sights are more beautiful or more moving than that of a cow with its newly born calf. If there be any moral fault in man's exploitation of animals it must surely be aggravated by the removal of a calf from a cow. An act I consider to be more cruel than death for the mother. As a human being we are little more profane than human beings and the birth of their young comes after a long period of gestation. One has only to watch a cow calve in natural conditions out in a field to understand that she knows what is happening. Something more than blind instinct is displayed.

It is hard to believe that cows do not regard their offspring in very much the same way as human mothers. Not only do they seem to have the same sense of joy and pride but they also have a general interest—because they are mothers—in all other calves. One cow will not of course readily bestow her motherly love on another's progeny, should she perform adopt an orphan however she will like a human being develop for the foster calf an affection almost as deep as that she felt for her own.

The mercenary note on which I began is too often struck by owners of dairy cattle. They are encouraged by hosts of agricultural experts who are absorbed in the economic side of farming. I believe however that my views about cows are shared by many whose daily task it is to tend them.

## SHOOTS TO FINISH THE SEASON

By J. B. DROUGHT

SHOOTS at which the coverts are gone through for the last time and one winds up with a mixed drive and two are often pleasant as any others in the year. Coverts packed with pheasants may offer the acme of enjoyment to those in constant practice but to humbler folk the big day, when birds and cartridges are counted by the hundred are not so attractive as the back end outings. For one thing, the moderate shot at the really big show a more often than not supremely conscious of his shortcomings, especially if he is sensitive to criticism imagined or implied. In any case his mind's eye refuses more than a rather hazy impression of a mass of birds some carrying on some falling but none particularly flattering his vanity.

When the season has only a little time to run things are very different. Many a man did he honestly confess himself would say I think that he has got more real enjoyment out of a shoot when with birds passing scarce and more than passing difficult he can recollect the result of almost every cartridge fired. Besides a mixed shoot provides by virtue of the variety of stuff you may encounter features of interest which are lacking in the set piece. In the most favourable circumstances birds will be wild the direction they will take is a pure toss up however carefully one may adapt one's driving strategy to wind and weather. When to the unavailability of game proper is added that of

duck and snipe and various no wonder we scratch our heads and try one unorthodox method after another.

Casting one's mind countless end of season shoots, I call to mind comparatively few at which bags have not fallen short of what they should have been. More often than not there have been plenty of stuff for the most part tantalizingly out of shot yet post mortem on these days have not revealed any striking error of omission or commission. On a back and day one must drive where and when one can though usually it is more profitable to walk up small reed belts and unconsidered trifles of whin patches on a marsh in which inquisitive spaniels do better work than human beaters.

Imprinted in the memory are three vignettes of pre war days. A hanging wood in which four guns were posted on a central ride and four others in the valley towards which a lot of pheasants hiding in the scrub and bracken having been startled by the first few shots were logging it for safety's sake. The keeper to whom he praise knew a trick worth two of that. He halted the line detached half the beaters and three spaniels to fetch back the grass and scrub. Then the whole line moved crescent wise toward the valley and the outlying pheasants, having already heard firing inside the wood, decided that the opposite direction was the right one. They rose determined to put 500 yards between themselves and the concealed batteries in the

ride. They sailed across the valley guns instead, at a height to test the experts. Their brethren, breaking away from the barrage of the forward line, gave precisely similar shooting to the guns along the central line. It was as pretty a cross-section of high pheasants as I can remember, and if fewer than 30 birds out of perhaps 100 crumpled up, each was a skyscraper.

Now I visualise a marsh with two small central lakes and, on two sides, a group of little coverts which hold wild pheasants and, at odd times, "cock." We walk the open stretch of line, and the object is pushing everything into a sector, half marsh, half stunted copse, which the beaters later bring back over a tree belt behind the lakes. On the left flank is a small wood, to which half a dozen beaters and the dogs are specially despatched. Their orders are to wait until the rest of the line come up. Then begins a general advance in which, with both banks slightly forward, a pretty show of various should top the trees where four of the six guns are in position. One gun is in the middle of the beaters' line and the other along the river bank on the right-hand boundary of the wood.

The pheasants run straight down the marsh; some swing away to get no more than a dusting

in the tail. Others, looking rather like starlings, come straight over. Scarcely has one reloaded, when a couple of duck streak across at thirty-five yards up and are followed by snipe at intervals. The river gun drops a teal out of a bunch that swings away wide, and by that time the beaters are entering the wood. Then we wait expectantly for the finale. A lot of various have pitched in the thick marsh cover on which beaters and dogs converge. The first snipe to rise is the signal for a general exodus; again the beaters are too clever for us. Two guns make a certain amount of mismanagement of a stand of golden plover, but only about three duck and half a dozen snipe are gathered.

Here is one last picture of a covert-side. In the hush, as yet unbroken by the tapping of the beaters' sticks, there is a sound of rustling on the carpet of frosted leaves. It is a wary cock, already on the alert and by no means unconscious of impending trouble. He looks almost black in the shadow as he runs a few yards and stops to listen. Uneasy in his mind, he bustles back again. Next he makes a cast out to the covert's edge, but scenting danger that way he drops into the ditch and once again moves forward. Then, irresolute, he faces me in the

sunshine, in all the glory of his Winter plumage. Although I do not move an eyelid, he sees me, or smells my pipe; in a flash he is under a bramble and legging it for good. Then, seconds after, comes a chorus of "back" in his direction, but there is no answering gun and the old rascal has once more outmanoeuvred us.

Then, from out a sudden flush of birds far back in the wood, a gaudy specimen detaches himself. I can watch him all the way, as he heads straight for the forward line and, with his engine going all out, he rises higher and even higher till he spies the human batteries below. Then, without reducing speed, he changes his mind, rears his compass and swings with a wicked pinion twist right over the flank of the wood. There the waiting gun, with the sun full in his eyes, takes a good minute to realise that his prospective victim is even now dropping into a gentle glide two hundred yards away.

Such are the wiles of the back-and-phantom and as we turn homewards towards the setting sun, there drifts on the air a chorale from the coverts. There is in the sound a note of satisfaction mingled, perhaps, with the expression of joy in deliverance, but does it also express a faint derision? I wonder.

## NIGGLING

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

It is not often that one comes across a word used in relation to golf, as to which one has not the dimmest notion what it means. This has lately happened to me. A friend wrote me a letter, which I put away in a place so safe that I cannot for the moment lay my hand on it, but I can remember accurately enough what he said. He had been to play on a certain course and in the club house had found a notice stating that after a certain date in the Autumn, I think in October, "Nigging" is allowed. That is all; there is a grand simplicity about it. Clearly the members of that club must understand and must be annually in the habit of nigging, when the appropriate season comes, and my friend does not know how it is done and, like Miss Rosa Dartle, he asks for information, which I cannot give him.

The dictionary is of no use. It says that to niggle is to "spend time, be over elaborate over petty details." That rather suggests the kindred sound "waggle" and I have a very good description of the preliminary addresses to the ball of many of us—I am personally and acutely conscious of a nigging waggle; but that does not really help, nor does the definition of nigging as "trifling, petty, lacking in breadth, largeness or boldness." In my dear first edition of the Badminton volume on Athletics (I have to hold its pages tenderly together as I scan them), there is a picture of a walker described as having "a short, nigging stride," but that again gets me no "further." I must resort to guessing.

To me the word in this mysterious connection seems to have an onomatopoeic sound. It suggests certain furtive and surreptitious movements of the club, whereby the player gradually insinuates his ball into a better lie, when he thinks that nobody is looking. I knew one beloved golfer, long dead, than whom no one was more honest, whose regular address to the ball might have been held to constitute nigging, since after various passes of the club to and fro he ended by two or three rhythmical taps immediately behind the ball. There comes back to me too the image of one with whom I used to play at school. He interpreted the rule as to brushing the line of the putt lightly with the back of the hand to include resounding thumps. But that was altogether too overt and vigorous a performance to come under the head of nigging.

Nevertheless I fancy a niggle must be one who by slight and imperceptible degrees gives himself a better lie than Nature has done. If so then the cryptic notice must refer to a form of "Winter Rules," and possibly it permits some improvement short of actually teeing the ball, such as the movement of it by a series of gentle prods or pushes, within perhaps a certain radius. There was once a famous professional as to whom a simple-minded person asked what

he was doing that he took so long in playing his shot from behind the shelter of a hill. The answer was that whatever he might be doing, the enquirer could be sure that he was "not wasting his time." Possibly that eminent player was indulging in a little nigging, and that that be the meaning of the word than I am all for it being legalised on muddy courses in Winter. My own shots, on the rare occasions that I play any, grow more and more nigging, and perhaps I could give myself better lies—However, all these remarks may be founded on entirely false premises, and, if so, I hope some kind correspondent will tell me. I should be grateful for any light on this question.

I may add that of course I consulted a golfing glossary, but with little hope of success and no result. It did, however, mildly amuse me to go through the list of technical terms and see how many of them had become, with the passage of time, obsolete, or, as the Vocabulary of Ordinance Stores used to say, obsolescent. The particular glossary was at the end of the little red book called *Golfing*, published by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers in 1887, which I am

happy to possess. A few words to be found there may be said to have wholly vanished, and a few more seem to some extent to have changed their meaning in nearly sixty years, but on the whole the language has not greatly altered.

In one case the original word is almost extinct while its derivatives remain. We still talk about a baffle, then defined as "a wooden club to play lofting shots," but the verb to baffle, "to strike the ground with the sole of the club," is to-day rarely heard. It is a good word suggesting its meaning by its sound, and oddly enough that fine, onomatopoeic verb "to schaff," which is often used to-day, is not in the glossary. A little farther on comes another verb which, as I suggest, has changed its meaning. "Draw" is defined as "to drive widely to the left hand," and is said to be "synonymous with hook and screw." Nobody to-day talks about screwing a drive or, at least, I have never heard him; neither for that matter do I remember having heard it in 1887, when I was a golfer of some three years' standing. "Draw" signifies for me—an artis-



LEAVING THE WOOD: EVENING AT MAR. From the water-colour by Frank Wallace, who is holding an exhibition of his drawings of deerstalking, shooting and fishing subjects at the Bury Gallery, 30, Bury Street, S.W.1.

tic, controlled and deliberate hitting of the ball with a curl to the left, whereas "hook" signifies an involuntary error. Incidentally the gloomy does not give "pull" in this connection at all.

"Fog," meaning "moss, rank grass," is, I should say, obsolete, though I seem to remember some stuff at Westward Ho! that used to be called "fog." I am afraid the dull and comprehensive word "rough" has now swallowed up all minor distinctions in unpleasantness on the next page. "Grassed" is seldom if ever heard. It was "said of a club whose face is slightly spooned or sloped backwards," and before the days of the brassy the grassed club was used through the green, but it has an archaic sound now. So, I fear, has "half-one, a handicap of a stroke deducted every second hole." We call it simply "a half" and, conservatism

apart, I do not think that much harm is done.

On sentimental grounds I do rather regret "long odds, when a player has to play a stroke more than his adversary, who is much further on—that is nearer the hole"; but apart from its remote but pleasant it has not a great deal to recommend it. Perhaps because I play the longer and longer odds I feel I can do without it. Thence I jump to the letter S, which is rich in the obsolete. "Steal" is at least obsolescent, and that is thoroughly to be regretted. It is defined as "To hold an unlikely putt from a distance but make it a gobble." It implies the kind of putt as to which the adversary is at first quite happy, thinking that the ball will stop far short, but it comes on and on and breaks his heart at last. I always connect it with one great golfer in particular, Mr. Laidlay, whose

long putts had a horribly insinuating way with them. Then there is "scruff," which I have never heard of, "slightly raising the grass in striding," and finally there is "swipe," which still exists, of course, but entirely bereft of its old dignity. Once upon a time it meant "a full driving stroke" in the best sense of the word and as played by the best players. To-day we should rather apply it to a crude cricketing slog by one having more of strength than skill or polish. Poor "swipe" has sadly come down in the world. Finally, there is one word that must be dropped. Once upon a time it was in the world, namely "set, a full complement of clubs." Then "constituted of eight, which are duly named in order, and heaven only knows of how many it consists now! The modern golfer would regard eight as but a niggling number.

## PERTELOTE AND THE POULTRY-KEEPER



"I said, 'Mind you pee-ky him!' she repeated tartly to the not-very-bright assistant at the Food Office, and went on automatically blue-pencilling the ration book of the luckless citizen ahead of me.

In the queue. I watched the assistant as, with rubber stamp poised uncertainly in her hand, she turned the pages of the ration book. A note was issued to me on my release from the Army. Choosing a moment when I thought no one would overhear I said: "What does pee-ky mean?" "Poultry-keeper," she replied, pointing to the purple "P-K" she had just stamped on the wrong page and was trying to rub out. I smiled apologetically.

The birds which we inherited from our war-time tenants were six matronly whites—Light Sussex to be correct, the light referring, presumably, to colour and not to weight. They were wired in on what had once-upon-a-time been our gooseberry patch, and whose products still stood, brown with age, in bottles on the larder shelf.

I did my best for the next few weeks by the light of Nature and the varied advice of neighbouring P-Ks. I dug for worms among the dead, but still prickly, gooseberry bushes. I minced up lumps of fat and gristle unfit for human consumption, and mixed mashies which sometimes smelt good and at other times not so good. I suspended on bits of string over-shot lettuces and cabbage leaves for the birds to take a run at, a slimming exercise they badly needed. I tempted them with some of the half-rotten pears that littered the garden. William pears, which name had puzzled the young man who first saw a local advertisement: "William Pears for sale," and asked why they were selling him) and they fell, greedily. So did the coat of eggs.

At last one bird died. "Eggband, poor gal," said old Charlie, the gardener, up-ending her. Then another died—cause unknown—so I took her along in a sandbag for post-mortem. The local expert did the job then and there with a carving-knife and said it was liver disease. He made me examine the liver, as if he were the haruspex-in-chief and I an emperor, but it looked so full of ill-omen that I doubt if he should eat chicken's liver again. He then advised me to buy a book on poultry-keeping, which I did. The author chattily banished some doubts, only to raise others, the darkest of which over-shadowed the introduction of new birds to old, for a dreary date when six new pullets were due to arrive was drawing near.

All the book's warnings were, however, in vain for I was out when the pullets did arrive and came back to find the youngest chick, a long stick in his hand, prodding them out of the tree into which they had flown, while the wiser, with hackles up, patrolled the run checking. The next few days showed me the difficulty of

feeding them all together, and the impossibility of getting them all to roost in the one house.

"Never you worry," said Charlie, "they'll drowse." Not they! Night after night the whites spread their wings over the browns and the browns flew up into the thorn tree. I sympathized with their preference for fresh air to the frowst of the hen-house. But it appeared that this was a bad habit. So one night we cooped the whites and tried to lure the browns into the house by placing their food there. Charlie hid among a clump of tall arithoches while I stood behind the house with a broom, ready to pull the door to when he signalled that they were all in. He signalled all right, saying low half the arithoches, and the birds flew up in all directions.

The next night I tried by myself, but trapped only two. So I determined to wire the run off into halves—Whiteland and Brownland—as if for a military exercise. Then, one by one, we caught the browns and shut them up in the house with food and water, leaving the whites to work out their own accommodation problem in the coop, across which I fixed a rat-inimical fence. The most comfort-loving solved it by squatting on half the floor space

### FEBRUARY

*BROWN fields, were grass and palest sky.  
Dry hedgerows where the snows yet lie—  
The earth unremoved by Spring's approaching  
Unconscious of the sun's encroaching  
Sleeps soundly on.*

*Yet brighter days suffice to bring  
The over hopeful birds to sing.  
And softer breezes drifting over  
Make stabled horses dream of clover  
And long for Spring.*

*When ploughmen break the softened ground  
And early crows about are found  
When lapwings gather and wild geese fly  
The silent earth at their first cry  
Stirs in her sleep.*

ELIZABETH STABLE.

while the others were still feeding. Their remarks to her, as they came back from the bowl wiping their beaks, sounded pretty good.

There followed an uneasy truce, and the egg supply almost ceased. The browns, when they were seen, half-covered by leaves in a snug, dry cup in the ground. I took them all, for such a crawl was not to be repeated, and I went, red-handed, to erect the barrier once more and put the browns back into Brownland. But as I did so I talked to my little Pertelote and told her that I knew, as well as she, that she was no common cage-bird and I promised to build her such a nesting-box as had not been seen before. She pretended to be engrossed in imaginary insects on the ground, or in the adjustment of one of her golden feathers. But who knows? A little stately seldom falls in vain on the female ear.

to be followed, soon after, by another, the only one if the lot I liked, for she used to confide her troubles to me as I dug for worms in the run. But both the others were in full moult, strutting up and down, and I thought they were looking utterly repulsive. Now, I thought, was the moment to raise the barrier between the two countries. The white minority assumed a markedly apologetic air and I smiled as I crept out in the dark and shut them all in for the night as I thought. We live and learn. Next morning I found the run full of browns but the house still shut up; and when I lifted the trap-door the two whites rolled out, lering triumphantly. They fully appreciated the situation, as I had not the night before when I neglected to consider hide-and-seek as one of the courses open to Brownland.

In that moment of despair I remembered with envy the family who gave us shelter, one wild day many years ago, in their white cottage near the Bloody Foreland, Co. Donegal. As we sat by the turf fire, admiring the spotlessness of the whitewashed room and its home-made decorations, a hen flew in over the half-door, crossed the floor, hopped into a wire box by the fire, laid an egg, and flew out again. All their hens were trained to do that, said the English-speaking daughter, and apart from two feeds a day, lived on the wind-blown hills of that paradise for P-Ks where netting and clipping of wings and such things as dusty balancer-meal were unknown.

Six eggless weeks I tended those birds and murmurs arose from the family, deprived of its breakfast eggs. At last, one morning, I found a small egg lying in the middle of the run. I showed it all round, in self-defence, and then put it into the nesting-box where an old golf ball, in lieu of the unprocurable pot-egg, had hitherto languished. I was right, for there another egg was laid in the box till we had five, all from one bird. Then she stopped, as suddenly as she had begun. "Overlaid" emell," growled Charlie. But his poultry-wisdom was by now quite discredited and, as I daily observed the young mother strutting up and down with one eye on me, craving her neck as if impatient for fight and making harsh noises I could not interpret, I guessed that her heart was over the wire with her treasure.

I was right, Charlie was wrong. For, at the end of an afternoon's leopard-crawling through bush and through briar I saw, in the darkest angle of all, the glen of eggs. There were seven, half-covered by leaves in a snug, dry cup in the ground. I took them all, for such a crawl was not to be repeated, and I went, red-handed, to erect the barrier once more and put the browns back into Brownland. But as I did so I talked to my little Pertelote and told her that I knew, as well as she, that she was no common cage-bird and I promised to build her such a nesting-box as had not been seen before. She pretended to be engrossed in imaginary insects on the ground, or in the adjustment of one of her golden feathers. But who knows? A little stately seldom falls in vain on the female ear.

G.R.S.

## CORRESPONDENCE

GOOD MANNERS  
TO-DAY

From Lord Saye and Selk.

SIR.—Commenting in an Editorial note in the issue of February 1 on the Mayor of Hendon's crusade for better manners, you say: "In regard to the giving up of seats in crowded trains and buses to the sick and elderly, manners have unquestionably deteriorated during the war years."

May I, as a somewhat decrepit sexagenarian, give evidence for the defence? I am constantly struck by the number of young people of both sexes who offer me their seats in crowded vehicles, open the door for me, or help me in other ways.

The difference, I think, is that these kindly actions are now done more from genuine goodwill and less in obedience to a social convention.—  
SAYE AND SELK, Broughton, Banbury, Oxfordshire.

## CASTLE HILL

From Lord Latymer.

SIR.—With regard to the "unknown" house pictured in your issue of December 7 last, which Mrs. Edwards tells us is a house called Castle Hill, in Reading, may I say that on seeing the illustration I almost wrote to tell you that I had little doubt it was Lord Fortescue's old house, called Castle Hill, near South Molton, in North Devon. This house was, alas, burned down some years ago. I knew it well 35 years ago. I did not write, because after all these years one's memory might be playing tricks, but I am quite sure that there was a strong general resemblance.

Did the house in Reading belong to the Fortescue family at any time, I wonder, or is it possible that the same architect built both houses? It does look as if there must be some connection, and it would be interesting to know what it was.—LATYMER, Shipton Lodge, Shipton-under-Wychwood, Oxfordshire.

## PILLARS ON OUR HILLS

SIR.—The concrete pillar shown in the distant view of the Stiperstones, and mentioned by your correspondent M. W. of Hereford, is probably a triangulation point erected by the Ordnance Survey. Unfortunately there are many of them in the British hills and in the majority of instances they supplant the usual cairn, which is an integral part of the scene.

The enclosed camera study shows the concrete pillar on the summit of

Arin Mowdwy in mid-Wake with the Rhinogs in the distance. In one of my books, *Highland Holidays*, I have portrayed the same edifice on Ben Lawers, but fortunately those who erected the pillar on Scafell Pike in the English Lakes did not place it on the cairn itself, but a little to the west of it.—W. A. POUCHER, Courtlands, Woodland Way, Kingswood, Surrey.

## A V-DAY DONKEY

SIR.—I wonder if the enclosed would interest you. Our young donkey was born on V-day, so "Victor." His mother considered he was not old enough to be photographed alone, so insisted on coming into the picture. Victor, here, is about two months old.—CORDELIA MEREDITH COOPER, Rosemary, Sheepcombe, St. Stroud, Gloucestershire.

CHARLES DICKENS AND  
COBBHAM HALL

SIR.—I do not presume to comment on your distinguished reviewer, Mr. Howard Spring's far too indulgent notice of my *Before the Lamp Went Out*, but will you permit me to say a word on the much more interesting subject of the "glorified Summer house" put up by the Victorians, Lord Darnley, for Dickens.

As a Dickens fan, though not, like Mr. Spring, a Dickens expert, I knew about the Gadsdill chalet, and I certainly could not have identified it with the building in question, which is in the park not far from Cobham Hall, and quite a good distance away from the Rochester Road.

But the building certainly is there, or was before the 1914-18 war, when as the father of the present Earl—known to cricketing fame as Ivo Bligh—showed it to me, entirely derelict, and said that his father had put it up as a literary workshop for Dickens. His memory would have gone back to that time, and he is the last man I can imagine romancing on such a point.

That is all I know about it and I only wish some one could throw more light on the subject, as I do not think there is any mention of this in Forster, or any other life of Dickens.

But the building certainly was there, and, curiously enough, the description of the chalet would almost fit it. How else it could have got there I cannot imagine. It is just possible that the idea may have pleased Dickens so much that he may have decided to cut out the walk across the park by having something of the same kind put up at his own door.

I wish I had had the enterprise to follow up the matter with my cousin Ivo at the time, but I think I was more interested in seeing, and he in showing me, the original and authentic ashes of English cricket, in a nest

cultural labourers, were extremely accurate in their weather forecasts—nearly all of which were based on their observations of the behaviour of animals, birds and Nature in general. Here are a few which have come from old



## VICTOR AND HIS MOTHER

See letter: A V-day Donkey

little urn, then in which, but now at Lord's.—RANK WINGFIELD-STRAFORD.

[Mr. Howard Spring writes: It is most interesting to learn from Mr. Wingfield-Stratford that, in addition to the chalet, there was a chalet. Those interested in the paraphernalia of Dickens's life will share Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's regret that he did not follow the matter up, for, as far as I know, there is no reference to this second chalet in any work of Dickens. In the Nonpareil edition of the letters, Lord Darnley mentioned once or twice, but Dickens says nothing of the gift of a summer-house.—ED.]

## WEATHER WISDOM

SIR.—Rooks swirl to and fro in flocks high up in the sky when stormy weather is coming.

Large green woodpeckers more frequently give their call, "Ha-ha-ha," when rain is coming.

When the ash is in leaf before the oak it will be a wet Summer, if the oak is in leaf first, a dry Summer.

A red sky in the evening shows fine weather, a red sky in the morning, unsettled weather.

Cats sit with their backs to the fire when snow is coming.

Tree-creeper "roost" in holes in trees which will be least exposed to wind or rain during the night.

This is in my own observation.—DOROTHY V. CHAWNER, Bursdon, St. Stafford.

THE COW'S  
POSITION

SIR.—I was interested in your correspondent's recent *Weather Wisdom*, and hope that this will result in the settlement of a long-standing family argument as to whether cows lying down or standing up in the fields indicate the approach of rain.

T. R. BLENKIN, Stockton-on-Tees, Fleet, Hampshire.

COUNTRYMEN'S  
FORECASTS

SIR.—Country folk, especially the old sheep-heads, carters and ag-

countrymen who have spent their lives in the open.

If a cock crows at bed-time it will rain next day; if he crows from a high wall or building it will be fine.

When a crow sits on a wall it will rain.

Rooks flying high in the early morning, chattering gaily as they go, means fine weather.

Sea-gulls coming inland and sitting about on the fields mean gales and stormy weather shortly.

If a cat sits with its back to the fire—it will rain, also. If it curls up with its head tucked well under its paws—and if a cat rushes about the house with the "wind in its whiskers" a gale is likely.

Pigs can tell when it is going to be windy, and will scuffle about squealing and grunting; one old man says they can "smell the wind."

Rabbits coming out very early to feed usually means a wet night.

A yellow fog is a token of fine weather.

Rooks building high up the trees in the early Spring is said to be an indication of a warm, dry Summer.

Peacocks scream loudly before rain.

Cuckoos are frequently to be seen—but not heard—until the weather is fairly warm and settled.

Bees are not in the best of temper when thunder is in the air; neither do they like a wind, and the wise bee-keeper leaves them alone. Bees will fly back to their hives if it is going to rain.

Slack slugs on paths in the daytime mean rain in the evening.

Bats, squirrels, and even hedgehogs will sometimes put in an early appearance if a warm spell is likely.

At one time, when living on the foot of the South Downs I noticed that cattle turned out on the hill used invariably to forecast a change in the wind some hours beforehand—when a gale from the north was approaching they would work their way up hill towards the sea, but when the gale was from a southerly direction they sheltered in the valley. But some horses also turned out in the same large area did not anticipate changes in weather to the same extent as the cattle did, and rarely sought shelter until the weather was actually bad, and although the cattle were frequently chased and driven sent out to pasture, they all did the same.

## THE CONCRETE PILLAR ON ARIN MOWDEWY

See letter: Pillars on our hills

To the observant there are many other weather signs, not only those connected with animals, birds, etc., and again country folk seem to know the moor.—*Barry L. Gouin, Prospekt House, East Knave, near Salisbury, Wiltshire.*

#### SIGNS OF RAIN

Sir,—With reference to the letter *Weather Wisdom*, from John A. Wilson, I am sending you an old rhyme, *Signs of Rain*, which perhaps may be of some interest.

The hollow winds begin to blow,  
The clouds look black, the glass is low,  
The root falls down, the spaniel sleeps,  
The spiders from their cobwebs creep.  
Last night the sun went pale to bed,  
The moon in halves hid her head,  
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,  
For see, a rainbow spans the sky.  
The walls are damp, the ditches swell,  
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel,  
Mark how the chairs and tables crack,  
Old Betty's joints are on the rack.  
Look crack the ducks, the peacocks

cry.  
The distant hills are seeming high,  
How restless are the scurrying swine.  
The grey flies disturb the kine,  
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,  
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings.  
Puss on the hearth with velvet paws,  
His piping o'er his whiskers draws.  
Through the creek stream the fishes rise,  
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.  
The glow-worms, and glow-worms bright,  
Illumed the dewy dell last night.  
Aloud the squall droll last night,  
Hopping and crawling o'er the green.  
The whirling wind the o'beys,  
And in the rapid eddies plays.  
The frog has changed his yellow vest,  
And in a russet coat is dressed.  
Though June, the ice is cold and still,  
The yellow blackbird's voice is shrill.  
My dog so altered in his taste,  
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast;  
And see you rocks, how odd their

shape.  
They imitate the gliding kite,  
And seem precipitate to fall,  
As if they felt the piercing hail.  
'Twill surely rain, see with sorrow  
Our jaunt must be postponed to-morrow.

CLARE SPROULE, *Hurworth Grange, Croft, near Darlington, Durham.*

#### BIRD-CAGE MASTERPIECES

Sir,—A bird-cage, formerly in the collection of the late Mr. Edward Hudson, is illustrated (Fig. 8) in Mrs. Nevill Jackson's interesting article *Bird-cage Masterpieces*, and also in the *Dictionary of English Furniture* (Vol. 1, page 80, Fig. 8). In the *Dictionary* it is stated to be designed "in imitation of Indian stonework," and Mrs. Nevill Jackson retains this description for her title, but in the text, rather inconsistently, refers to it as a "Chippendale Chinese."

The cage is certainly a remarkable piece of craftsmanship, but I think this credit must go to a Portuguese native; for I consider that it was wrongly included in a *Dictionary of English Furniture* and regard the cage as Indo-Portuguese. Twenty years ago the late Percy Macquoid and I succumbed to a gentle but persistent form of persuasion, for it was one of the apples (he had a good many) of Mr. Edward Hudson's eye. I am not aware of the cage's present whereabouts, but I will add to the recollections by confessing that I do not believe it to be made of mahogany, but of an Oriental wood.—RALPH EDWARDS, *Suffolk House, Chiswick, W.*

#### WHERE IS IT?

Sir,—The photograph *What Monument is This?* (January 28) represents the group designed and executed in 1904 by Georges Verbeke and V. Vaerwyck to the memory of the illustrious "brothers," Hubert (sic) and Jan van Eyck, at the time of the Universal and International Exhibi-



MELBOURNE CHURCH ACROSS THE "POOL"

See letter: *The Two Melbournees*

tion which was held in Ghent in 1913. The two "brothers" are seated in the centre. In the background is dimly seen the south ambulatory of the Cathedral of St. Bavo; in one of the chapels is now displayed the Ghent altar-piece. In 1913 the view was universally held that Hubert had begun that altar-piece which Jan, his younger brother, completed by May 8, 1432. The research of M. Emile Renders of Bruges in 1933 has brought about the now generally accepted conclusion that the date was not painted on to the frame in 1432, and that while Jan van Eyck executed the polyptych in its entirety he never had a brother called Hubert! The photograph must have been taken later than Saturday, August 9, 1913, when this van Eyck monument was inaugurated in the presence of Albert King of the Belgians.—MAURICE W. BROCKWELL, *London, S.W.1.*

[We have had similar information from Jack Smith (Glasgow); Col. E. E. L. Smart (S.W.1); Miss W. G. Cope (West Brunswick); P. Maraden (Lytham St. Anne); Percy Elliot (Wokingham); W. A. Howitt (Birmingham) and others. We learn with pleasure that the monument "Adoration" was safely hidden from the very beginning of the war.—ED.]

#### THE TWO MELBOURNEES

Sir,—On Christmas morning the bells of Melbourne church, Derbyshire,

drifted across the "Pool" as they have done for centuries, but this time they also travelled across the oceans to Melbourne in Australia.

The ancient market village has close ties with the great city down here, and when the Australian city celebrated its centenary a few years ago, radio greetings were exchanged. The reason for this close friendship is explained in the message sent by the Derbyshire village. It said:

There is a tie between the two Melbournees like that of mother and daughter. Vincent Melbourne, who took his title from our Melbourne, his country home and estate, was Prime Minister when Queen Victoria came to the throne, and so the chief province of Australia was named Victoria, and its capital Melbourne.

Our little town (the population of which does not exceed 4,000) was mentioned in Domesday Book, in which it was stated there was a priest and a church and a mill of three shillings and 24 acres of meadow land.

The church stands to-day as one of the finest Norman churches in England, and there is a water mill still occupying the site of the old one.

We trust that, although your city is now so great and wealthy, you may look with pride on the

English town, with a hoary past, from which your town is named.

My photograph shows the church seen across the "Pool." This pool covers 80 acres, and was said to fill the quarry from which the stone for Melbourne Castle was taken, but of this castle only a few stones remain.—P. ROPERS, *Derby.*

[There is of course another English Melbourne in Yorkshire and a Melbourne in south Cambridgeshire.—ED.]

#### THE GREEN PLOVER

Sir,—Major Jarvis's Notes of January 18 (an outstanding number of a memorable series) he states that the green plover is not recognised as a regular migrant. It ought to be. In the *Passage aux Vancoues* is eagerly awaited by the local sportsmen in March, and I think also in October. On the East Coast of Norfolk flock after flock come winging in off the sea in mid-October, at the same time as starlings, larks and grey crows. These are regular seasonal migrations, not movements due to fluctuations of weather. To secure evidence according to green plover, one must go to Switzerland. There reserves are formed for their special protection—quite a lot of them. Two or three pairs breed, and letters to the Press record the length of their crests and the success of their nesting. These are, they are the favourite "rare bird" of the Swiss.—ARNOLD BUXTON, *Great Yarmouth.*

#### PESTLES AND MORTARS

Sir,—I have come into possession of a number of pestles and mortars, some of which are shown on the accompanying photograph. Taking them in the order in which they are shown, the details of the dates or designs, if any, shown on each mortar and the metal of which they are made.

1. 17th c. Plain, brass; fleur de lys, bell metal; two rings of arms, bell metal; 1704, "Amor Omnia Vincit," brass; rose and crown, bell metal; plain, brass; plain, brass.

2. 18th c. Plain, brass; fleur de lys, bell metal; 1838, Lot Gott van Al. AU.; 1832, W. Fribery; fleur de lys; 1867; 1894; Jacobean figure.

3. 18th c. Plain, brass; fleur de lys, bell metal; 1838, Lot Gott van Al. AU.; 1832, W. Fribery; fleur de lys; 1867; 1894; Jacobean figure.

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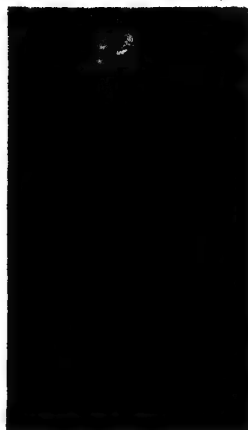
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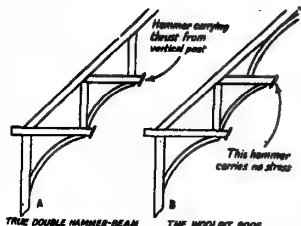


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### TRUE AND PURELY DECORATIVE HAMMER-BEAMS

See letter: A Double Hammer-beam Roof

are not many funnier things than a toad grabbing a large worm by its middle, sitting up and stuffing the loose ends into its mouth with its fingers, like an ill-mannered child with a banana. I would, however, suggest that Mr. Mackenzie tries his specimen with snails. My fellow would gorge these, shell, squash and all, until he literally bulged. In any case the toad is one of the gardener's best friends, but only it would eat slugs it would be the pest destroyer *par excellence*. I have never known a toad to eat a slug.

It is odd how pet toads seem to acquire impressive names. Mine was named Theophilus. Mr. Mackenzie is quite right about the toad's intelligence. Theophilus's greatest delight (apart from food) was brought into play in any part of the garden at dusk. Theophilus would very soon move round to it. Also, there was not the least doubt that he could distinguish between different people. Some of his friends used to bring him offerings of food and some not, and he would always come out to greet the former while displaying little or no interest in the empty handed. There was, however, one exception—a lady who used to scratch his back with a feather which he would literally arch himself to meet.—F. HOWARD.

### A PETTY PIRRELLER AT WORK

See letter: The Tins' Milkmen

Cases have been known of the birds overreaching and being drowned in the bottles. So widespread is the practice that it is customary for people to deposit a tin lid for the milkman to place over the bottle when it has to be left for some time.—R. BROWN, *Cranleigh, Surrey*.

(The practice of raiding milk bottles seems now to be general among the great and blue tits of southern England, but how far north the habit extends is uncertain. We have had records from Yorkshire and Derbyshire.—Ed.)

### SAVING A TREE

Sir,—Much has been written about the alarming depletion of our reserves of timber under stress of war. Here, by way of contrast, is an example of conservation worthy of record.

Near the Queen's birthplace at St. Paul's Walden Bury, Hertfordshire, there stand in the churchyard of the village church of St. Paul's Walden, eight ancient lime trees, which, by interlacing branches, form an archway leading to the vestry.

These trees, which are of some antiquity, reputed locally to be at least 300 years old, eventually became

LANCUM, 63, Beach Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

### A DOUBLE HAMMER-BEAM ROOF

Sir,—I would be glad of your readers' help. In a recent number you show an excellent photograph of a famous roof at Woolpit, and it is captioned, "The Double Hammer-Beam Roof." Now surely this is inaccurate. The top "hammers" are not true "hammers," and are mainly for decoration. There is no vertical post from the end of the top hammer-beam, and as far as I can see it has no function at all, apart from decoration. I would be glad to have some expert opinion on this point. My two sketches illustrate a roof. —HARVEY BUTCHER, 36 Whitecross Road, Hereford.

(Technically our correspondent is correct, but the builders evidently intended to produce the effect of double hammer-beam construction in the eyes of spectators, among whom it is consequently usually accepted as one. —Ed.)

### THE TITS' MILKMAN

Sir,—Men and women are not alone in their desires for an easier living from the bestowals of scientific progress. The little blue tit has discovered, as my illustration shows, that the cardboard discs, which secure the necks of milk bottles, can be easily removed, allowing free access to the liquid. Before the hygienic distribution of milk in bottles these birds had only the meagre drippings from the milkman's measure around the back door-step.

I have left bottles unguarded for a few hours and the birds have lowered their contents over an inch, obtaining practically all of the valuable cream. My observation they have ascertained the milk conveyor's daily time of arrival and I have heard the birds twittering in trees and shrubs around the door, availing an opportune moment to obtain the easily-earned luxury.

Cases have been known of the birds overreaching and being drowned in the bottles. So widespread is the practice that it is customary for people to deposit a tin lid for the milkman to place over the bottle when it has to be left for some time.—R. BROWN, *Cranleigh, Surrey*.

(The practice of raiding milk bottles seems now to be general among the great and blue tits of southern England, but how far north the habit extends is uncertain. We have had records from Yorkshire and Derbyshire.—Ed.)

made and had to be pollarded to within 20 feet of the ground.

Approximately 50 years ago, the trunks of several were so badly decayed that a drastic operation was decided on.

I enclose a photograph illustrating how the cavities were filled and supported by concrete, and, in most cases, there is very much more concrete than timber. So successful has the treatment proved that seven of the eight trees are still flourishing. One, alas, has just died.—A. A. AXEN, *Wellesley Garden City, Hertfordshire*.

[A good example of tree surgery, which is not often so extensive.—Ed.]

### THE HOUSE LONG-HORN BEETLE

Sir,—A new anxiety for the owners of the buildings with fine roofs has recently come to light. Death watch, furniture beetle and Lyctid have been with us for several years, but many of your readers will be interested, and some perhaps alarmed, at the occurrence of the house long-horn beetle (*Hyloterpes belytoides*) in roofs in this country. This beetle has become a scourge in Baltic countries, and also in South Africa where it has been imported. There are, in this country, twelve cases known to the entomologists of the Forest Products Research Laboratory of infestation of roofing timbers by this pest.

The last case occurred in Camberley, Surrey, and the writer personally investigated the infestation. Dr. Fisher, Entomologist in Charge of the Forest Products Research Laboratory, also visited the premises, and confirmed the determination.

The features of a house long-horn beetle infestation are so different from those of the death watch, anobium and lyctus attacks that the writer thought that your readers would be interested in the following notes so that, when further infestation occurs, they will be able to recognise it and deal with it accordingly.

The house long-horn entirely confines its attention to the sapwood of softwood timbers and, curiously enough, is always found in the roof.

Joists and purlins should be prodded with a sharp spike, and if the long-horn is present there will be little resistance to the entry of the tool, although, from the outside, the joist may appear perfect. This is because a thin veneer of wood is left untouched by the tunnelling larva.

As mentioned above, the heartwood is not touched, and the usual 4 in. by 2 in. joists and purlins are cut so as to include some heartwood, there usually remains some strength to carry the roof.

The larva of the house long-horn is extremely long-lived, as it tunnels backwards in the wood for some seven/eleven years before emerging as a beetle.

This Camberley infestation is being treated as follows:

The outer veneer is being removed, and the dust containing the larva swept away with a brush and burnt.

All the timber in the roof is then being sprayed with Rentokil Timber Fluid, which now contains D.D.T.

Perhaps at a later date I shall be able to inform you of the success in this treatment.

I enclose a block print of a drawing which I have made in order to show the beetle. It is twice the natural size.—N. E. HICKIN, *Plummers, Bickingshill, Redhill, Surrey*.

### RABBITS FOR INDIA

Sir,—Your readers may be interested to see this photograph. It shows two rabbits from the 600 which are being shipped to India on the instructions of the India Office. The land girl photographed with them accompanies the rabbits to India and looks after them on route.

They are tame rabbits, collected from breeders in various parts of Norfolk. There are white ones with pink eyes, large grey ones, black and grey ones, small black and white ones, in fact all colours. They travel to India in hutches containing six rabbits with a rabbit in each room, with a tin trough for water and one for water on the floor. The hutches are well made with fine-mesh fronts, and rabbits housed in them before the journey seemed to like them very much. They were arranged so that on board ship all the hutches could

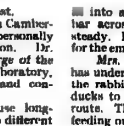
go into a wooden framework with a bar across the front to keep them steady. Kathleen, the land girl, cares for the emigrants and keeps them clean.

Mrs. G. A. Page, the farmer who has undertaken to equip and send out the rabbits, recently delivered 450 ducks to India, and 14 dead sn route. The rabbits are intended for feeding our Army in India. They will



THE HOUSE LONG-HORN BEETLE, TWICE NATURAL SIZE

See letter: The House Long-horn Beetle



EMIGRANTS AND THEIR STEWARDSES

See letter: Rabbits for India



EMIGRANTS AND THEIR STEWARDSES

See letter: Rabbits for India

be divided among various stations and bred for food. It is hoped that the skins may be used for fur, but climate, and possibly unskilled skinning, may make this difficult. Norfolk, which claims to have made the first mink and grown some of the first tobacco in England, is now playing a new role in feeding these rabbits to India. N. T. Waddan, near Thetford, Norfolk.

### SURGERY ON AN ANCIENT LIME

See letter: Saving a Tree



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## NEW BOOKS

# THE DISQUISITIONS OF A DEMOCRAT

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THIS week I have been reading the Government White Paper on "social security" and also Mr. Colin Brogan's *The Democrat at the Supper Table* (Hollis and Carter, 8s. 6d.). I have also been picturing to myself Mr. Brogan reading the White Paper. If Mr. Brogan, having read the White Paper, is still alive, it is only by the skin of his teeth. I imagine that the White Paper brought him pretty near to apoplexy.

There are many things Mr. Brogan doesn't like, and "social security"

full integrity that you find to-day. We have suffered a gross deterioration, most particularly in politics. No serious man or woman would pretend that our contemporary Socialists were the equal of the older Radicals in qualities of heart or mind or character.

It was up to Mr. Slattery here to say: "I wonder whether your opinion of those Radicals would have been so tolerant if you were speaking as their contemporary? And have you forgotten that Karl Marx and Engels were eminent Victorians?"

## THE DEMOCRAT AT THE SUPPER TABLE

By Colin Brogan  
(Hollis & Carter, 8s. 6d.)

## PLANT-HUNTING IN CHINA

By E. H. M. Coss

(Collins, 12s. 6d.)

## RAFFLES OF SINGAPORE

By Reginald Coupland

(Collins, 7s. 6d.)

ranked high in the list. I am assuming, of course, that the "Democrat at the Supper Table" and Mr. Brogan are the same person, or, at any rate, a pair of Siamese twins. The Democrat's disquisitions make bright reading. If he has a fault, it is the one pointed out by Mr. Slattery, his fellow-boarder. "You are making the mistake so often made by the Right. You lump all the Left together. It makes a nice big target, but it leads to indiscriminate bombing."

## FINE FIREWORKS

Well, here is a book-full of indiscriminate bombing. Pyrotechnically, it is a joy. From any other angle, I am willing to leave the last word with Mr. Slattery.

Mr. Slattery was a minor poet and a minor official. Mr. Levi was a Communist. Mr. Chatterjee was an Indian. Mr. Bolero was what is usually called a hard-headed business-man. What the Democrat was does not appear. He seemed to have no function but to talk. I suspect he had inherited a comfortable competency, or, shall we say, a "social security." Anyway, there they all were, lodging with the good Mrs. Beveridge, who had known better days, and talking their heads off night after night.

Erring Mr. Slattery, who, alas! speaks too little (and of how few men or women that can be said), but always to the point, we may ignore most of the talk, for the Democrat, I fear, has given these fellows a turn at the wicket merely in order to spill their middle stumpings. He has no intention of allowing them to speak at all, much less get a whack to the boundary. "If there is any scoring to be done, I shall do it for myself, thank you," says the Democrat.

When he gets to the wicket, he knocks the bowling all over the field. You have only to mention something that is being done to-day and the Democrat will tell you how wrong it is. You have only to mention something that was done yesterday to learn that those were the days. "In Victorian England, you found many more men of high character, solid principle and

The Democrat's argument against social security was that the condition of the workers was steadily improving without it. What we wanted was fewer "proletarians." We wanted more people who, of their own choice, put a bit aside for a rainy day. The "economic trend" was giving us these people. It was "contracting the area of the proletariat." But the "political trend" didn't like this. It didn't want people to look after themselves. It was working to expand the area of the proletariat, "and people who are able to look after themselves are now scarcely looked after." It is "an indignity to a most valuable and responsible citizen that he should be penned to his job like a sheep and have his savings banked for him like a child. . . . In any event, it's not only the money and not only the social insurance I am talking about. The whole scheme of paternalism is the threat, and I say that the thing is self-developing. It extends by its own necessities, till control is complete."

## THE MATERIAL ILLUSION

The Democrat seems to me to be on his safest ground when he complains that nowadays everything tends to be valued by "the politico-economic standard." I have no objection to a child's being born into a cradle instead of an orange-box or to a man's being married with ham, as they say in Yorkshire, instead of being shovelled into a pauper's grave. But it would be a pity if it were supposed that nothing more than this was necessary, if it were concluded that a better-dressed man and better-clothed and better-man is necessarily a better man. We have ample instances to show us that he isn't. But this is not an argument against housing, clothing and feeding, because as he is not necessarily a better man, neither is he necessarily a worse one. Thus, the argument is simply against the materialist illusion.

As for "paternalism," the word is ill-chosen. A father is the provider for his children so long as they have need of him. There is another side to the matter, but on the economic side all the provision flows from the father:



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the children merely receive. Now, in the relationship of a State to its people this cannot be so, and thus there cannot be "paternalism." The "State" can provide nothing, because, save in the realm of ideas, there is no such thing as the State. What the people can receive is strictly proportioned to what they can give. They are not paupers drawing on a bottomless and mystical bounty, but users of that which they alone can make. So long as this is well understood, so long as the people realize that phrases like "the State's contribution" mean simply what they and you and I can make, all could be well.

There remains, of course, the philosophic question, whether it is better to go out after this objective with conscious communal effort or to leave each man to seek it for himself. But this is not the time for going into that.

## THE PLANT-HUNTERS

Mr. E. H. M. Cox's *Plant-hunting in China* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) surveys the activity of many men throughout many years, from the early days when the pioneer plant-hunters were not permitted to move far from one or two posts, up to the spread of the hunt throughout all China, and especially into the great mountainous plant-hunting territory of the northwest.

Finding the plants was one thing; getting them to England another, and, in the days of sailing ships, the difficulties to be overcome were great. "It is any wonder," asks the author, "that Dr. Livingstone wrote to Sabine from Canton that 1,000 plants were lost to every one that survived the voyage home? He went on to say that, as each plant cost on the average 6s. 2d., including the cost of the case, the total cost of the one survivor was excessive."

The sending of seed instead of plants and the wiser handling of the plants themselves improved matters; but it was always a costly game. Scientific societies, government departments, nursery firms and even wealthy private individuals financed the journeys; but the enterprise itself became more scientific and therefore more costly, and the price of travel increased, and thus there came into existence syndicates which served the double purpose of reducing the individual cost and of giving a larger area for the propagation of the plants discovered.

## THE RHODODENDRONS

This was all of great interest to me because one of the loveliest gardens in my region is Carbery's, whose owner, J. C. Williams, was a great contributor to these syndicates. At Carbery's to-day you can see, especially in the rhododendrons, something of what English gardens owe to the enterprise of the plant-hunters.

Mr. Cox has some interesting things to say about rhododendrons and limestone. There is a general notion that they hate it, and I can testify here in Cornwall, where we pride ourselves on the beauty, variety and health of our rhododendrons, they are grown in peat or leaf-mould. I have been told that in the lovely garden of Carlew, now alas! untended and the house a burned-out shell, when it was decided to start a new rhododendron gardeners would dig a pit of a cubic yard, fill it with soil peat, and start off the plant in that.

Yet the plant-hunters again and again testify to bringing their rhododendrons out of ridges of solid lime-

stone, and I have myself seen them in Staffordshire beautifying a hillside of red sandstone. That they hate limestone would appear to be a myth; but it is none the less a truth that they flourish exceedingly in peat.

Curiously enough, my home brings on his rhododendron seedlings in a wood, planting them here and there among the coppice, deep in the rich leaf-mould of a century's Autumns.

If for this one glorious plant alone, in all its varieties, and for the character of them, how much we owe to the plant-hunters! And how much more, you will learn from Mr. Cox, who writes with all the knowledge and enthusiasm of one who has himself been engaged in the enterprise.

## FOUNDER OF SINGAPORE

Sir Stamford Raffles, who founded Singapore, was a plant-hunter among other things. In Sumatra he and a companion, Joseph Arnold, found a gigantic flower "a yard in width from one extremity of its spotted brick-red petals to the other," which was named jointly after Raffles and Arnold.

I learn this from Sir Reginald Coupland's *Raffles of Singapore* (Collins, 7s. 6d.). This is a reprint of a book published some time ago, and it was well worth while to keep it before the public.

We hear much, nowadays, of the "trusteeship" attitude in which Great Powers should stand to undeveloped peoples, and Raffles was the first Englishman to understand this point of view and put it into practice.

He was an all-round man. Languages, literature, botany, archaeology, administration; beginning in the poorest of circumstances and having nothing but his native genius to guide him, he took to all these things with unparalleled aptitude. It is not generally remembered that it was he who founded the London Zoo.

In his public life, triumph and disaster were closely mingled; in his private affairs, exaltation and tragedy were never far apart. It would be difficult to make the story of such a life anything but readable. Sir Reginald Coupland makes it fascinating.

## LAMENT FOR TIME

YEATS, realising of a sudden one day that he was old, furiously likened his old age to a tin can tied to a dog's tail: something monstrous and out of nature, having no real connection with him. This is what he feels old age descends; and here is another poet, Miss Edith Sitwell, to express her lament in *The Song of the Cold* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.). If only the heart grew old step by step with the body, the worst of the suffering would be avoided. But it does not, and poets' hearts remain young longer than most people's. Out of the torture of this come the songs of poets grown old.

I too was a golden woman . . .

but am now grown old

And must sit by the fire and watch

That is the burden of half, and the better half, of this book. In other poems there are still echoes of earlier years, and intellectual acrobatics; but the more deeply Miss Sitwell feels, the simpler becomes her writing; that inevitable result against which modern poets have kicked in vain for so long now. So one of her best poems is the softly beginning:

Once my heart was a summer rose  
That came not for fight or wrong.

In one poem we feel some wonder that Miss Sitwell's fastidious ear could have "passed" the rhyming of "ideal" with "steal." V. H. F.

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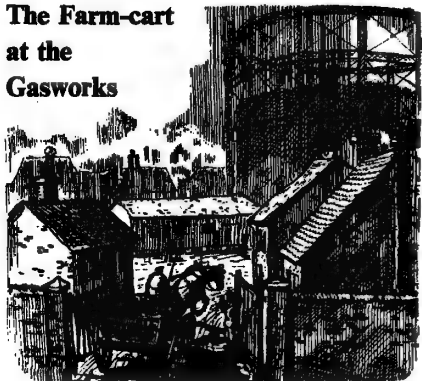
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## The Farm-cart at the Gasworks



With the nineteenth century came gaslight. Every town acquired its gasworks; its monster cylinder that rose and sank and rose. And every now and then the gates near the gasometer would admit a farm-cart that went out again with its barrels of 'gas liquor.' For since this waste-product of coal gas contained ammonia, it was a useful fertilizer, even though it was hard to transport and apply and contained some harmful ingredients.

Finally it was found that the useful part of the gas liquor could be extracted and the harmful part left. The useful part was sulphate of ammonia. To-day sulphate of ammonia is one of the vital fertilizers of our vital farmland and synthesis has supplemented extraction. The farmer nowadays gives his order to his merchant and supplies are delivered. The farm-cart no longer needs to call at the gasworks.



## FARMING NOTES

# ORDER TO SOW MORE SPRING CORN

**A** LAST-MINUTE call to farmers to increase the tillage acreage this season, and especially to grow all the wheat and other grain they can, came as a surprise to most of us. The war agricultural committees have not been at all insistent on farmers maintaining the ploughed acreage, and in many districts no regular farm visits have been paid for the past year. Farmers, left to their own devices, have naturally enough cut down the wheat acreage and planned to leave downy mildew that should come under corn again. If maximum output is required. We all want to do the right thing and meet the country's needs to the fullest possible extent. There are farms where more wheat of the Spring varieties can still be planted, and more oats and barley. This will mean ploughing up leys which would otherwise be carrying cattle this Summer. A check to the increase in leys may prove all to the good. Young leys need full stocking, and we have not enough young cattle or sheep in the country to use a much-increased ley acreage to full advantage. The right policy at the moment is undoubtedly to plough up those leys which are not too well established, take a full acreage of Spring corn and under-sow only a limited acreage with grass and clover seeds.

### Cover For Grass Seeds

**S**HOULD grass seeds be sown with or without a cover crop? The answer depends mainly on the type of seeds that are being sown. If it is a mixture for a short ley consisting chiefly of ryegrass and red clover, these are robust species which will establish themselves well enough under a corn crop in most seasons. The mixture sown for long leys may not get a good enough start under these conditions. As the mixture is likely to be expensive—the cost running between £3 and £5 an acre—its early safeguarding the seeds in its worst stages. The best and safest method of establishing a long ley is either to sow without a cover crop of any kind or to under-sow in a cereal or some other crop such as rape or Italian ryegrass which will be grazed from the outset as soon as it gives a good bite. The cover crop does harm unless it is used for grazing while the young seeds are becoming established.

### The Landowners' Part

**M**AJOR PROBY, the Chairman of the Central Landowners' Association, is taking his responsibilities seriously. He realises that agricultural landowners must always be on the watch to justify their existence, and prove that they are rendering service to the community and not merely receiving rents. He is anxious that the landowner should be regarded as a full partner in the farming industry. It is true enough as he says that the major part of existing agricultural rents represent interest at a variable rate on farm buildings, cottages, fences, drains and roads which are being provided and maintained by a succession of estate owners. I was interested to hear from him that 40 per cent. of the agricultural land of England is now farmed by owner-occupiers and that over 60 per cent. of the C.L.A. membership is drawn from this class. Looking to the future, Major Proby sees that the owner must be able and willing to spend freely both on the repair and maintenance of existing buildings and on the provision of new and up-to-date equipment. So far as personal or family expenditure is concerned, the

C.L.A. makes no claim that a preferential tax position should be given to the owner of land, but a broad distinction should be made between that part of an owner's income which he retains for his personal use and that part which is returned to the industry in the form of necessary repairs and improvements. He argues that it is in the national interest that this form of expenditure should be taxed lightly or not at all. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has given general support to this view and the C.L.A. is now seeking to advise how these good intentions can best be applied.

### Hereford Types

**I** AM interested in a point made by Mr. Elwyn Jones, a breeder of Herefords, who farms in Breconshire. He has been recently in the United States and has come back with a wider view of the potentialities of his breed. The Americans have developed certain types to produce cuts which are popular over there. Loins and T-bone steaks is liked and they have developed their cattle to have very wide backs and very wide quarters. In so doing they have not a rough spin or top and rather a rough finish at the tail. We have a greater depth of rib and a greater depth of hind-quarter, that is more cuts down towards the hook. In short, they do by width what we do by depth. In Mr. Elwyn Jones's opinion there are built over there that could be used to advantage over here and some of our Herefords would do good over there. In British Columbia and the western part of Alberta the cattle are bigger than in California and Texas, owing to the climate and the soil, cattle growing bigger under more invigorating conditions.

### Electricity for the Cottages

**A** BERKSHIRE farmer who has been trying to improve his cottages that go with his farm, so as to keep the good men he has and possibly find one or two others who, knowing their worth, will go only where housing conditions are good, tells me with satisfaction that at last he has managed to get authority for the main supply of electricity to be connected to his cottages. He has had electricity at the farm for some years, but only recently did he realise that it had become a necessary boon to the farm-worker's wife. He is paying for the installation and the men will pay the charge for current. Some farmers allow their men free electricity, but there is really no justification for this with wages at their present level. Free electricity can hardly encourage economy in its use any more than freedom from rates encourages farm-workers to take an interest in local government. How long it will be before these particular cottages are connected no one can say. The electricity companies are short of skilled men, although there must be plenty of electricians in the R.A.F., while even the war effort has to be before their turn comes for demobilisation.

### Molasses Release

**A** LIMITED supply of molasses is being provided again this Winter primarily for feeding with straw to fattening cattle. Applications will also be considered by the war agricultural committees from dairy farmers, where the hay harvest has been poor, or where root and other fodder crops have failed. Farmers are asked to state their applications the number of store cattle being fed in yards for sale for slaughter before the end of June, 1946.

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## THE ESTATE MARKET

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S  
BERKSHIRE HOME

THE Queen of the Netherlands found a comfortable home for five years near Maidenhead; the house, known as Stubbings, belongs to Mrs. Beilly Eric Smith. It is a typical Georgian mansion in 82 acres of freehold land, abutting for three-quarters of a mile on Maidenhead Thicket. Modernisation for residential comfort has been thoroughly well done, and there are, besides elegant reception rooms, 15 principal bedrooms and four bathrooms. The approach from the Henley-Maidenhead main road is by a drive half a mile long. The trees and shrubs in the 12 acres of garden include a cedar of Lebanon that is known to be over 300 years old, and one of the private avenues is of matured beeches. An acre of orchard and vineyards and peach-houses are other features of the property. Illustrated details prepared by Messrs. John D. Wood & Co. and Mr. Cyril Jones, the estate being for sale by private treaty, show that the most desirable view of the mansion and gardens and park land is approximately £250 a year.

ONE SALE LEADS TO  
ANOTHER

MR. WALTER DUNKELS has sold Fernhill Park, adjoining Windsor Forest, to the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Waile, and Mr. Dunkels has bought Walhurst Manor, from Sir Allan Gordon-Smith. Both sales were negotiated through Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley. Property Part II of 173 acres, and the house dates from 1670. Walhurst Manor, 200 acres, has a house which exhibits much fine ornamental work of the seventeenth century.

The manor was for a long while held by the Lintot family, of which the late Admiral Lintot (1675-1738), publisher of works by Pope, Gay, Farquhar, Steele, and Rowe, was a member. Chancing to meet Pope in Windsor Forest, Lintot showed him a copy of *Horace* and said, "What if you amused yourself by turning an ode till we ride on?" Having remounted, they rode on silently until Lintot asked: "Well, sir, how far have we got?" "Seven miles," rejoined the poet. Their later association was very profitable to Pope, who made over £5,000 out of his *Homers*.

Lady Kendall-Butler's executors have sold Church Farmhouse and the property, part of Bourton House estate, Shrewsbury, through Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley and Messrs. Hobbs & Chambers, since the sale of Bourton House.

The Drovers Lady Harcourt has sold Puttenham Priory, near Guildford, through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., the buyer being Mr. Edward Hutton.

Sales by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons include freeholds in Westminster, No. 47, Romney Street, and a block of offices in Prince Street called Clutha House, the gross rental of the latter premises amounting to £3,400 a year.

The Calceonian Club has acquired the long lease of No. 9, Halkin Street, Belgrave, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. acting for the owners.

A COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY  
OF SALES

IN accordance with their usual practice, Messrs. Jackson Stope and Staff issue independent reports from their various offices as to business in the past 12 months. Apart from the Balmain estate of approximately 50,000 acres in Inverness-shire, the

aggregate turnover runs to many thousands of acres, and includes houses of special interest historically, and scores of farms. A selection from a list of sales and purchases through the agency includes the following (the acreage in each instance being given in brackets): Alresford Estate, Colchester (375); Newbown Vale Manor, Hampshire (50); Shotters, Newton Valence (117); Melplash Court, Dorset (461); Eastcourt House Estate, Malmesbury (468); Blackdown House, Dorset (84); Turnworth Estate, Dorset (300); Whitehall, Syderstone, Norfolk (1,039); Haxleton Manor, near Cirencester (494); Littledeale Hall Estate, Lancashire (1,900); Waterfield of Forbes, Aberdeenshire (405); Aston Farm, Gloucestershire (407); Clutton Estate, Somerset (519); Hooker Court Estate, Devonshire (100); Aboley Wood, Buckingham (190); Ardoo, Aberdeenshire (910); Durrington House, Essex (140); Boxley House Estate, near Maidstone (2,610); Sible, East Lothian (1,240); Whaddon Hall, Wiltshire (1,900); and Holdenby House Estate, Northampton (2,300).

SELLING LAND BEFORE AN  
AUCTION

LIKE other firms, Messrs. Jackson Stope & Staff emphasize the advantages of such sales as a means of realising real estate. They say, too, that many of the proposed auctions did not take place, inasmuch as private offers were high enough to tempt the owners to sell at once. There are two sides to such bargains concluded in advance, the satisfaction of the vendor, and presumably by purchasers, not being shared by persons who hoped to acquire portions of a property.

Normally an auction is announced many weeks beforehand, and many would-be buyers have sacrificed a lot of time in visiting and inspecting lots, as well as, often, incurring expense for expert valuations, in the hope of preliminary consultations there may have been as to the financing of a projected deal. However, vendors cannot be held answerable for such matters. Their aim is to realise the property to the best advantage and in the most easy and expeditious manner, as they accept a good offer as soon as it is made. Occasionally a vendor instructs his agents to state that no advance offers will be entertained, and some even go so far as to declare that the property will be submitted exactly as lotted, and thus another source of worry for would-be buyers is averted, namely, the chance of the sale of the entirety in the auction room.

## THE DISAPPOINTED WOULD-BE PURCHASER

OF ALL forms of disappointment under the hammer, that may happen there is none more irritating than, after travelling, perhaps, hundreds of miles to bid for a farm or what not, to see the whole estate disposed of to a single buyer. It is always a debatable point whether such a buyer has not succeeded in securing the property at substantially less than it would have fetched in lots. Certainly there have been instances in the past year when, after the refusal to sell at the best bid for an entirety, the total for the separate lots has considerably exceeded the best bid for the whole. No rule can be enunciated in these matters, which are happily in the unfettered discretion of a vendor, who must make his own decision for good or ill.

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## THE LONDON COLLECTIONS

**T**HE clothes designed by the Mayfair *couturiers* for export show distinct styling trends and fabrics such as we have dreamed of. They make a superb shop window for the British textile manufacturers, and it was an exhilarating experience to attend the collections. Some of the clothes will be made up for this country in the Summer and Autumn as materials and labour become more plentiful.

Suits button high to the throat, often fasten with a double row of buttons. The waist is clearly marked. Jackets are long and mould the hips when the waistline has been lowered; others are quite short with a fluted basque and nipped-in waist. Skirts have changed; front fullness is inserted by intricate working of gores below strapped hip yokes, which are sometimes padded. Molyneux knife-pleats the slim graceful fluid skirts of his tweeds, puts double sun-pleating on fine barathras, serges and prints, always keeps a slim line over the hips. Stiebel cuts his tweeds and woolsens with a slight flare and slim moulded hips, also very becoming.

Some wonderful new tweeds have been shown—striped and smooth-surfaced as Delanghe likes them; coarser but still soft-surfaced and worked in broken bars of colour, as Molyneux shows them; in mixed pastels, checked in two colours of tangerine or terracotta with brown, as Hardy Amies shows them under a topcoat in a bold plaid or line-check in the same arrangement of colour. A novelty is the checkerboard tweed of Delanghe in beige and a deep iris blue that looks as though it was knitted by hand. Coating tweeds are in grouped neutrals, pinky beige, brown, *faux*, mushroom, sand colour, golden beige, beige, or in plaids in gay mixed pastels.

The checked jersey frocks, where the checks are worked on the cross immediately below the waist in a gathered band to curve the hips, are outstanding at Molyneux's, are brilliantly coloured. His plain wool frocks are shown in sand colour, Etruscan red, begonia, with gored skirts, neat waists and plain round necklines. They are simple and perfect.

Summer prints in rayon and pure silk look enchantingly fresh with knife-pleated or gored skirts, cap sleeves, folded bodices, high choker necklines, often a jacket to match. Molyneux shows a lemon print with a design of galloping machoses and grandstands traced in black as if done by a fountain pen. The design is massed most effectively on bodice and hips by knife-pleating. This is a Marshall fabric. Stiebel shows a brilliant yellow *crêpe* printed with tiny bright flowers for a charming dress with cap sleeves and a pleated skirt. Bianca Moses makes a dramatic little dress and jacket from Ascher's print that looks as though it is drawn in pen and ink on a sky-blue ground. She also uses



● Top left: Black plaited cellophane straw-tam with flame-coloured feather pads. Scotts. Right: Black shining straw disc with blue bows and a straw bandeau. Pisot and Pavy.

● Bottom left: Erik's stocking cap in grass green Indian straw with a black pom-pom. Right: Beige Baku sailor with deep oval brim and navy ribbons. Scotts.



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FEBRUARY 22, 1946

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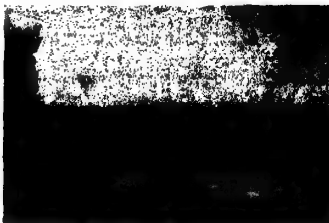


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8½ miles from Fleet Station on the main S.R., where London can be reached in about an hour, and a mile from the pretty village of Ockendon.

### DINGLEY DELL, FLEET, HANTS

Attractive Freehold modern red brick Residence, containing 5 bedrooms, 5 fitted bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, large garage, loose box and range of show-dog Kennels.

ALL PUBLIC SERVICES.

Pretty Pine studded gardens of about ONE AND A QUARTER ACRES CONSERVATORY. STUDIO.

For Sale by Auction (unless previously sold by private treaty) at THE BUSH HOTEL, PARHAM, HANTS, on Tuesday, March 22, 1946, at 2 p.m. previously. Particulars (price etc.) of the Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS AND STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1. (Mayfair 28167), and at Northampton, Leeds, Cirencester, Vauxhall and Chichester.

By direction of the Executors of Captain W. H. Lambton, dead.

### REDFIELD ESTATE, WINSLOW

### ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE IN PARK

near small town and station.

5 reception rooms. 27 bedrooms. 3 bathrooms.

CO.'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER. CHARMING GROUND.

Ballie's House. Two Cottages. House Farm.

FOR SALE WITH 17 OR 182 ACRES

Joint Agents: GEO. WIGLEY & SONS, Winslow, Bucks. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Bridge Street, Northampton. Tel. 2019/5.

### IN THE LOVELY WYLYE VALLEY

— OVERSTREET —

Stapleford, Wiltshire

Halfway 7½ miles. Wilton (Main U.W. and S.R.) 4 miles.

### SUBSTANTIAL STONE-BUILT MODERNISED COTTAGE RESIDENCE

containing 3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, main electric light and power, radiant water supply, septic tank drainage, garage, swimming, useful outbuildings, small flower garden, orchard and surrounding land, in all about 11 ACRES.

Immediate Possession of House and Gardens.

JACKSON STOPS (Cirencester) will SUBMIT TO AUCTIONS unless previously sold by Private Treaty, at THE RED LION HOTEL, SALISBURY, on TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1946, at 2 p.m. previously.

Full Particulars (Price etc.) may be obtained from: Solicitor: H. Winkworth & Co., 46, John Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. Auctioneers' Office: Old Council Chambers, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 234/5). Also at London, Northampton, Leeds, Yeovil and Chichester.

By direction of Mrs. E. G. Elliott

### NORTHANTS

Northampton 2½ miles

Kettering 10 miles

WITH VACANT POSSESSION

### The attractive Freehold Residential Property THORPLANDS, MOULTON

Situate in the heart of the country with southern views.  
Hall, 8 bedrooms, Co.'s electric light and gas, 4 reception rooms, 3 bathrooms, central heating.

Very garden with two tennis courts.  
LODGE. GARAGES. FARM LAND, IN ALL ABOUT  
22 ACRES 3 ROADS 15 POLES

Which will be offered for sale (unless previously sold privately) by Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF at The Angel Hotel, Northampton, on Wednesday, March 20, 1946, at 2 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. BROOK GREEN & STOPS, Westminster Bank Chambers, Northampton (Tel. 2165).

Further particulars of the Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Bridge St., Northampton (Tel. 2019/5). Also at London, Leeds, Cirencester, Vauxhall and Chichester.



Grosvenor 2812  
(3 lines)

## WINKWORTH & CO.

4, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

### SURREY—A LUTYENS RESIDENCE

1 mile Guildford. Commanding a delightful position with extensive views.

THE RESIDENCE IS BUILT OF  
BARGATE STONE  
AND IS IN FIRST-CLASS ORDER  
THROUGHOUT

Approached by drive, the accommodation provides 3 reception rooms (one with fireplace), studio, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

CO.'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND  
WATER. CENTRAL HEATING.  
MODERN DRAINAGE.



GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.  
STABLES AND 4 COTTAGES.

THE GROUNDS INCLUDE DELIGHTFUL GARDENS laid out by Miss Jekyll.

TENNIS COURT, LAWN, WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN, ORNAMENTAL WOODLAND AND ORCHARDS.

In all about 26 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

Early Sale is desirable

Previously inspected and recommended by owner's Agents, WINKWORTH & CO., 46, CURZON STREET, LONDON, W.1.

# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Vacant Possession on completion

## SOMERSET—DEVON BORDER

Tenants 12 miles

A SMALL COUNTRY ESTATE. WITH ABOUT 2 MILES OF TROUT FISHING.

STONE-BUILT TUDOR-STYLE RESIDENCE beautifully situated in parkland about 600 ft. up, and picturesque country, with delightful views. Coloured hall, 5 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms.

Central Heating. Mains Electricity. Modern drainage and water supply. Garage.

Modern stabling, barn buildings. 3 cottages.

Grounds with terraces, walled gardens, orchard, park and woodlands.

ABOUT 41 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: Messrs. W. E. J. GREENHILL & CO., F.A.S., London: KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (14,570)



## CAMBERLEY

Golf Course half a mile. Station 1 mile. London 20 miles. Occupying a well-chosen position about 350 feet up on sand and gravel soil, facing North.

A Tudor-style Residence in good order throughout. Built of brick with tiled roof and approached by a drive. Hall, 5 reception rooms, billiards room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices, including kitchen with "Aga" cooker.

Co's Electric Light and water, Central Heating, Telephone, Mains Drainage.

Stabling, garage for 8 cars. 3 cottages, each with 3 rooms and bathroom. The gardens are well laid out and inexpensive to maintain, and are surrounded on three sides by woods. Hard and grave tennis courts. Dutch, Tudor and flower gardens.

IN ALL ABOUT 7½ ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD. Possession March, 1946.

Notes Agents: Messrs. CHANCELLOR & SONS, 36, High Street, Chamberley, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (48,507)



VACANT POSSESSION

## HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS

Station ¼ mile. London about 24 miles.

Occupying a nice situation about 300 feet up on gravel soil, facing south-east with distant views. The Residence, which is of picturesque elevation, is in first-class order. Hall, 4 reception with parquet floors and mahogany doors, 10 bedrooms (5 with baths), 4 bathrooms.

Central heating throughout. Mains electric light, power, gas, water and drainage. Telephone. Garage for 3 cars.

Pair of superior cottages. Timbered grounds. Hard Tennis Courts with two thatched pavilions. Kitchen garden. Lake of 1 acre. Pasture and arable land.

Stabling. Golf. For Sale, Freehold, with about 28 ACRES.

Residence would be sold with less land, with or without the contents.

Agents: KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (37,844)



Mayfair 9771  
(10 Lines)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams  
"Knights, W.1, London."

Regent 6888/6877  
Reading 4441

## NICHOLAS

(Established 1883)

4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1: 1, STATION ROAD, READING

Telegrams  
"Nicholas, Piccadilly, London"

## SURREY—Close to Golf



THIS ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE, containing 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms with an annex with 4 bedrooms, bathroom, central heating, electric light, company's water, double garage, pretty garden with tennis lawn, old trees with woodland. 3 ACRES IN ALL. PRICE £7,500.—Further particulars of Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1 (Regent 0293).

## SUFFOLK



ATTRACTIVELY SITUATED ELIZABETHAN COUNTRY RESIDENCE WITH PARK ABOUT 25 ACRES. Suite of 5 reception rooms, 11 principal bedrooms (several oak paneled), bath, 5 servants' rooms. Main electricity. Central heating. Modern appointments. Excellent water. Garage (4 cars). Garden. All in first-class order. POSSESSION UPON TERMINATION OF LEASEHOLD TERM.—View and further details from NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1, or MOORE, GARRARD & SON, Hoxton, Dine.

## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2461

## A BARGAIN ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS

(Use for 40 miles to the south).

MODERN HOUSE IN WILLIAM & MARY STYLE, stone-built, 4 bed, 3 baths, 2-3 reception rooms, model room; Aga stove, electric light, central heating. Garage, 1000 sq. ft. Walled garden, 1/2 acre, etc. 2 ACRES. Only £4,500, long leasehold. Low G.B. Possession.

F. L. MERCER & CO., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Regent 2461.

## HANTS—BERKS BORDERS, TOWARDS NEWBURY

CHOOSE SMALL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 3 AND 4 ACRES IN convenient position near village, 5 miles north from station. 3 bed, 3 baths, 3 reception rooms; bath electric light; pretty gardens, 1 cottage. Farm and 2 other cottages (20). Good sporting facilities.

F. L. MERCER & CO., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Regent 2461.

## NORTHWOOD

(Facing the Green Hall).

SPLENDIDLY FITTED MODERN RESIDENCE with fine views. 7 bed, 2 baths, 3 reception rooms (marquet floors), maid's room; Aga stove; all services, central heating. Garage, charming gardens and paddock. ACRE, £14,000. Early possession.

F. L. MERCER & CO., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Regent 2461.

## CENTRE OF THE QUORN

Convenient for the Outcrops, the Barrow and the Pines. 11 MILES FROM LEICESTER

AN OLD HOUSE of 17th cent. elevation, added to and modernized. Two floors only. 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' bedrooms and complete offices. Mains electricity. Central heating throughout. Garage. Stabling of 12 cars. House with 3 rooms, garden, etc. GARDENERS' COTTAGE. Attractive garden and paddock. 11 ACRES. PRICE £14,000.

F. L. MERCER & CO., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Reg. 2461.

## HAMPSHIRE COAST NEAR NEW FOREST

(Of great interest to sailing enthusiasts).

WELL-EQUIPPED MODERN HOUSE OF CHAR-ACTER (8 reception, 5 bed, bath). Mains services. Garage, charming garden. 1½ ACRES. £7,500. Possession May.

F. L. MERCER & CO., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Reg. 2461.

## QUEEN ANNE HOUSE, KENT COAST

HISTORICAL RESIDENCE, walled walk, period 14th cent. etc. (8 reception, 7 bed, bath). Mains services. Very old-world charm, paved court and garden. £5,500. Possession.

F. L. MERCER & CO., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Reg. 2461.

## HANTS—SURREY BORDERS

DELIGHTFULLY PLACED COUNTRY PROPERTY 20½ ACRES on sandy soil. (Lounge 27 ft., 3 reception, 7 bed, 3 baths). Central heating, mains services. Double garage, stabling and chauffeur's quarters. Well-stocked grounds, tennis court, orchard and paddock. Well available. £5,500.

F. L. MERCER & CO., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Reg. 2461.



5, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1

## CURTIS &amp; HENSON

Greenwich 9781 (2 lines)  
Established 1876

HAMPSHIRE-SURREY BORDERS

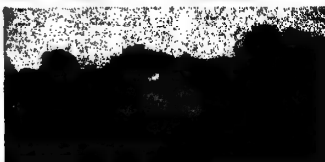
LONDON 40 MILES

Between Farnham and Hindhead. Aerially superb country. Riding over miles of Oceanus Land.  
ATTRACTIVE FARMHOUSE-STYLE RESIDENCE WITH OLD-WORLD CHARM AND ATMOSPHERE

**NEAR FRESHAM FORDS:**  
5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, polished  
lounge hall, 3 reception rooms.  
Modern domestic offices.  
Mole electric light, power, gas and  
water.

Large garage. Outside play area  
4 ft. x 20 ft.

8 SPLENDED COTTAGES  
each with main service and  
bathroom.



LOVELY OLD GARDENS INTERSECTED BY A STREAM AND PROTECTED BY WOOLBARS  
FREEHOLD for SALE with 62 ACRES or would be SOLD with about 16 or 30 ACRES  
Illustrated Brochure, Photographs, Plans and Orders to View from the Sole Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

Pages  
4004

## OSBORN &amp; MERCER

220, ALDERMARLE ST.,  
POSSIBLY, W.1

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

## BISHOP

In splendid position convenient for the Station with the  
freight and fast service of buses to Watlington.

## AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

substantially built of brick with rough-sand exterior.  
Hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms,  
bathroom.

All main services.

Delightful garden with lawn for tennis, vegetable garden,  
flower beds, etc.

## FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN &amp; MERCER, as above. (17,500)

## BUCKS

Between Aylesbury and Buckingham. Convenient for  
Main Line Station to London.

Sheltered situation in rural country. For Sale.

AN UP-TO-DATE COUNTRY HOUSE OF  
CHARACTERMain electricity and water. Central heating.  
Lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 down bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Hardly suitable. Farmery, 3 Cottages.

Very pleasant garden. Excellent pasture.

Hard Tennis Court. Squash Court.

24 ACRES

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. Inspected and highly  
recommended. (17,500)

## BISHOP, NEAR READING

Occupying a remarkable position on grand soil and surrounded  
by wonderful views over a wide expanse of beautiful country.A MOST ATTRACTIVE BRICK-BUILT HOUSE  
standing in heavily timbered gardens and grounds.

Lounge hall, 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, and 4 bathrooms.  
Electric light. Central heating. 4 Cottages.

Fine block of stabling.

Tastefully disposed pleasure garden. Hard Tennis  
Court, lawn and croquet lawn. Rose garden, shrubbery.Partly walled kitchen garden, orchard, etc., pasture  
and woodland. 15 ft.

ABOUT 34 ACRES

For sale Freehold. Vacant possession.

Inspected and recommended by Sole Agents: OSBORN  
AND MERCER, as above. (17,500)

## SANDHURST

Occupying a fine position. High up and overlooking Purley  
Station. In the property of the National Trust.A DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE OF  
CHARACTER

with 4-5 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom.  
All main services. Central heating throughout.  
Matured, well-landed garden with Tennis and Croquet  
lawns, vegetable garden, small orchard, etc. in all

ABOUT 1 ACRE

For Sale Freehold with Possession

Inspected and recommended by OSBORN & MERCER,  
(17,500)

## GLOS AND HERFORD BORDERS

In a splendid position, with views across the River Wye

A DELIGHTFUL HOUSE OF GEORGIAN  
CHARACTER

Between and Trout fishing in the Wye  
4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.  
Electric Light, Main Water. Central Heating.

2 Cottages (let). Garage, stabling.

Pleasure grounds of about 3 acres, pasture, woodland, etc.,  
in all about 18 ACRES.

FREEHOLD ONLY 24,500

Agents: OSBORN &amp; MERCER, as above. (17,500)

5, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1

## RALPH PAY &amp; TAYLOR

Greenwich  
7555-25

## WHERE DEVON MEETS CORNWALL

20 miles from the Sea. Station 1 mile.



**SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT HOUSE** (about 40 years old)  
commanding views over the sea towards Bodmin  
Moor. Drive approach. 3 reception, veranda, 6 bedrooms,  
bathroom. Plentiful water supply (electric pump). Electric  
light (Lamp outlets). Garage. Courtyard (A). Stabling (B).  
Outbuildings. Well kept garden. Fruit trees. Paddock  
and pasture land, in all

10 ACRES. FREEHOLD ONLY 24,500

Possession on completion. The estate grading for a few  
weeks in the summer, brings in an income of about £700.

London Agents: RALPH PAY &amp; TAYLOR, as above.

## UNSPOTT HERTFORDSHIRE

Midway between Hemel Hempstead and Hitchin. 100 feet up. Near  
bus service.

**OLD-STYLE HOUSE** of pleasing elevation. 3 reception,  
10 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. Main electricity and power.  
Ample water. Central heating. Garage. Garden. Hard  
court. Paddock over 100 ACRES. FOR SALE FREE-  
HOLD 24,500 or would be let on Lease at £250 per annum.

Immediate possession.

Owners Agents: RALPH PAY &amp; TAYLOR, 5, Mount St., W.1.

## SURREY HILLS—50 FEET UP

Panoramic views over south.



**EXTREMELY WELL BUILT HOUSE** (about 40 years  
old) erected of well-planned and built. Drive approach  
(20 yards). First floor a mile from Station (access to London  
Bridges in 35 mins.). Near bus service. 3 reception, 7 bed,  
bathroom. Main service. Central heating. Garage (B).  
Oakham (main) and bungalow, both in land. TERRACED  
GARDENS. Fully matured, specimen trees, yew hedges,  
bonsai court, kitchen garden.

OVER 6 ACRES. FREEHOLD 24,500. Or 24,500

with parties only. Possession on completion.  
Recommended from personal knowledge by RALPH PAY  
AND TAYLOR, 5, Mount St., W.1.184, BROMPTON ROAD,  
LONDON, S.W.3

## BENTALL, HORSLEY &amp; BALDREY

Hampstead  
9182-2PRETTIEST PART OF KENT  
SITUATED BETWEEN TWO FAVOUR-  
ABLE OLD-WORLD TOWNS.ATTRACTIVE MODERN LABOUR-  
SAVING RESIDENCE. High up, char-  
acter view. Hall, 3 reception, 4 bed-  
rooms, 2 bathrooms. MAIN HALL AND  
O.D. WATER. 3 garages. Fine garden  
with tennis lawn, good kitchen garden with  
apple, pear, plum, in all

3 ACRES

Excellent condition. FREEHOLD 24,500.

Early possession.

Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY, 184,  
Brompton Road, S.W.3.

(See 614.)

## JUST OFFERED. BARGAIN. INSPECT AT ONCE.

SOMERSET, CLOSE TO THE SEA. FACING SOUTH—DELIGHTFUL VIEWS  
BEAUTIFUL JACOBINEAN RESIDENCE IN PERFECT ORDER

Hall, 3 reception, excellent office, 1 bed., bath.

MAIN WATER. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER.

Superb Tennis Grounds. 3 Garages, stabling, and outbuildings.

LOVELY GARDENS. Paddock.

OVER 6 ACRES

IMMEDIATE VACANT POSSESSION. FREEHOLD ONLY 24,500

## WEST SUSSEX

## CHARTERSHALL HANOVER

Extremely suitable to a purchaser requiring  
large rooms and plenty of accommodation for  
children or family purposes.Most happy dark red brick with  
shale roof and slate standing in  
level grounds of 3 ACRES, including  
beautiful views. 4 reception, 10 bed,  
bathroom. Plentiful water. Central  
heating. Gas water. Main electricity  
daytime. Large land available  
and all amenities. Plans and valuations  
available. 10 ACRES.

FREEHOLD 24,500

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY,  
184, Brompton Road, S.W.3. (See 614.)





Telegrams:  
"Wood, Agents, Wireless."  
London."

# JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Mayfair 6941  
(10 lines)

By direction of Captain Ronald Gellier.

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

## BELISTEAD HOUSE, NEAR IPSWICH BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE ON 2 FLOORS

Approached by carriage drive from a quiet by-road about 2 miles from the main Ipswich-Colchester Road. The house, built of brick, connected in passage in the form of a foxtail plan, is in first rate structural and decorative repair.  
It contains lounge hall, 4 beautifully appointed reception rooms, 10 principal bed and dressing rooms, several with fitted wardrobes and dress ensembles, etc. 8 staff bedrooms, 11 bathroom, 8 fitted bedrooms. Making a total of 10 bed and dressing rooms and 8 bathrooms.  
Complete masters' offices and self-contained chauffeur's flat, etc.  
Central heating throughout. Modern drainage. Water from a cistern. Electricity light, but contract for Company's main has been entered into and should be installed in April.  
GARAGE FOR 6. STABLES.  
Delightful gardens and grounds, including 2 cottages. STABLES.  
First rate golf links at Ipswich and Woodbridge.

### FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 40 ACRES

Further particulars of JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1, or Messrs. STRICKLAND & HENNING, Local Agents, 25, Finsbury Square, Ipswich, (02.236)



## NEAR WINCHESTER, HAMPSHIRE

Altogether 41 miles, Winchester 7 miles, Petersfield 11 miles, London 52 miles.  
IN THE ENTIRELY UNspoilt HAMLET OF BEAUWORTH  
THIS CHARMING FREEHOLD RESIDENCE BEAUWORTH MANOR  
8 principal bed and dressing rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 secondary bedrooms, hall, 8 reception rooms, CENTRAL HEATING, ELECTRICITY AND WATER FROM OWN SUPPLY. BRICK COOKER. IDEAL HOT WATER BOILER.  
Garage for 2. Good stabling. Stalls for 8 cows.  
INEXPENSIVE GROUND, including tennis lawn, orient and some fine coniferous trees.  
TWO GOOD PARLOURS AND A PAIR OF EXCELLENT COTTAGES.  
altogether about

### 6½ ACRES WITH VACANT POSSESSION AT MARCH 25

FOR SALE BY AUCTION AS A WHOLE  
on Tuesday, March 12, 1946, at The London Auction Mart, Queen Victoria Street, at 2.30 p.m.  
Detailed particulars from the Auctioneers, JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Solicitors, Messrs. NICHOLSON FERRAND & HARRFIELD, 46, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1.



Preliminary announcement of Sale by Auction early in April.

## FRENSHAM HALL, HASLEMERE

1½ miles from town and station.

### VERY SUITABLE FOR A SCHOOL OR RESIDENTIAL HOTEL.

25 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms. Complete offices with "Elex" under. Central heating.  
Main drainage and Company's electricity. Company's water in road.  
Also, PITFOLD HOUSE. 7 principal bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 8 reception rooms. Company's water and electricity. Cottage, 8 acres.  
FRENSHAM HALL FARM. KITCHEN GARDENS. COTTAGES AND ORNAMENTAL WATER.

### ALTOGETHER 106 ACRES

FOR SALE BY AUCTION (UNLESS SOLD PRIVATELY) AS A WHOLE OR IN LOTS.  
Further particulars of the Joint Auctioneers: H. B. BAYNEBROOK & Son, Estate Offices, Godalming, Surrey; JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.



## FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

Central  
9344/8/7

(Established 1789)  
AUCTIONEERS, CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS,  
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Telegrams:  
"Farebrother, London"

## BEACONSFIELD

In delightful surroundings. Station about 1 mile.



COMPANION'S ELECTRIC LIGHT,  
GAS AND WATER.  
MODERN DRAINAGE.  
WELL LAID OUT GARDENS.

To be SOLD FREEHOLD  
with VACANT possession

PRICE £5,900

Subject to Contract.

For further particulars apply: FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4 (Central 9344/8/7).

## AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

8 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.  
MAIDS' ROOM, LARGE LOUNGE,  
DINING ROOM.  
COMFORT DOMESTIC OFFICES.  
GARAGE.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1  
(Eaton 7466)

## MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1  
(August 4622)

## NORFOLK LODGE, KINGSWOOD, SURREY

A really choice property situated in a much sought-after district near central golf course, including the Walton Heath course, 500 ft. up.  
The Residence has a very fine interior with all modern conveniences and is approached by a drive with very nice hedges at the entrance. Accommodation includes: Fine oak-panelled hall, most attractive drawing room, dining room, morning room, billiard room, lounge, 8 bedrooms, dressing room, 5 superb bathrooms, also 2 bedrooms for maids. Very efficient CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER. Two Garages, Stabling and excellent flat.  
FINE GARDENS OF ABOUT 4½ ACRES  
Tennis and other lawns, 11½ pool, rose gardens, primitive kitchen garden, etc.  
FOR SALE BY AUCTION AT WINCHESTER HOUSE, OLD BROAD STREET, 25th February, 1946 (unless sold privately beforehand).  
Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. HARRIS BAKER & Son, S.A.L., 25, Old Broad Street, London; and MAPLE & Co., Ltd., 5, Grafton Street, Old Broad Street, W.1.



22, MOUNT ST.,  
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

## WILSON & CO.

GROSVENOR  
1667

### HISTORIC VILLAGE NEAR SUSSEX COAST



**LOVELY 15TH CENTURY HOUSE** of uncoloured red brick with period features. 10 bedrooms, 5 or 6 reception, 4 modern baths, main services, built built in bedroom. Garage. (Chaultry's list). 3 cottages. **WORLD GARDEN OF AN ACRE. £1,500. Possession.**  
Agents: WILSON & Co., 22, Mount Street, London, W.1.

### LOVELY PART OF NEW FOREST



**DELIGHTFUL** red brick Queen Anne style in lovely situation with fine views. Long drive. 15 bedrooms, 5 baths, 5 reception. Washing. Garage. 5 cottages. Electric light, central heating etc. Charming garden, orchard, pasture and woodland. **FOR SALE WITH 20 ACRES.**  
Agents: WILSON & Co., 22, Mount Street, W.1.

### DORSET, NEAR LYME REGIS

Charming position 450 ft. up, wonderful sea views over 50 miles of coastline.



**GEORGIAN HOUSE** in good order. Main services. Central heating, etc. 11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception. Secondary residence. 5 Cottages. Beautifully landscaped grounds, walled kitchen garden, pasture and woodland. **FOR SALE WITH 41 ACRES.**  
Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 22, Mount Street, W.1.

## LOFTS & WARNER

41, BERKELEY SQ., LONDON, W.1. Gro. 3086

### KENT

Standing on a ridge overlooking the Mass Hills.

Fast service of trains to London.

#### DELIGHTFUL EARLY GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

with spacious and lofty rooms.

Hall, inner hall, 6 reception rooms, 17 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiards room. Ample offices.

MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING. MODERN DRAINAGE.

Large cottage. Garage. Stable. Outbuildings.

Walled kitchen garden with extensive glasshouse, pleasure garden, grass tennis court. Well-landed park, extending in all to

**ABOUT 20 ACRES**

**FOR SALE FRESHOLD.**

**VACANT POSSESSION.**

For further particulars apply to: LOFTS & WARNER, 41 Berkeley Square, W.1 (Telephone: GRO. 3086).



And at  
ALDERSHOT

## ALFRED PEARSON & SON

FLEET, HANTS. Tel.: 118

And at  
FARNBOROUGH

By Auction on March 19th or privately now.

#### OLD-WORLD COTTAGE STYLE RESIDENCE

"BEARS BARN," HARTLEY WINTNEY

1½ miles Winkfield Station. 1 hour Waterloo.



5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, cloakroom, drawing room 17ft. x 18ft., dining room 28ft. x 11ft., good garden room, etc. Company's electricity, main water and gas. 2 Garages. Washing for 11.

Picturesque Garden and Paddock

**ABOUT 3 ACRES**

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HANDSOME MODERN HOUSE  
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ALL MAIN SERVICES. COMPLETE CENTRAL HEATING.

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## SMALL CHARACTER RESIDENCE

Hall, L-shaped lounge, dining room, parquet floor lounge, 2 or 3 bedrooms, bath, etc. CO. 8 GAS, WATER, ELECTRIC LIGHT. MAIN DRAINAGE. PHONE.

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(Involving Cumber Wood Golf Course.

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Lounge-hall, 3 reception, billiard, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom. All main services. Garage. Well maintained gardens with lawn, flower beds, ornamental trees and shrubs.

IN ALL ¼ ACRE

EXTRA ¼ ACRE AVAILABLE.

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Magnificent view over Hays Dock. Full South aspect.



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**VACANT POSSESSION.**

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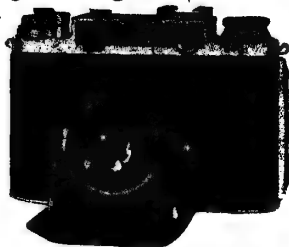
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great  
unknown**

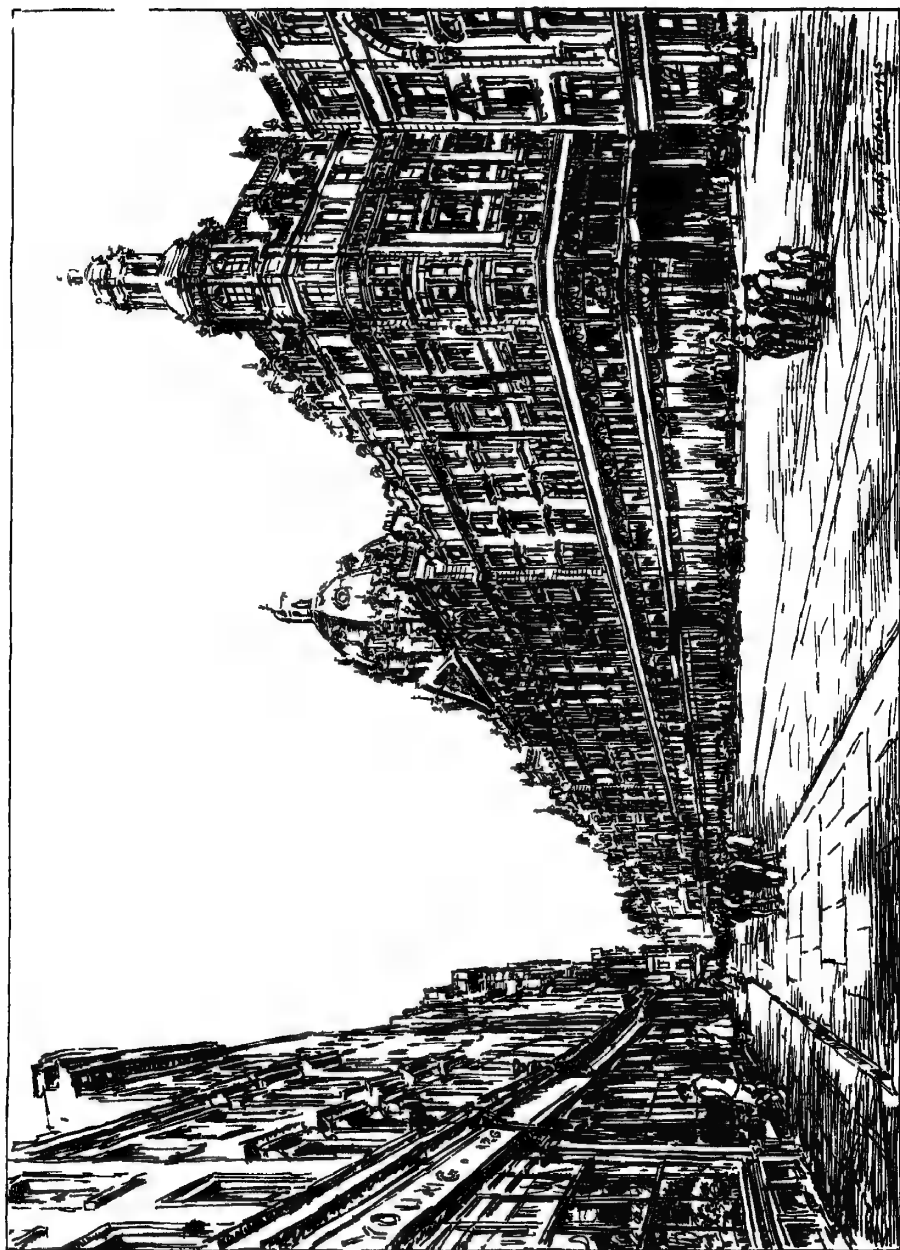
Month after month, year after year, cancer is taking its ghastly toll. One person in seven falls victim to its deadly powers. Month after month, year after year, master minds are probing the mysteries of the great unknown, seeking the cure for this dread disease. There must be a cure. It must be found. Ceaseless research work, carried out by brilliant scientists using the world's finest equipment, is being maintained by the Royal Cancer Hospital. But it costs money—lots of money. Please help this great crusade against man's deadliest enemy, by sending a gift to:—

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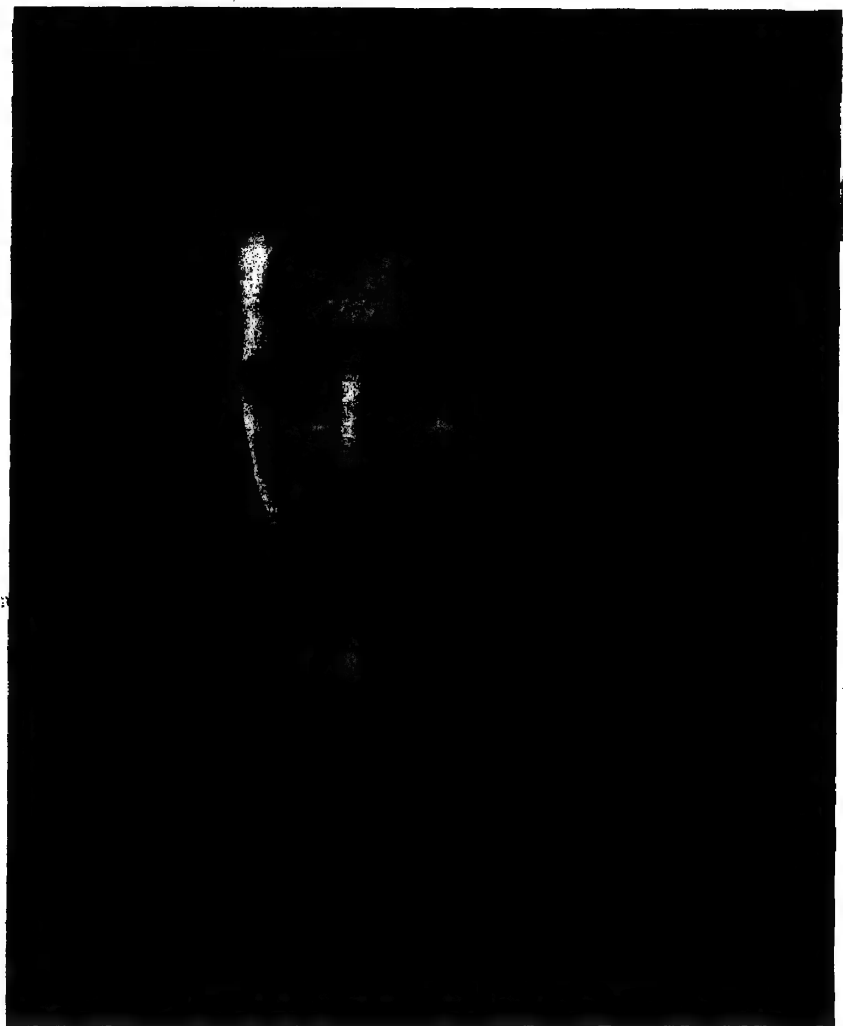
Harrods of Knightsbridge—an impression by Hamish Fletcher

Harrods Ltd., London, S W 1  
*Joseph Fletcher 1945*

# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX. No. 2562

FEBRUARY 22, 1946



Mansfield

## THE HON. MRS. JOHN MANSFIELD

Mrs. Mansfield, wife of Flight-Lieutenant the Hon. John Mansfield, elder son of Lord Sandhurst, is the younger daughter of the late Mr. J. Fielder Johnson and was married in 1942



## COUNTRY LIFE

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## CLIMATE AND PLANNING

DESPITE all that has been said and written on the need for preliminary planning prior to building development, there is already evidence that public impatience, and official anxiety to get on with house-building is producing some ill-sited and badly planned housing which consequently will never be satisfactory even if it does not quickly degenerate into slum. The demand for the greatest possible stretch in providing housing, and all the complex factors involved in addition to the actual process of building, must put some local authorities in a dilemma with which we keenly sympathize. Yet the legacy of social evils that may ensue from hastily undertaken operations—ill-health, high mortality, discontent, absenteeism—makes "more haste, less speed" doubly true when the lives and homes of thousands of families are involved.

There is, for example, the bearing of local climate and temperature on the siting of new towns, houses, factories, schools and so forth, on which the Association for Planning and Regional Reconstruction (34, Gordon Square, W.C.1) has issued a highly interesting report by Dr. Arthur Geddes (*Planning and Climate*, 5s.). Everybody knows of climatic variations in their own locality—the Cold Harbours and Hungry Bottoms, the frost-pockets where fruit blossom and the dahlias seem always to catch any frost, the hollows where fog lies thick and cold are treacherous. When builders were local men and building was a carefully considered undertaking, empirical tradition led to the avoiding of such spots which, consequently, look especially attractive to the map-planner at a distance, unacquainted with the local knowledge or modern data. A glaring example referred to in the Report was the choice of Kinlochleven, in the Highlands, for an electrically powered factory and housing site—on a north exposure always in shadow, subject to permanent "down draughts," exceptionally heavy rainfall, and valley-bottom winds, whereas a site a few miles down the loch avoided all these evils that led to perpetual crises of ill-health and discontent among the workers. The "poor quarters" of many ports and manufacturing towns were built in the nineteenth century on ground subject to fogs, and a good many aerodromes have been made only to find their sites subject to floods or fogs.

Soil surveys and meteorological maps are becoming increasingly available, though fewer have been published in this than in some other countries. Medical Officers of Health have correlated weather and health in certain places from time to time with valuable results. Such data are available from experts, but Dr. Geddes stresses that planners should be able to tell from the look of a site, and from local enquiry,

whether it is likely to be suitable or to require expert examination, which inevitably takes time, and he gives some illuminating typical diagrams. Some of these have considerable general interest, as that showing the mean temperatures along a line of country sloping from 800 ft. to a river, in which the mildest zone is shown to be between 80 and 140 ft. altitude near the base of the steepest slope. Another shows how shelter planting and a solid fence above a house on a slope not only screens from down-hill wind, but also forms a frost pocket outside the enclosure, whereas without the planting, and with the solid fence below the house, not only is there no protection from wind, but a frost pocket forms against the fence inside the garden. It is such factors—small and merely exasperating, perhaps, for the independent individual, but of far-reaching consequence when it is a whole community with delicate children and old people which is involved—that make the difference between the wasting and the profitable investment of vast sums of national capital.

## IN A WINTERY GARDEN

*PATIENCE is walking—  
She moves along  
While yews of yew  
With silence for song.*

*She breathes in the apple-trees—  
Starbly they lift  
Cupped hands of emptiness,  
Waiting the gift.*

*Gold of a future time,  
Fruit of the days—  
Patience is walking  
In silence of praise.*  
DOROTHY R. COLLIS.

## IS WHEAT WANTED?

IS wheat wanted? The question is prompted by the hesitancy of the Minister of Agriculture in saying downright to farmers that they must put every possible acre into wheat for the 1946 harvest. Even at this late date, the restoration of the acreage payment to £4 on Spring wheat, the country market expects on the part of the War Agriculture Committee, would give the country several hundred thousand acres more wheat for this harvest. There are fields intended for barley and also some grass and clover leys that in this emergency can grow wheat for the nation. Ordinarily almost all our wheat is produced in Spring sowings do not amount to more than 6 per cent. of the total. As it is the general experience of farmers that the Spring varieties do not yield so well, it is only reasonable, if they are required to go into Spring wheat, that the acreage payment should be restored to the full war-time sum. Failing this, the country market expects a total wheat acreage of more than two million acres, against the peak war-time acreage of three and a quarter million acres. Whether the Government act now or not it seems clear that the acreage payment will have to be restored to £4 for the 1947 harvest in an effort to regain abstinence to the detriment of the United States and Canada may have good harvests this year, but Britain cannot rely on being able to buy wheat freely until the whole world has settled down to production and exchange on rational lines. We cannot buy maize from the Argentine to-day because it is being burnt as fuel on the railways. When we can get it, we get it off and coal we shall get maize for our hens and the American farmer will be able to sell more wheat instead of feeding it to livestock.

## THE NEW MOTOR TAX

THE change in the method of motor taxation to a cubic capacity basis, which is to come into effect next January, can be considered from four points of view—those of the motorist, the Exchequer, the manufacturer and the designer. The new system will only benefit the motorist with a really small car; the large car owner will have to pay more, in some cases much more. The owner of one of the popular small cars will on the average spend one pound less per annum, while those with

one of the larger high-class cars will have his costs increased by anything from £5 to £10. It must be taken for granted, therefore, that the new system suits the Exchequer. But the manufacturer, as under the old system, will still be compelled to produce cars of different sizes, with one eye on small cars for the home trade and the other on larger cars for export. It cannot be a good thing, taking the long view, to compel the trade to design to suit a taxation system. Under the new method, however, the designer is given a little more freedom; instead of producing a dedicated car, with a racing engine, he is free to produce engines with more power at low speeds and longer life, although of the same capacity as before. But the better way would have been to impose a flat rate on all cars, plus a tax on petrol; or better still, a tax on unladen weight, which would encourage manufacturers to produce light and versatile cars with modern suspension, more suitable for the overseas market than the archaic carriage-type spring we know so well.

## THE USES OF YEW

THE Bodleian Library, whose furniture includes a number of early 19th-century yew-wood chairs, has received from St. John's College a gift of yew timber, grown in Bagley Wood, for repairs. Yew is not so much employed now—except perhaps for small turnery such as fruit bowls, candlesticks and egg-cups—as it was in the past, and it has the reputation of being a hard timber to work. But it is also a hard timber to wear (witness the splendid sections of flooring at Prince Riborough and the old saying that a fence post of yew will outlast one of iron), and the common waste or misuse of small parcels of yew wood, because of ignorance, when odd trees are felled is to be deplored. Time was, of course, when we imported yew staves from the Continent, whose small trees grow more slowly and makes even tougher timber than in England) for those long fighting bows on which the military strength of the country was largely based. Later, in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, our own yew was largely employed to make the better kinds of cricket stumps, and the best of the highest-grade furniture. Yew is not a tree which the forest economist is likely to recommend for planting by impoverished land-owners, but the words of Messrs. Boulton & Jay in *British Timbers* (1844) are interesting:

"As it is very slow growing it is necessary to use a rotation of at least 100 years, and it would certainly be worth growing in pure plantations even on a 200-year rotation. . . . There is no doubt that yew is one of the most attractive of timbers, and although it is difficult to obtain large sizes there is no reason why it should not be used to a very much greater extent than it has been."

## SMOKE IN THE COUNCIL

WHEN men don't smoke they are so horribly cross," declared a lady member of a rural council in Norfolk, when proposing that smoking should be allowed at their meetings. If ladies have not yet begun to smart in the fire of abstinence to the detriment of their health, it is a safe prophecy that they very soon will. At any rate it is noteworthy that when the motion had been carried seventeen members at once lit up, and they can hardly all have been male. Most people will probably approve the Council's decision, though there is something to be said for the demand of those ladies that there are still some who have a genuine dislike for smoke and are made uncomfortable by it. Doubtless there is a certain air of formality and decorum about an official occasion which is not enhanced by tobacco. Doubtless also most of us to-day smoke too much and it is a confession of weakness if we cannot get on without it. Perhaps, however, we have gone too far to draw back and anything which promotes friendliness and prevents the raising of tempers in argument is of incalculable value.

*Like pipe, with solemn interposing puff.*

*Make half a sentence after him enough.*

And if you are not of one of those which would have done all the mischief, may never be spoken.

## CONVERSATION PIECE

J. W. J. Underhill

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

A STOCK complaint about some of the more exclusive of our London clubs, is, or was, that the old habitués resented the entrance of new members, because few, if any of them, seemed to come up to the very high standard which they themselves thought they represented. I have an idea that there is the same sort of feeling among the members of my birds' breakfast-table club, and I am afraid that quite a number of would-be members, whom I would welcome, get "browned off" or black-balled when they put themselves up for election. The nuthatches, who joined three years ago, I am quite certain were black-balled, but apparently, if you are stockily-built and possess a long sharp beak, you can join any club, however many black-balls may be registered against you.

I KNOW all the members of my club so well that I would be delighted if some of the other residents of the garden would join and add a little variety to the usual assembly of great blue, cole and marsh tits; the two chaffinches and their wives; and the cock blackbird that a broody hen almost plucked last Spring when he foolishly got into the wire run to eat the chicken food.

Birds who have been watching the club enviously during the recent cold spell are a remarkably handsome bullfinch and his mate, and I wish they would come to the table, as this is a bird one sees so seldom at close quarters when one can study his vivid and pleasing colouring, and his markedly semitic profile. The bullfinch is a common enough bird, and his black and white rump can be seen most days twisting about in the apple-trees during the bud season, but I have no great complaints about him personally, as the only tree he attacks in my garden is one that bears a particularly

tasteless and useless fruit—and he is welcome.

The two-creeper is constantly at work in neighbouring trees during breakfast time, and I think the only reason why he does not join the club is that it is not equipped with a spiral staircase leading to it. There are no signs that other birds worry him, nor do they appear to resent his presence, but he is very much a creature of routine, and the only method of obtaining food that he knows is to start at the bottom of a tree, rod or pole, and run up an invisible spiral staircase to the top. It has never occurred to him yet that one can fly straight at the food, and make a landing beside it.

DURING the last week or so I have been too worried about the all-important question of the "G.I. brides," their shipboard accommodation, their sapient remarks to newspaper reporters and their future in that land of quick and easy divorce, to take very much interest in birds; or, in fact, in any feature of our countryside. Occasionally I have noticed inadvertently a flight of goldfinches passing through the garden while other and less-decorative birds are busy at the table, but these thistle-loving finches do not appear to be interested in the very spartan war-time diet provided. I have attracted goldfinches in other days by keeping a supply of canary seed on the table with a few alcoholic hemp seeds among them, but it may be months before this store is discovered by them, and meanwhile the chaffinches are greatly

increased numbers will gorge themselves daily; and in any case canary seed has been off the market since 1939.

One of the good points of the not very exciting cosmos is that its seed apparently is regarded as a great delicacy by goldfinches, superior to that of the lettuce even, and shortly after the plants are in full bloom in the late Summer the birds with their young will assemble in the bed, and tear the blooms to pieces to get at the seed. One is able to admire the goldfinch's rich colouring at close quarters with the aid of the cosmos if it is planted in the right place for observation, but, as one cannot have everything in this imperfect world, the cosmos flowers themselves after treatment are not worthy of admiration.

I OFTEN wonder if the horticultural experts who write weekly columns of advice and instruction own gardens as perfect as their articles would suggest. I have a knowledgeable friend—sometimes I regard him almost as an enemy—who walks round my garden, picks out every fault and neglect he sees and admonishes me sternly. Last Summer, when I showed him my quite good strawberries, there were the usual couple of blackbirds fluttering about inside the netting. This was most unfortunate as he pounced on this carelessness, giving me a severe "telling-off," and pointing out that it was the easiest thing in the world to peg down the netting so that such exhibitions of slackness did not occur.

A week later I visited his garden, which personally I thought is little better condition than my own, and when we came to the strawberry bed there were seven blackbirds and a thrush inside the netting. My innocent remark that I had no idea he kept an aviary has caused a slight coolness to spring up between us.

# THE REX WHISTLER ROOM AT PLAS NEWYDD

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY



1.—THE DINING-ROOM AT PLAS NEWYDD, DECORATED BY REX WHISTLER, FROM THE WEST END

IT is no consolation for the loss of Rex Whistler to reflect that there would probably have been fewer opportunities in this poorer and drabber age for the particular form of art in which he incomparably excelled. It is true, so far as one can see, that even if the gallant and conscientious soldier had survived the war, the painter of mural fantasies could have received fewer commissions from the patrons for whom he had hitherto executed his best work: the decoration of rooms in private houses. His delicate, scholarly, essentially personal style was better suited to that intimate setting, where it can be enjoyed in detail and at leisure, than for public places requiring a broader touch, which is the class of commission that mural decorators are most likely to receive in future. But this generalisation is offset by his decorations of the Tate Gallery restaurant—his first big commission—though it is open to question whether his subtlety is not wasted there. And there is all his book illustration and his work for the stage, especially the ballet, where scope would have been wider than ever. Then who knows but that, faced with a fresh demand, he might not have adapted to mural decoration the broader style he employed successfully for theatrical scenery? He could, too, have become a great teacher of a school of mural artists, for which the need and the opportunities in the immediate future are likely to be considerable. His remarkable knowledge of the manners and technique of the last age of mural painting, and his unique grasp of pictorial poetry—as his style might be called—

might have been diffused over a generation of successors.

There is no question of the wide opportunities awaiting mural painters. Britain will be rebuilt during the next generation, with many public and communal institutions of the outwardly plain type favoured by contemporary architecture, which afford large wall surfaces available for decorative treatment. At present there is no vital (as contrasted with mechanical) school of craftsmanship for the interior decoration of such buildings as supplemented Wren's reconstruction of London. We have machines that will line them with wood or marble or glass, ingenious methods of lighting, and increasing recognition of the place of designers in industry. But of painters and carvers willing or able to apply the direct human touch to their adornment, few indeed. It is here that a Rex Whistler might have directed a great studio of decorative painters. We may hope that other artists are coming forward to take his place. But Eric Ravilious, the young artist of the greatest promise beside Whistler, was killed too, and apart from them the choice is at present limited.

The dining-room painted for the Marquess of Anglesey at Plas Newydd is Whistler's most considerable work. It was the last large mural that he painted (1937), the most extensive, and, owing to the relative remoteness of Anglesey, the one least generally known. The main painting, on a single length of canvas 58ft. long, covers the principal wall, 47ft. long and the two return walls of 8ft. 6ins. each up to

the fireplaces. The overmantel panels, ceiling, and other decorations, are painted direct on the surfaces.

Plas Newydd lies on the south coast of the island, near the end of the Victoria Bridge and looking across the Menai Straits at the romantic panorama of Snowdonia. It was built about 1790 in the Gothick manner, long and thin in plan so as to take the greatest advantage of the view, slender and elegant in elevation, deriving only its decorative features from real Gothick. Thus there is a lofty hall with groined roof and slim columns, its very high pointed sash windows laced with wooden tracery in their upper lights. The design is traditionally ascribed to Wyatt; but Mr. Anthony Dale in his study of that architect allows only interior decorations of about 1808 to James Wyatt. The majority of the rooms are in the simple late 18th-century classic idiom.

Thus the house and its setting are just such as to have appealed to Rex Whistler. The dining-room, long and rather narrow, has five windows facing south, and it was perhaps their view over the Straits, with villages shining at the base of the mountains, that suggested to him the treatment of the opposite wall. The elements of the composition are similar—the view down and across a fjord of some fairy sea, with misty blue mountains towering out of it and enchanted towns at their feet, their moles lively with a variety of shipping. As in the actual view down the Straits towards Carnarvon, the left coast is the more rugged and populated. That to the right, corresponding to the Anglesey

side, has spreading trees growing to the very edge of a sandy bay on the extreme right.

But the little white Welsh villages have been transformed into renaissance cities of which the architecture, as in so many of Rex Whistler's designs, is a delicious pastiche of everything that he enjoyed—Venice, Brighton, Dublin, Wren's London, Rome, Amalfi. Here and there one can be recognised: there is the steeple of St. Martin's in the Fields, and Trajan's Column. But most of them, such as the prominent domed church on the quayside, while owing a good deal to actual buildings, are scholarly inventions "in the manner of." It is partly this, and even more the impossible yet visually delightful juxtaposition of buildings—Roman with Regency, Italian baroque with Queen Anne, which gives his fantasy its unique quality, showing us scenes that we can never see except through the magic prism and throwing, not Italian light alone, but that of the whole renaissance spectrum, on English walls.

This imaginary world is completely realised. The buildings are not just sketched and thrown together or used merely as decorative symbols or shapes; the distant prospects are not left vaguely blurred. A complete topography is unfolded to us. We can land from the schooner at the quay, pick our way among the barrels and bales of merchandise, almost see the rooms of the varied houses through their windows, certainly guess who lives in them—a butcher lounges nonchalantly in his doorway beside the church, and the pantiled house with an arcade on the left is obviously an office building of some sort, perhaps the Customs House. Before we pass under the triumphal arch, or town gate, an inscription on its parapet catches the eye. It reads

*Haec urbis jussu nobilissimo  
Carolo Pagetia  
Marchionis de Mona  
Comitis Uhriggenis  
condita et aedificata  
A.D. MDCCCXXXVII*

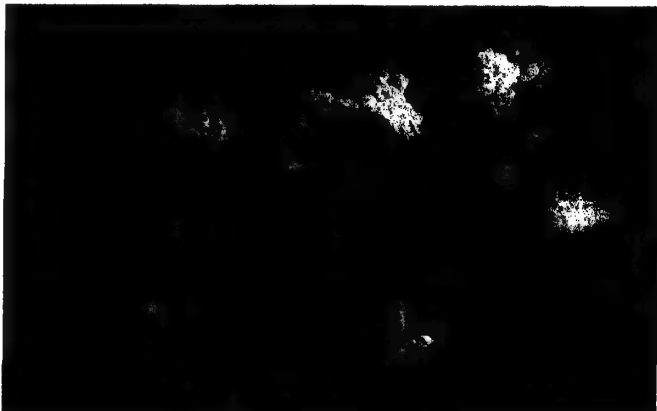
*Rex Whistler invenit et pinxit*

But, alas, we shall never know what lies beyond the gate, more than that time has stood still there since the end of the eighteenth century, and that there are noble churches, public squares, and scores of pleasant houses. We can, however, resolve to make a journey into the mountains to visit some of the wonderfully well preserved castles and hill-top villages. Or we can charter a pleasure barge and row across the harbour, past the old mole with its ruined pharos, to the romantic little town opposite, clustering round a church with an onion-domed steeple, or the little fortified island in the middle of the bay.

This prospect of Arcady is seen over a parapet wall broken in the centre by steps down to the water-side between sculptured piers, one of which carries a majestic jug with Neptune's crown and trident leaning against it. At either end the return walls each contain a fireplace flanked by actual pilasters that are worked into the painted decoration. Above each fireplace is an intricate martial trophy. The stonework of these walls is a warm bistre, the cornice a dull gold, and the ceiling a lighter shade of the wall tint. The ceiling is painted to represent a coffered surface containing personal and heraldic em-



2.—THE LONG WALL, WEST SECTION



3.—MIDDLE SECTION OF THE LONG WALL



4.—THE EAST SECTION

The photographs of the three sections overlap somewhat, but the whole makes a continuous composition



5.—THE CITY OF MAKE-BELIEF West end of the long wall



6.—CORNER AT THE EAST END OF THE LONG WALL



8.—SELF-PORTRAIT OF REX WHISTLER

(See Fig. 7)

(Left) 7.—CORNER AT THE WEST END OF THE LONG WALL

blems of the family in simulated relief.

To the side of one of the fireplaces we see an arcaded gallery, a little like the Palladian bridge at Wilton, continuing the promenade along the port. Its silhouette in the angle of the wall is ingeniously masked by ivy. The gallery has a painted ceiling, someone has been playing a cello there, and two pugs have been given their dinner. A pair of spectacles and a book have been left on the step. The arcade beside the other fireplace leads back to the town and seems to offer us another way into it, to explore it further if we follow its inviting perspective. But just as we reach the end of it there appears from behind a pillar a young man sweeping up leaves. He returns our gaze searchingly and seriously, and his half-smile is familiar. It is the artist himself. "No," he seems to say, "you cannot come back. There is a great deal more that I could have shown you of this city and strange country besides. It might have taken us years to see it all—its peculiar inhabitants, enchanted valleys, and beautiful cities. But not now. Nobody will ever see any more of Never-never-land now."

#### "THE SWEETNESS IN THE SAD"

*HOW oft, how oft  
The Summer shines  
Have drawn aloft  
My gaze with rights,*

*While the soft ring  
Of Autumn rain  
So soon would bring  
Content again.*

EDGAR FROUDMAN.

# WIND IN THE HILLS

By W. KERSLEY HOLMES

I SUPPOSE all mountain-lovers will agree that one of the most elating experiences a man can have, if he is of the right receptive type, is to stand on a hill-top on a day of absolute calm, in either Summer or Winter. He seems to become a part of the immense tranquillity, and realises that all music is in that vast and living silence. Yet no one knows the hills until he is familiar with them under utterly different conditions—when a great wind has awakened and is sweeping across the crests and along the fens.

In still weather, alone on a peak, a man may feel insignificant, but at the same time the mountains seem to accept him. A wind brings another mood; the tiny creature battling against it is apt to wonder whether the hills have not developed a personal animosity towards him. I am not thinking of a mere breeze, or even of one of those steady, powerful winds that pour across the range like a great torrent, animating everything from the cloud-shadows to the walker who finds himself so exhilarated that he breaks into a run and scurries downhill as if borne by a racing current.

The kind of wind I have in mind is something of which those who do not frequent mountains have no conception. Town winds are draughts—unpleasant, bitter and unclean. Over level country even a strong wind, meeting no abrupt obstacles, is not the raging monster which charges the crags and, baffled in one place, attacks in another with accumulated fury, making new onsets from unpredictable directions.

Writing rather as a fell-walker, with a taste for scrambling, than a cragsman, I look back on innumerable hill expeditions undertaken without the condition of weather permitting. I can remember only four which were failures as far as the attainment of the coveted peak was concerned. Of these, three defeats were due to nothing but wind armed with snow-dust. The fourth was, I confess, the result of feebleness of the flesh, the final cone of Ben Lomond proving the last straw as the climax of a too-ambitious programme.

To those who have endured storms on the world's biggest mountains, no doubt the experiences of a hill-rambler in Britain may seem a smiling matter. Yet, on Scotland's Cairngorms, for instance, there may be met winds so terrific that to the human struggler against them it would seem as if, were they one mile an hour stronger, his weight would no longer keep him, even intermittently, on the solid.

Ben More, in Perthshire, is regarded by the lover of the sensational as little more than a grass lump, despite its 3,800 feet, and yet two of my defeats, wind-inflicted, occurred on its steep, almost unbroken, northern face. Towards the summit the rock is very near the surface. Much of it is covered only with moss, and when the hill is snow- and ice-bound this makes quite awkward going. There is no grip for even the best of nails, and the pick of an ice-axe may fall to find a useful hold. In reasonably calm weather this kind of obstacle can be negotiated easily, or avoided. If, however, the east wind is sweeping with shrieks across the hill-face, hurling clouds of minute ice-particles against every inch of exposed skin as though to remove it, and compelling the closing of the eyes, the climber begins to think differently of that easy mountain.

Although a slip there would not mean a straight fall, it might well be the start of a swift, accelerating slide with no check for a long, long way. When the wind and whirling ice-dust keep the eyes full of tears, there is no possibility of seeing the feet, or, making sure that what looks like a drift of snow or solid ice down which you would shoot completely out of control. So perhaps those retreats were wise, though regretted, almost as a disgrace, as soon as shelter was reached.

Another victory was scored by the wind on a very open ridge across which a wolf-toothed



WIND-SWEPT FIRS: A STUDY IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

F. S. Smyth

easterly gale was driving in bewildering succession clouds of powder snow. The cold was so intense that it seemed not only to be piercing my clothes, but to be forcing a way between my ribs. When my companion, flung against me by a gust, shouted in my ear, "Aren't we mugs to go on?" I promptly set an example of retirement.

Perhaps even we experienced hill-ramblers are too scornful of piling on clothes for a wild weather climb. Once, arriving in an open car at the foot of our selected hill, across the upper slopes of which snow-furries were flying like steam against the blue sky, I started upwards without removing one item of the flimsy garments I had worn during the journey. I climbed as an animated bundle. I felt clumsy and too warm on the way up, but was actually comfortable on the tempestuous summit with only eyes and nose unprotected. That was a unique experience.

In reasonable weather you can, of course, carry extra coverings with you and don them as required. Experience—most unpleasant experience—has taught me, however, that this is no plan for a day with a real wind. I shall never forget a few moments on a mountain-shoulder when I took off a heavy outer-garment and undid my rucksack—with the idea of finding another sweater and putting it on. The wind would have none of this. Every loose flap, strap and sleeve thrashed about me as if in a frenzy to escape; ice-dust kept my eyes running and, in a short time, my bare hands were too stiff with cold to cope with a strap, button or buckle.

My little camera was in my hip-pocket, but there it had to stay all, some time later, I found among the rocks a book in which I could pull

myself together and recover my sense of proportion. Then I made one or two exposures, the results of which illustrate, at least, the difficulty of holding anything steady, even for the twenty-fifth part of a second, when a mountain wind is loose.

To indicate the mischief of a far less formidable wind, a sudden gust near the summit of a famous Scottish ben once snatched from its pedestal of rock a large lump of perfectly magnificent, heavy, sweet, richly-fruitful cake, which I had placed there to be the crowning luxury of my lunch. I had no chance of stopping it. It was instantly out of reach and hurtling down the hard surface of a precipitous drift into the mist-filled gulf below.

For me a big wind among the hills is awe-inspiring even for its various voices. The wail and shriek of it across an exposed mountainside is an expression of utter and purposeful ruthlessness, as though some elemental hostility to life were at large and ravaging. Also I confess to an almost superstitious shrinking when I hear, below me, the deep moan and roar of wind against crags hidden by writhing masses of grey cloud. I could imagine that the abyss was hungry; that those sounds were menaces, directed at me, the pigmy intruder!

Yet there is a special glory in days of high wind. You return, even on occasions of defeat, feeling that at least you have accepted an unconditional challenge and have shed no quarter. You are mightily toned up and exhilarated. The calm of the world below seems to have a special benediction for such as you, who have surely earned it up there among the clamour and buffets of a battle of giants.

# LONDON ALMS-HOUSES

By  
JANE ELLIS

(Left) GATEWAY OF DEPTFORD ALMS-HOUSES (TRINITY HOUSE). Demolished

(Right) TRINITY ALMS-HOUSES, MILE END ROAD, THE CHAPEL

THE London of the future, whatever its complexion, will no doubt retain some of its surviving traces of a medieval city, among them the mediæval institution of almshouses. Quite a number are scattered through the metropolis, still retaining a quiet, grave beauty and maintained in accordance with the wills of pious founders. The buildings, unlike those of their better known country cousins, can for the most part lay no claim to antiquity, though some represent foundations which have played a part in civic life since Norman times. They were moved in the nineteenth century from their original sites, which are now covered by warehouses and offices, and rebuilt in what were then country suburbs. It is, therefore, remarkable that both they and the considerable number which owe their existence to more modern endowments should have so worthily upheld amid the jostle of commercial expansion, the dignity of appearance befitting a generous purpose.

Their individual characters are strong and various; not one can be mistaken for another, and they are usually regarded as the ornament of their neighbourhood. Some are open quadrangles on three sides of a green lawn with shrubs and flower beds, faintly reminiscent of a college in miniature and vacation. Or a peep through a massive gate may disclose a quiet walk bordered by little two-storied houses and trees. Again it may be a row of cottages with Gothic or Classical embellishments, set behind a low wall, or even a plain terrace, harmonious in style, showing window-boxes bright with flowers and a gaily-painted railing which gives an air of distinction to a dull street.

Only six of the buildings put up before 1800 are in existence and of these, two, Abraham Cole's at Lewisham, and Bishop Wood's at

Hackney, are condemned. The oldest are the cottages of Sir George Monoux, draper and mayor, who re-edified the decayed church of St. Mary, Walthamstow, and founded a free school and almshouses. There is in existence a record of delivery on the third Sunday in June, 1529, by the prior and convent of Christ Church, London, patrons and owners of the rectory and vicarage of Walthamstow, of a piece of ground on the north side of the churchyard for the erection of fourteen rooms for a schoolmaster and thirteen poor men and women. The fine old timbered school hall was destroyed during a bombing attack, but the long row of the main building, with the master's gabled lodging in the centre, the mellow brickwork and gay little gardens, "all which promises I will shalbe always forever ordered and kepte by my executors and feoffees of my last wyll and testament," look much as Sir George left them. The successors of his thirteen pensioners now enjoy the services of a nurse who lives in the former master's lodging and have electric cookers in their modern kitchenettes.

Nearly one hundred years later, Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, described by his contemporaries at King's College, Cambridge, as the most learned among the nobility and the noblest among the learned, but by a later biographer as a man of "stupendous duplicity," built and endowed the Hospital of the Holy and Undivided Trinity in a grove of malberry trees on the river bank at Greenwich as a cloister for twenty poor men. In his will the Earl alludes to his Hospital as a token of gratitude for his many escapes from the machinations of his enemies. But local legend has it that he was there saved from drowning when the boat in which he was leaving his ship capsized and that he resolved to benefit the place where he was restored to life. In the graceful chapel a statue of the founder kneeling by the altar still offers up his prayer of thanksgiving, and some of the ancient malberry trees on the north side of the cobbled cloister bear fruit abundantly.

On the opposite side of the river in the Mile End Road are the Trinity Almshouses, built originally for twenty-eight "decay'd mariners" on land bequeathed to the Corporation of Trinity House when Secretary Pepys was Master of Trinity House. It has been suggested that the beautiful buildings were designed by Wren, but there is no documentary evidence; nor are they mentioned by Pepys, although he

must have known them well. Perhaps he had them or the earlier ones in Deptford in mind when asking Dr. Hickeys, of Worcester, to preach on the "usual subject of our spiritual entertainment, namely Unity and Charity with what he should see fit to mix with it relating to our functions and trades as seamen."

A much humbler group of single-storied cottages, just off the Lower Clapton Road, with stable doors and a tiny chapel hidden in a garden, are now condemned. But they recall a Bishop Wood, of Lichfield, concerning whom Mr. Pepys relished a "very pretty story" told him in Whitehall by a friend who was a speculator in a form of church property known as bishops' leases. The Bishop, after a scene in the Cathedral, had gone to law with his Dean, "thus taking all the ways they can to undo themselves," and was sure their property would fall into his hands. The little almshouses for ten poor women were said by the Bishop's



MILE END ROAD ALMS-HOUSES

nephew to a man who lost all his money in the South Sea Bubble speculations. He in his turn sold them to a family who maintained them as almshouses till legally relieved of the duty by trustees appointed under a scheme drawn up by the Charity Commissioners. They and Wollaston's at Highgate are the last examples in London of the 17th- or 18th-century single-roomed cottage almshouses still seen in villages.

These houses of pity and gratitude were founded not by saints but by busy men of affairs. The houses stood in strange corners where the names Hospital of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, College of God's Gift, St. Saviour's College for the Poor, contrasted oddly with Dog-Kennel Row, Pynhouse Lane, or Deadman's Ditch. The foundations not only perished but also increased continually.

The influence of London spread out into



HOME FROM THE SEA. An innkeeper of Trinity Almshouses



SIR GEORGE MONOUX'S ALMS-HOUSES,  
WALTHAMSTOW

the country, and as far north as Kirkcaldy, in Yorkshire, there are almshouses founded by a Lord Mayor of London. They followed the pattern of those seen by John Stow in the river-side lanes of the City and described by him.

Lake Isle of Imindree was St. Peter's Hospital, now demolished and replaced by Spurgeon's Tabernacle, but in that letter the Flemingtons' Almshouses live again.

The nineteenth century succeeded in mortally wounding the words Charity and Almshouses, and the twentieth substituted pensions and dwellings as less spasmodic and more independent. The means of paying rent implicit in a higher scale of State pensions has opened a new approach to the problem of housing for the aged and introduced a new psychological factor of great importance. But if borough authorities offered to their old people pleasant homes near open spaces it would do much to help, and many a quiet corner could be made both useful and beautiful with that end in view.

Meanwhile, a very strong and healthy movement to provide homes and care for old pensioners without any sense of patronage on the one side or obligation on the other, is spreading all over the country in the formation of voluntary Housing Societies, that is groups of people agreeing together to own and manage property not for commercial gain but for the good of the residents.

Although most of these Societies aim at meeting all the various needs of housing and cover a far wider field than almshouses, yet an increasing number contemplate building special quarters for the aged and are prepared to co-operate closely with those local authorities who are also anxious to see provision made for

A well-known example, Franklands Garden Village, initiated by the Rotary Group, Hayward's Heath, Sussex, sets a very high standard. The houses are placed six to the acre and those reserved for old people are easy to run and are let at a rent of 6s. 3d. weekly for a sitting-room with bed-room, bathroom, kitchen and small entrance hall. Here special care has been taken in planning the general lay-out to save the trees which give the neighbourhood its beauty.

The small closes of bungalows designed for retired women by the Workers' Society, Ltd., on the slopes of the Malvern Hills offer all the attractions of comfortable little homes in a lovely setting of flowers and scenery, and they are not too large. A very good plan is that of a group of cottage flats, four to each semi-detached cottage, which are to be found at Cuckfield, Sussex. There are also the "Plus-Granny flats" designed to be attached as annexes to larger houses.

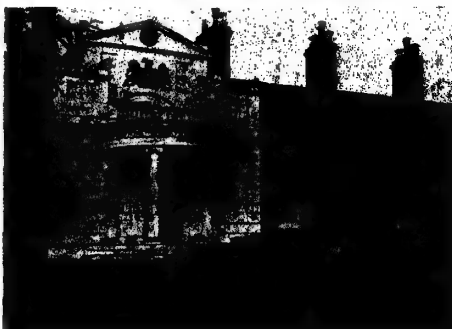
Apart from specially built houses, much may be done by using modern methods of re-conditioning to make country cottages, condemned for family use but preserved on aesthetic grounds, snug and comfortable for old inhabitants. The following extract from a recent report of the Pilgrim Trust will appeal to all who think Time the ablest architect of all: "The Trustees contributed a sum of money toward the purchase of a group of small houses of the Elizabethan period, inwardly of timber construction but whose overhanging black and



EARL OF NORTHAMPTON'S HOSPITAL, GREENWICH

He thought it worth mentioning that they were strongly built of brick and timber and sometimes tiled, when surrounding dwellings were often of mud, wattle and thatch, that they had a chimney apiece so that old people had the comfort of their own firesides when grander folk huddled round common fires in huge draughty halls, and that they had little garden plots backward when more and more enclosed gardens in mansions and religious houses were being taken over for trading concerns. The great Sir Richard Whittington breathed his last with his bedesmen lying past his bed. A certain Cornelius van Dun, Yeoman of the Guard to King Henry VIII, King Edward VI, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, "a soldier and a careful man for poor folk," built sixteen cottages for poor widows at his own charge. Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, built eight proper almshouses at the back of his own house in Bishopsgate, Edward Alleyne, the friend of Shakespeare, chose to end his days among his poor in the College of God's Gift at Dulwich.

One imaginary sketch of life in an almshouse has come down to us. Charles Lamb wrote to his friend Manning in 1818: "I suppose you heard that I had left the India House and gone into the Flemingtons' Almshouses over the bridge. I have a little cabin there, small and homely, but you will be welcome to it. You like oysters and to open them yourself; I'll get you some if you come in oyster time... come as soon as you can." Lamb never in fact went home across the bridge and his



GOLDSMITHS' ALMS-HOUSES, ACTON

white fronts have been mostly bricked up. It is hoped eventually to restore them outwardly to their original aspect, converting the ground floor into dwellings for ten almshouses, with a town library and museum and rooms for the municipality on the floor above. The reconstruction of the eleven cottages into one long range will be a notable addition to Tewkesbury's timber buildings and an attractive feature in the immediate vicinity of the Abbey."



OLD PEOPLE'S BUNGALOWS, OSCOTT COLLEGE ESTATE,  
BIRMINGHAM. (News of the World)



# BURWASH, SUSSEX

*Inland from Hastings Burwash was once famous for its iron furnaces. The village was mostly modernised about 1700 and is rich in examples of the local craft of weather tiling.*

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

**B**URWASH in the vernacular Borwarsh and Borgarnsch with other variants in old records and Burghersh at its most aristocratic is a name with a good rich sound thick with Sussex burr. Its meaning is the *aerac* or *arish* ploughed field as the neighbouring minor house of Burghurst is the wood in the hill or by the fort. The Village strung along its high narrow ridge is as good to the eye as the sound to the ear. Though a mainish road from Lewes to Hawkhurst uses the broad street the place is little spoilt being some miles by steep narrow roads from a station so that it preserves a good deal of the remoteness that must have always been characteristic. Indeed the valley to the south of the ridge which falls steeply on either side behind the houses is one of the still secret recesses of the old Weald. There lay the furnaces which made Burwash a centre of the Sussex iron trade: there among the stiff oak coppices rises the Dudwell stream which joins the Rother and flows past Bodiam to Rye and beside it stands the old ironmaster's house (Fig. 2) where Rudyard Kipling made his home and found that primeval Sussex told of in *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

Iron and then smugglers colours the whole history of Burwash. The forgemasters' houses in the street and neighbourhood seem always to have counted for much more than any lord of the manor. There is no manor house though in distant ages there were dim non resident lords—Counts of Fu Farris of Brittany—who had a manor court somewhere south of the church. Some faint title of descent from them prompted that Francis Lane created Earl of Westmorland in 1624 to choose Baron Burghersh as his second title so rustic Burwash unexpectedly found itself ennobled.



1—THE STREET LOOKING WEST

The titular lordship of the manor became attached long ago to the vestigial emoluments of the Rape of Hastings, of which the Pelhams, Dukes of Newcastle last held the honour and sold the lordship of the manor for what it was worth to the Ashburnhams of Ashburnham across the valley by Brightling. So Burwash has never had so much as a squire to dispute precedence in the village community with the ironmasters. They built the substantial old house, in the environs—Batemans (John Brittan 1634) Holms Hurst (G. Hepburn 1610) Socknesh (Thomas Colyn 1610) Shroswell in Etchingham Great Wigswell in Salehurst. Then in Burwash street there is the lovely William and Mary house of Rampyrdene (Fig. 4) which must be regarded as an ironmaster's home since my own forbear Thomas Hussey, who bought it in 1718 followed that trade and is described as possessing considerable stock in the ironworks. Truly I would not in all England have issued from another village nor better house. And I think pity is not colouring my view.

Yet beyond their houses these ironmasters have not left much in Burwash but their memories and little of that. Like their furnaces they are quenched. The exception is Joan or John Colins who lived in the 1300s of the family who worked Nether Forge in Elizabeth's reign and later built Socknesh. He or she is commemorated in the church by the oldest dateable piece of local ironwork: a 14th century grave slab inscribed ORAT F(ro) ANNE MA JHONA COLINS a legend that the Kipling children misread as having some allusion to Panama (Fig. 7).

But though the ironmasters and iron workers have gone the way of the ancient lords of the manor Burwash still preserves the form they together gave the village. Like most old villages with a fine broad street we find that Burwash once had a weekly market—granted in 1252 by Prince Edward when the manor for the nonce was in the Crown—held on Fridays besides an annual fair. Though the market failed to survive the standings for livestock and stalls ensured that in the century or so during which the

(Left) 2—AN IRONMASTER'S HOUSE. BATEMANS, BURWASH. Built by John Brittan, 1634, and latterly Rudyard Kipling's home. It is now the property of the National Trust.





3.—THE WAR MEMORIAL JUST OUTSIDE THE CHURCHYARD



4.—RAMPYDENE, BUILT 1699 (left) AND MOUNT HOUSE FROM THE STREET



5.—THE GOLDEN BROWN NORMAN CHURCH TOWER WITH ITS STEEPLE OF OAK SHINGLES



building frontages were consolidated, good wide margins were left between highway and houses.

A large proportion of the houses date from the sixteenth, a few from the late fifteenth, and more from the early seventeenth centuries. These are timber-framed, the earlier of hall structure with later inserted floor and chimney stack. But all were in one way or another reconditioned about or after 1700, so that Burwash, apart from its medieval lines and substructure, is essentially "country Georgian" in architecture. It is the materials then used and the way they were handled that give the village its



7.—IRON GRAVE SLAB OF JHONE COLINS, FOURTEENTH CENTURY. (Right) BRASS EFFIGY, circa 1440

present distinction, its rich texture in weather-tiling and mellow colour in lichened roofs and colour-washed plaster.

Another and more unusual feature is the lining of the wide grass verge on the northern, and so sunny, side of the street with pleached limes (Figs. 1, 6). The trees look not more than a hundred years old, and it would be interesting to know by what means so considerable a communal improvement was effected. A clue is perhaps given by a document connected with Rampyngdene dated 1689, when John Butler procured a lease of the strip (seen in

(Left) 6.—WEATHER-TILING AND PLEACHED LIMES LINING THE STREET

(Right) 8.—COTTAGES FACED WITH OAK SLABS AND WEATHER-TILED

Fig. 4) of "waste land part of the Street in Burwash town upon the bank," in order to enclose it for a court or yard in connection with his new house. He acquired it from Sir John Pelham, lord of the Barony (or Rape) of Hastings and so lord of the manor, owner of the wastes, etc. Presumably, therefore, the lime trees were later planted by arrangement with the lord of the manor, who after about 1780 was Lord Ashburnham, owner of the great and historic neighbouring estate for improving which "Capability" Brown had been employed. The combination of these factors suggests that whether the initiative for the improvement of the street came from the inhabitants or Lord Ashburnham, the latter must have been actively concerned.

Vertical tiling or weather-tiling is a traditional wall-covering in the south-eastern counties and, using slates instead of tiles, in Devon and Cornwall, East Sussex and West Kent are peculiarly rich in it, and nowhere can its use be studied more pleasurably than at Burwash. It seems to be unknown when it came into common use; in the case of all the medieval buildings now tile-hung, it was clearly a later skin applied when, in time, the joints of the timber frame shrank apart or decayed so that the building settled and ceased to be weather-proof. There are instances of vertical slating in Devon going back to the later sixteenth century, and it seems possible that some of the earliest instances of weather-tiling may be about 1625. The Devon slating is obviously akin to the French tradition, common in parts of north-eastern France and highly developed in the roofing of the 17th-century chateaux. Weather-tiling seems to have been rarely used outside S.E. England and may consequently have been a development of oak shingles, a common medieval roofing in the same heavily wooded area. When the method was firmly established, scalloped and "fish-tailed" tiles were introduced enabling varieties of texture to be obtained. Later, an important development from weather-tiling was "geometrical tiles," shaped to hang flat and so simulate brickwork. After the blitz many old Canterbury houses, previously supposed to be brick-faced, were found to be of geometrical tiles. Black ones were much used at Brighton. They



9.—WEATHER-TILED BACKS OF HOUSES ON THE STREET

(Left) 10.—GEORGIAN WEATHER-TILING ON A MEDIEVAL HOUSE

were in use 1725-1850. At Burwash, on the other hand, Rampyndene was designed to be tile-hung as regards the upper storey of the front, the whole of the back and both sides. By 1700, therefore, the method can be regarded as having become accepted by country builders as an alternative for brick building. In the refacing of Mount House, adjoining Rampyndene (right of Fig. 4), a 16th-century house modernised about 1720, the whole front was tile-hung. Similarly, the late 18th-century range of cottages in Fig. 11 was obviously designed to enable tile-hanging to be used to the utmost extent, eliminating brickwork above the ground floor.

But generally the tiling is a later facing. This is evidently the case in Fig. 10, a fine early 18th-century house on the opposite side of the street to the church, reconditioned in the late eighteenth century when its overhanging upper storey was tile-hung; and in the overhanging house in Fig. 6, which is of 15th-century construction. The backs of a similar group are seen in Fig. 9—a study in the picturesque shapes and textures obtained by tile-hanging in conjunction with weather-boarding.

Weather-boarding, which to a great extent replaced tile-hanging in the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries where water-transport was available—since the deals came from the Baltic—is used only to a limited extent in Burwash. A charming development from it, or from shingles, which was much used in American Colonial houses, was the fastening of oblong slabs of sawn wood to a front which, when painted, simulated rustic masonry. An example is seen in Fig. 8, towards the right. Indeed, John Butler, whose house will be described next week, was a timber merchant and it is interesting to speculate on the scope for that enterprise in Burwash.

11.—COTTAGES OF WEATHER-TILE CONSTRUCTION, LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

# NEW IDEAS IN CARS

By J. EASON GIBSON

IT was a wise decision to cancel this year's Motor Show. For the best of reasons—the fact that they have been fully occupied on war work—most of the manufacturers have found it impossible to produce, so far, really new models and could not have offered to the public any more than modified editions of their 1940 ranges. The decision to postpone the show gives them at least another eighteen months in which to develop the many lessons learned in the war years.

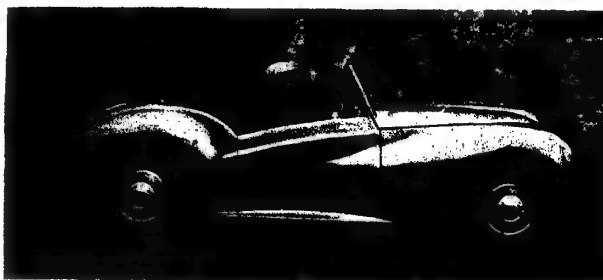
There are, of course, notable exceptions in the Lagonda, Armstrong, Healey, Riley and Gregoire, while from the United States come the novel and interesting Fraser and Kaiser. I hope shortly to be able to give full details of these cars and the results of exhaustive road trials. They are all either completely new designs or have incorporated new features.

The Healey is the product of a new firm and of the accumulated experience of Donald Healey, well known in international Alpine trials and the gruelling Monte Carlo Rally. It has long been regretted that there have been few British cars to equal the high performance and perfect road-holding quality of the good Continental car. The Healey, with an engine producing 100 brake horse power in a car weighing one ton, and with the advantage of independent suspension plus bodywork, styled in accordance with wind-tunnel experience, should help to fill this gap.

To mention only a few points: the car incorporates the new semi-centrifugal clutch, in which the clutch is engaged in the normal manner by springs but, when the engine speed increases, weighted rollers increase the pressure on the clutch plate, thus giving a positive non-slip drive. Therefore, the pedal pressure required is extremely light. An in-built jacking system is employed. By it either side of the vehicle may be lifted in 15 seconds from within the car. No more muddy knees and torn knuckles!

Armstrong-Siddeley Motors have produced a new 16-h.p. model. The engine is a high-performance 6-cylinder and doubtless owes much to lessons learned in aircraft work during the war. Increased power, however, is of little value if the chassis and springing are below par, but here a new underlump frame, cruciform bracing of great strength, a low centre of gravity and independent front suspension, should ensure that comfort and stability are in keeping with increased performance. External fittings and chromium plating have been kept down to a tasteful and sensible amount, a good point in these days of difficulty in having cars washed and serviced.

W. O. Bentley, the famous designer, who is



THE HEALEY OPEN TOURER WITH ITS BUILDER, MR. DONALD HEALEY, AT THE WHEEL

responsible for the new 2½-litre Lagonda, has set out to provide a car which, while completely suitable for home use, is claimed to have none of the faults sometimes found in use overseas. The Lagonda is essentially modern in design, has an excellent power-to-weight ratio, ample ground clearance—7½ inches at the lowest point—and independent suspension on all four wheels.

A point of interest in the engine is the use of direct actuation of the valves; no tappets are used, and consequently there are no worries about tappet adjustment. It is intended to produce the new car in saloon and coupé form, but the chassis may be purchased alone by those who desire special coachwork built. Performance is expected to be 80 m.p.h. and over 20 m.p.g.

Riley, Ltd., have a 1½-litre model which was, I believe, the first new car to come into production. They also have benefited by their studies during the war years. The chassis and body are completely new, as is their use at the front of independent suspension. The engine is of their usual design, with the cylinder block and crank-case cast in one, and the detachable cylinder-head follows their original racing layout with straight-through inlet and exhaust ports providing a truly hemispherical combustion space. This lay-out assists in the efficient and economical combustion of every drop of precious petrol.

A feature of interest, not only to home buyers but also to those overseas, is the use of independent suspension of the torsion bar type; again a point proved in the hard school of motor-racing. For independent suspension

to be successful the frame must be rigid and of great strength; in this respect the frame on the new model fulfils this requirement.

The Gregoire, or Kendall, as it will probably be named in this country, is again an entirely new production. It has been designed and developed in France by M. Gregoire and his design staff with the support of Aluminium Français. The United Kingdom and Empire rights have been secured by Grantham Productions, Ltd., who have completed plans for large-scale production. This is a really small car, having a 594-c.c. air-cooled, twin-cylinder engine fitted.

Among its features is the absence of a chassis frame as such, the car being built up from three sub-assemblies in the form of light alloy castings. The first of these forms the fore part of the car, to which is bolted the front suspension; the second forms the scuttle and windscreen frame. To these are bolted cast frame members, at the rear of which are swinging arms for the rear suspension.

This method of construction, using light alloy castings firmly bolted together, should provide great rigidity, with considerable saving in weight. The complete car, in fact, weighs the scale at 9½ cwt. and, even considering the small power unit used, would appear to have a good power-to-weight ratio. Front-wheel drive is employed and independent suspension on all four wheels. The front-wheel drive has the advantage of keeping the floor free from tunnels, which are usually regarded by motorists as an inconvenience. In addition, this method of drive was found in tests to provide better road-holding; it makes air-cooling infinitely easier.

The car is known to have achieved a petrol consumption figure of 80 m.p.g. at average speeds over 35 m.p.h. and its performance is believed to compare with cars of greater capacity. Soon I hope to try this car and prove how good it is in actual test.

The two cars produced by the Kaiser-Fraser organisation herald Henry J. Kaiser's effort to carry out in the motor industry what he did in shipbuilding during the war. The model named the Kaiser is provided with front-wheel drive. A large proportion of the engine-transmission assembly is in front of the axle, thus permitting all seats to be between the axles, with consequent increase in passenger comfort and the advantage of a completely flat floor space. The Fraser has the more conventional rear-wheel drive, and follows more or less standard transatlantic lay-out.

Both models are very wide in proportion to their length, the Kaiser being 16½ ft. long and having front and rear seats wide enough to carry four abreast. In common with American cars, there is a large display of non-functional chromium plate.

Altogether these new cars augur well for the future of motoring, the trend generally being to produce light, well-sprung, efficient vehicles in which ease of maintenance and owner-convenience have been considered.



THE NEW ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY MODEL KNOWN AS THE HURRICANE

# GREEK ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

It is a sign of happier times returning to find Burlington House once again the setting for a Winter exhibition, not, it is true, on the scale of the great series before the war, yet reviving and carrying on the survey of the arts of the nations. Sponsored by the National Association of Hellenes in Great Britain, the present exhibition of Greek Art fills four galleries and is none the worse for being deliberately limited and compact. Some of the monster exhibitions of pre-war years left one surfeited with too much richness—a fault of which this one is blameless, though it succeeds in covering five thousand years and does so without ever losing the rather tenuous thread which takes one back from the Greece of to-day to the Greece of Phidias and beyond. At one end of this immensely long time-chart is a marble figure from one of the Cyclades, mummy-like and strangely flattened out, as though a weight had crushed her, dating from perhaps 2500 B.C.; at the other, paintings of the Greek

Art is shown through a long procession of icons which emphasises its extraordinary conservatism over centuries. It may shock the purist to find the ecstatic El Greco—Domenikos Theotokopoulos, to give him his unfamiliar Greek name—in this hieratic company, but the contrast serves also to bring out the Byzantine memories in his mature work, the disregard for perspective and the curious cocoon-like envelope in which some of his figures are encased (as, for instance, the figure of Christ in the Agony in the Garden) which can be seen in many pictures of his Byzantine predecessors and contemporaries.

There is a whole room

devoted to Greek peasant embroideries. Many lovely examples of bed hangings from the islands have been charmingly arranged on the walls. Perhaps it is here that one should look for the real survival of the old Greek mastery of pattern and design.

Lastly, there is the room devoted to the Greece born in the Wars of Independence and re-born in the Resistance Movement. His Majesty the King has lent a series of pictures, charming in their naïve vision, commemorating the War of Independence. They were commissioned by General Makrygiannis and painted between 1836 and 1838 by an untutored Spartan, one Panagiotis Zographos, who none the less showed himself to be a natural artist in the Byzantine tradition. The Greek Evzones, tiny figures in their white kilts, are seen, for instance, in an unbroken semi-circle assaulting the Acropolis, supported by artillery firing blood-red cannon balls. Navarino is

depicted by a map-like view (remining one of the methods of our Elizabethan cartographers) of ships densely packed in a furious *melée*. Both the subject and the method may be interestingly compared with the monk Laurence's picture of Lepanto painted two hundred and fifty years earlier. The gem of the King's series is, however, an allegorical picture expressing thanksgiving for liberation. God the Father on a cloud in Heaven surveys two groups of monarchs whose crowns are held above their heads on trays by angels. In the right-hand group is Athena, with King Otho and Queen Amalia, in the left Queen Victoria (attired in brown) supported by the Tsar Nicholas and Louis Philippe. On the right of the picture the whole Greek nation—clergy, and people—kneel in devout thanksgiving.

From Zographos to the cubism of H. Ghika is no violent break, the same feeling for colour and pattern informing the work of both. The powerful mountain landscapes of B. Semerziadis, painted during the war, bring to a close an exhibition full of variety and admirably planned and displayed.

A. S. O.



BRONZE STAG, circa 450 B.C. Lent by Capt. Spencer-Churchill

Resistance Movement done last year. Mr. Charles Selman, of Queens' College, Cambridge, has been in charge of the selection and arrangement.

The Minoan civilisation of Crete is represented by several of the double-headed axes which were its national symbol; but what seizes and holds the eye is Captain Spencer-Churchill's little bronze (c. 1600 B.C.) of an acrobat somersaulting over the horns of a bull—a miracle of instantaneous observation seized and perpetuated. The rise of classical Greek Art can be traced through its early archaic phases till it reached its climax in the fifth century. The Duke of Devonshire's bronze head of Apollo, part of a statue unearthed by Cretan peasants ploughing in 1836, has a lovely serenity typical of Greek Art at its zenith; and what could be more exquisite than the shy grace of the bronze stag, another of Captain Spencer-Churchill's treasures? Mr. Clifford Smith has lent a little Hermes (c. 850 B.C.) which is interesting in showing just how the sculptor worked. It was never finished, and you can see the drill holes and tool marks that surround the figure still trammelled in the rough marble. The arts of the Greek potter and Greek silversmith are each a study in themselves. A splendid collection of *spheroi* of the finest period has been got together, and the gold and silver ornaments may be interestingly compared with the *seposoi* work in the modern rooms.

The Greco-Alexandrian portraits from the National Gallery and some precious fragments of linen embroidery form the link between Classical Greece and Byzantium, and Byzantine



ATHLETE SOMERSAULTING OVER THE HORNS OF A BULL. Bronze, late Minoan, c. 1600 B.C. Lent by Capt. E. G. Spencer-Churchill



THANKSGIVING FOR THE LIBERATION OF GREECE. (Left) Queen Victoria supported by the Tsar Nicholas and Louis Philippe; (right) Athena between King Otho and Queen Amalia. Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the King

# MAKING A NEW GARDEN

By MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH

I AM building a new cottage a few hundred yards away, so I have to make a new garden. I shall weigh up very carefully exactly how much pleasure each plant will give to offset the drudgery of looking after it. I can spare only a few hours each week for working on our own garden, so the "vetting" will have to be severe.

On the ornamental side, only flowering shrubs and flowering trees can be considered. How many of these do we find indispensable for effect for the shortest possible list? Taking a personal view I would say cherries, azaleas, rhododendrons, roses, brooms, hydrangeas and heaths. Rather than be without these beautiful things I will gladly sacrifice to spade-work the necessary number of hours from my little store of leisure time when I might be lying in the sun indulging in pleasantly frivolous conversation, playing tennis or fishing.

I think that is the point of view we must all take in planning our gardens in future. For some years to come the things of the spirit must take a back place to the practical necessities of life. All hands are needed for production. Yet if we ourselves are ready to give our own leisure to tending our ornamental garden then the thing has a reasonable ethical basis and we have just as much right to it as our neighbour to his cinema performance.

The fruit-garden time is already allocated. I shall have all the hoeing I want there. So I shall use my favourite leaf mulch system to kill the weeds among the shrubs and at the same time feed and protect the roots. The placing of the groups of shrubs will have to be carefully studied. I shall want every plant to do double duty. That is to say, the display must be enjoyed by everyone approaching the house and it must also be enjoyed from the windows and terrace of the house. Having retained my wood-garden we shall not have to worry about making new pleasures for a prolonged stroll among choice treasures of interest to specialists. It is just a question of making a colourful garden round the new house.

As an even more extended view than in

the previous situation is before us, this feature must be carefully considered. If a great stretch of country composed of fields and woods is visible beyond, then artificial-looking beds and formal features jar by making too great a contrast with the other parts of the picture. On the other hand, we find that informal shrub beds of species of similar habit are so like woods in miniature that the distant woods look like part of the scheme while the homogeneity is heightened by the small lawn areas duplicating the distant fields. In short, the whole picture is in harmony. This conclusion was reached, and final evident success attained, only after most laborious trial and error some years ago. The principle is applicable, strangely enough, in almost all cases, whatever the outlook.

It is luck more than forethought which brings about that favourite shrub, in succession, cover the flowering season that is most important, namely the Summer months, so adequately. I must admit that restraint will have to be used or I shall subconsciously devote far too much space to azaleas and hydrangeas. There would, then, be a dull time in June when the roses and brooms should be making an equal display. I shall not need to bother about



A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF *EUCRYPHIA GLUTINOSA*, A NOBLE EVERGREEN WHICH WILL STAND MOVING

Winter effects, for I admit, apologetically, that my favourite Winter effect provided by hydrangea flowers, nicely browned, against a background of fresh green rhododendron foliage.

The soil is ideal for azaleas, provided that their special peculiarities as regards cultivation are catered for, but for the hydrangeas all the soil will have to be brought up from the meadow down below. These maritime creatures abhor our woodland soil but flourish in our meadow turf soil.

The slope is too great for mown lawns and I do not like terraces of any kind. So we shall just have to cut twice a year with a flag-hook anything that comes up. Our hope is that the heaths will take charge, but I must admit failure to get *Erica cinerea* or *E. ciliaris* to sow themselves effectively, although the former grows by the acre on the hill above. On the other hand, the ling is only too invasive. We may have to let it have its way. It is less trouble than grass, on such a slope, for an old and ragged plant is so easily pulled up.

There are a few favourite shrubs that are naturally best as specimens, unlike the community-mass-effect shrubs previously mentioned. They have personality and individual charm and I shall have to have an example or two of each. I will list them in their seasonal order of bloom. First, I do not think that any north-side entrance front of a house is quite complete without a good camellia to take advantage of the sunless conditions it so evidently enjoys. Adolphe Audusson, a fine red with a boss of golden stamens, is a particularly free grower.

Nearby, too, we shall want a Japanese quince (*Cydonia japonica*). It does not need a wall on the south and makes a shapely bush if some trouble be taken in pruning and removing suckers. There are many fine colour-forms with somewhat uncertain names and I have in mind one with particularly large flowers of a pure red. *Cornus Kousa* is another special beauty and an extra good form of the variety *sinensis*, notable for having the sepals beautifully and regularly shaped, shall be moved up from the



"AS TO THE QUESTION OF WHETHER TO GROW CLIMBERS UP THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE . . . SURELY A ROSE MUST BE ALLOWED"

wood-garden. *Philadelphus* var. *Belle Etoile*, so unusually shapely and graceful as opposed to the lamentably-ugly habit of the handsome-flowered *Virginica*, must also have a place.

To screen the kitchen department, I am relying partly upon a sturdy layer from a large plant of *Euonymus japonicus*, although this noble evergreen "moves" so well that I feel almost inclined to risk moving the ten-foot-high parent. Also assisting in the screening work we must have a specimen of *Fatsia japonica*, a fine evergreen of considerable architectural charm.

Taking full advantage of the mild Sussex climate, the background of the screens will be formed of bamboos. To enable these to get growing quickly, nearly all the top growth will be cut away at first and a wind-break of wattle hurdles fixed, on end, to a stout wooden frame.

As to the vexed question of whether to grow climbers up the walls of the house, I find this very difficult to decide. Architectural considerations say no, but surely a rose must be allowed? If so, I know nothing so good as *Lady Waterford*, provided she be given a couple of cubic yards of turf loam, instead of foundation rubbish, to grow in. Then the new red clematis varieties are very hard to resist.

Of one thing I am certain. It is, that if ever I succeed in securing either the pure red form of *Bignonia capreolata* or the superlative form of *Ipomoea* known as *T. grandiflora praecox major* they shall have the full run of the building, even if they cover the roof!



AZALEAS (KNAP HILL HYBRIDS) AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF PURPLE  
SPLENDOR RHODODENDRONS

## THE STARTER By BERNARD DARWIN

A KIND lady correspondent having suggested that the Starter was going to be a subject not unworthy of my attention, I must, if only out of chivalry, see what I can do about it. During the long blank years of the war we have almost forgotten that important figure, but with, as we hope, a normal Summer of golf ahead of us, it is truly pleasant to think that my voice will be heard again. In the Summer of 1944 I was at St. Andrews on a Saturday afternoon, and for over an hour the first tee was utterly and incredibly empty. That, at any rate, will not happen again in 1946, and our old friend the Starter will again take his place in his box—rather a tighter fit to-day than when I first assumed that honourable office—and send his ferocious "Fore" reverberating across the links.

I have sometimes thought that only for a very little while I should like to be a Starter. Mr. Tony Weller told Mr. Pickwick that turnpike keepers were all men who had met with some disappointment in life, and so shut themselves up in turnpikes to revenge themselves on mankind: "If they was gen'tl'm'n you'd call them misanthropes, but as it is, they only takes to pike-keepin'." So when in a misanthropic mood I would be glad, I suppose, to shut oneself up in the Starter's box, and ever and anon leap out a furious bawler, frightening some poor innocent old gentleman in the distance out of his seven senses and making him jump several inches into the air. The amount of concentrated venom that can, with much rolling of the tongue, be infused into the word "Fore" beggars description, but of course, the true art cannot be learnt at once. It is the growth of years and when, to the once-famous Greig the now equally-famous Anderson first succeeded, I doubt if his voice possessed the full burr-carrying splendour which it later attained.

I should like to shout that "Fore-r-r-r," but I am well aware that I have none of the requisite qualities for the office. It is indeed an extremely delicate one. There is, for instance, the old, old story of Greig, who on being suddenly confronted with the name which he deemed embarrassing said to his partner: "When I call Ferguson, you tee your ball." Resource and initiative are required in such cases and there is much tact, too, in the occasional slipping in of a couple, when there may be, strictly speaking, no vacancy on the list. There may always arise little difficulties that need

composing, though they are not what they were before Starters existed and, as at Musselburgh on a Saturday afternoon, everybody teed his ball, and the devil took the hindmost. The man who had Big Crawford to carry for him held in those days, I suspect, an unfair advantage. In his account of Old Tom Morris, Mr. Everard hinted at such occurrences at St. Andrews. "Is there," he wrote, "a pull devil, pull baker sort of squabble on the teeing-ground as to who should start first, about fifty balls teed in a row, and their respective owners all swearing at one another, down comes Tom, oil-bag in hand, lets out a few drops, and the raging waves acknowledge the soothing influence and subside at once into the ripple of a Summer sea."

Starters, and even starting lists are, I suppose, comparatively modern inventions, and they are certainly blessed ones, for there is something about a question of precedence on the tee which rouses the worst feelings in human nature. How well I remember a scene from a Welsh Championship meeting of ages past! There was a large crowd of waiting players waiting their turn on the tee when up strode the captain of the local club and announced, with a certain lack of hospitality, that the captain could start when he pleased. He teed his ball and duly drove off amid a stony silence, but the silence did not long endure; he had hardly gone twenty yards from the tee when there came a formidable shout, "Any more captains?" I don't think he did it again.

Another little scene comes to my mind though it is rather too old for me to have witnessed, and I only heard of it. When in the back centuries the University match was played on Wimbledon Common, Mr. Linskill, for so many years our faithful secretary at Cambridge, always acted as Starter, and called out the names of the players in that tremendous and memorable voice of his. In one year Mr. Charles Pigg, long a beloved monument at Cambridge, had to play Mr. F. E. Dubs, afterwards very well known at St. Andrews. "Pigg v Dubs," shouted Mr. Linskill, pronouncing the second name, naturally enough, as if it had two b's in it. Its owner politely indicated that the v should have a more refined sound. Mr. Linskill cast one look at the paper in his hand and then roared aloud, "Deubs be d-d! Pigg v Dubs." Those at least who remember the protagonists may perhaps smile at the mild but characteristic little story.

Charles Pigg chuckled at the recollection ever afterwards.

The thought of Starters naturally suggests those who officiate at the first tee during championships and other competitions. The picture that comes most vividly to my mind in this connection is that of dear old Jack Morris at Hoylake, a rosette in his button-hole and a cigar in his mouth to mark the occasion as a festive one. There he stayed for hour after hour at the post of duty during a long Summer day, making the moment of setting out less alarming by some friendly word. Charlie Hunter at Prestwick, Harry Hunter at Deal, Whiting at Sandwich—all these and other well-known figures come back to me from past championships. So does that old James Braid, preiding with unexampled dignity over the first tee at Walton Heath in many a *Newspaper of the World* tournament, and gently but firmly shoofing people off the road.

Only the extremely phlegmatic can think of that first tee without feeling a slight qualm at the pit of the stomach. There is undeniably something a little awful in that instant of seeing the fatal number go up on the telegraph board and knowing that there is no further reprieve and your hour has come at last. There are tragedies belonging to it likewise. There are dreadful stories of those who have overslept themselves—for the start can be very early—and rushed down unshorn and partially clothed to the tee, only to find that they are too late by just one fatal minute. I seem to remember a tale of one who was staying at Ayr for a championship, got into the train to go to Prestwick, and discovered that it did not stop there, so that he was carried on, vainly gesticulating out of the window. He was whirled past the first green and the second tee, past Monkton and on to heaven knows where, to Troon perhaps, and returned to find himself disqualified.

There are one or two starts, so hideously early and cold that I have a cowardly satisfaction—no doubt the grapes are sour—in thinking that I need never make them again. To start before eight o'clock on a bitter March morning at Deal is the Halford Hewitt Cup, was undeniably a test of courage and school patriotism. So it was to set out with blue fingers at 8.30 a.m. in January as the President's Putter at Rye; especially if, as might happen, you had to begin from the tenth tee, with the wind sweeping across the course from the left, so that a drive out of bounds appeared inevitable. I hope to see plenty of other people performing these heroic deeds, but—well, it is doubtless a good thing that there are some consolations in retirement, and some day there may again be a slot in the club-house.



# CORRESPONDENCE

## COACHING DAYS

From Earl Spencer.

SIR.—It may interest those who read Mr. Lionel Edwards's article on Coaching if it was supplemented by giving a few instances to show how much more expensive it was to travel "poet" in a private carriage.

These journeys were made by George John, 2nd Earl Spencer and the first took place when he was First Lord of the Admiralty.

Earl Spencer to Edward Farley.

March 26, 1796. £ s. d.

6 horses from Hounslow	...	15	10	0
To Bath	...	2	9	0
Post boys	...	2	9	0
Ostlers	...	1	2	0
Turnpikes	...	2	6	0
Washing the carriage	...	1	0	0
Paid a man for ordering the horses	...	1	0	0

April 4, 1796

6 horses from Bath to town	...	15	10	0
Post boys	...	2	9	0
Ostlers	...	7	0	0
Greasing	...	1	0	0
Turnpikes	...	18	6	0

Farley was the footman who paid the bills and who rode, armed, with a colleague—one each side of the carriage. It will be noticed that horses were only ordered from Hounslow—this can be explained by the fact that Lord Spencer's own horses were used for the first stage from the

Sir.—Mr. Lionel Edwards's sketch of the Quicksilver and the reference to it in his interesting article, *Coaching Days and Ways*, call to my mind one or two things told to me by my father, who was intimately associated with the coaching revival that began about the year 1826, and in that way brought into touch with people who still remembered the days of the mail coach.

The Quicksilver, I always understood him to say, was probably the fastest coach out of London, and was timed as high as eleven miles an hour inclusive of stopping and changes. The motto on the forefront of the coach, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, was translated to mean, "Nobody ever gives me the go by." It was driven by Charles and Harry Ward (the former later had a business in the Brompton Road, opposite Harrods), and the late Lord Alington St. Mass and Mr. Chandos Pole were among the very few amateurs allowed to drive it. I have in my possession a set of leading bars, which were probably part of the Quicksilver's equipment, and two key bugs which may or may not have been used by the guard, though they did not form part of the recognised equipment of a mail.

My father afterwards became closely associated with Mr. Chandos Pole, as Hon. Secretary of the Brighton Coach, of which Mr. Chandos Pole was a partner, and I have a letter from him to my father congratulating him on his engagement to be married, in which appears this caution, "Remember, you can't send a wife to Tattersall's."—GUV H. GUILLUM SCOTT, 23, Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

## BLIND HORSES

SIR.—I was most interested in Mr. Lionel Edwards's article on Coaching in *COUNTRY LIFE* of February 11, especially the anecdote of the Chester to Manchester coach horses making the journey part-way by themselves. I wonder if Mr. Edwards would confirm the stories one has heard of coach horses often being blind. I remember one story concerning coach-racing over a route where there was a dangerously narrow bridge. On arrival at the destination, the driver of

the winning coach chuckled as he got down from his box seat and only one eye among the five of us! It appears the four horses were blind, and he in one eye, too.

My last definite memory of coaching was of the coaching march from London to Richmond not very long before the war. There were three classes: for Road Company Coaches, Army Coaches, and Private Coaches. The winning coach in the last class was a highly glossed black with very long wheels, etc., drawn by four magnificent blacks with turquoise rosettes and brass bands. I think the Army coach had chestnuts and the Road Co. coach had roans. It was a thrilling moment each time a coach arrived on the show ground and drove into the ring with horn sounding and coachman, guard and passengers all most elegantly dressed. May it not be too long before those days return.—N. L. SHAKKAT (Mrs.), Thorncliffe, Alderley Road, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

## FOLLY TOWERS

SIR.—A liking for the absurd and unusual is not a very rare human failing, and one of its most spectacular outlets, especially during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, was the erection of Follies—sham castles, mock ruins, useless hill-top towers, etc., many of which remain to-day. Dinton Folly, near Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, is a sham, although apparently so genuine and medieval. This was the work of Sir John Vanbrugh, who built it in 1769 in mock ruin style to advantage his collection of fossils to show off. The fossils were inserted in the walls, and some of them can still be faintly discerned. The place was at one time a renowned object of pilgrimage.—P. H. L., Pinner, Middlesex.

## GUNS IN PACE

SIR.—Many of your readers will be familiar with the quotation from the Old Testament (Isaiah 42, verse 4, and Micah 4, verse 3): "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." This photograph, taken in S.E. London, depicts two guns, which were captured in the Crimean War and

## GUNS FROM THE CRIMEA ON A PEACEFUL SERVICE

See letter: *Omni in Pace*

now occupy a peaceful position.—S. M. DICKSON, Kent.

## GEORGE IV PORCELAIN

SIR.—In her letter to *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 11, Mrs. Neville Jackson speaks of the rarity of "what one may call the personal pottery of King George IV," and gives descriptions of four examples known to her: a small head in porcelain, undated; an equestrian figure in Staffordshire pottery of 1780; a plate from the same factory made in 1790; and a Worcester jug with a medallion portrait of the King.

To this list may be added a Wedgwood dinner service made for King George IV as Prince of Wales in 1786, when he was three years old, a dish from which is illustrated here by gracious permission of His Majesty the King.

In the Autumn of 1788 the infant Prince and his brother, Frederick, Duke of York, still under the age of three, were then one year old, were each supplied by Wedgwood, at the command of Queen Charlotte, with a dinner service, each piece of which was painted with their respective crests—the ostrich feathers of the Prince of Wales and his motto, *Ich Dien*, and the mitre and crozier of the Duke of York as Bishop of Osnaburg.

"I desire," writes Josiah Wedgwood on November 25, 1788, "that the *Ich Dien* and *Mitre* and *Crosier* be sent by the first coach, so as they have been mentioned at St. James's a delay in sending them to the young Princes will be *Evil Treason*." The two sets were to be delivered at the Queen's House, as Buckingham House—afterwards Buckingham Palace—was then called.

In the pattern books begun by Josiah Wedgwood in about 1760, and still preserved by Messrs. Josiah Wedgwood & Sons at their works at Barlaston, near Stoke-on-Trent, designs of the two desert services are recorded as follows:—

Prince of Wales pattern. Flowers rose colour and gold, leaves green. Double edge broad and fine line, brown.

Duke of York's Star pattern. Light red ground. Black edge and black and gold stars.

The first entry accurately describes the pattern of *Ich Dien* service seen on the fruit dish here shown—the proper title of which is a "Catherine" shape diamond compotier—but does not include the Prince of Wales' crest, which was an addition to each piece. The beautiful cream-coloured pottery of which it is made was named by Wedgwood "Queenware," in honour of Queen Charlotte, the first specimens of it being made for Her Majesty's



AN 18th-CENTURY "IS RUIN"

See letter: *Folly Towers*

Admission to Hounslow.

The next is a journey to Cambridge to visit his son at Trinity College:—

To Edward Farley.

January 22, 1800. £ s. d.

6 horses from Woodford	...	7	11	0
To Cambridge	...	1	0	0
Post boys	...	1	0	0
Ostlers	...	4	0	0
Turnpikes	...	9	0	0

January 28, 1800

6 horses from Cambridge	...	7	11	0
To Woodford	...	1	0	0
Post boys	...	4	0	0
Ostlers	...	8	0	0
Turnpikes	...	8	0	0
Paid to chambermaid	...	1	0	0

The third, and concluding, bill is for a single journey to Althorp:—

Earl Spencer to Ruben Baldwin.

April 14, 1804. £ s. d.

Post horses from London to Althorp, 74 miles at 2s. 6d. per mile	...	9	5	0
Post boys and Ostlers to do	...	2	2	0
Turnpikes to do	...	12	9	0
Cleaning and greasing the carriage	...	2	6	0

—SPENCER, Althorp, Northampton.



WEDGWOOD FRUIT DISH MADE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES, 1766

Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the King.

See letter: *George IV Porcelain*

## COLOURED WALL TABLETS

Sir.—Your correspondent who wrote about the coloured slate monuments at Partrishow might be interested to see the two photographs which I enclose. One of them is signed J. Brute, and no doubt the other was from the same source. I have heard that there are some of this type at a church or churches in the Charnwood Forest district, the result is a migration of Welsh miners and quarrymen to that place.—*M. W., Hereford.*

Sir.—In my letter under the heading *A Mountain Shrine* (February 8) par. 4: "generation" should read "conservation." *RUTH EDWARDS, Suffolk House, Chiswick Mall, W.4.*

## CASTLE HILL

Sir.—You were good enough to publish a letter of mine, together with a photograph of a water-colour of a house which I was anxious to have identified. I have since been given this information.

The house is Castle Hill Lodge, Ealing. Mrs. Fitzherbert once lived there, and at the time the drawing was made it belonged to the Duke of Kent (Queen Victoria's father) and King of St. Laurent. I understand that the house still exists, but is now a convent.

I think there is little doubt that my water-colour is the original drawing by T. P. Neale, the engraving from which appears in the fifth volume of *London and Middlesex in the series The Residues of England and Wales*.—*ANTHONY HOWARD, St. Clare, Bromridge, I.O.W.*

## DANDELION WINE

Sir.—I read in a recent issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* a very interesting article upon Home-made Wines, a subject which fascinates me, as I love making wines and have often regretted that I wasn't born a brewer. I enclose here my recipe for making Dandelion Wine, as your correspondent expresses a wish that she had a recipe with not so much sugar used. To 1 gallon dandelion flowers add 2 gallons boiling water. Let this stand one day. To each gallon of liquor add 3 lb. sugar, 1 oz. bruised (not ground) ginger, 1 lemon and 2 oranges. Pare the latter and boil the peel for 20 minutes in the liquor. Then take it out and add the sugar. After sugar has melted, pour the mixture into a pan and, when nearly cold, add a little beer barn (or yeast) upon a piece of toast with the oranges and lemons sliced. Allow the wine to stand for one week before bottling. Seasonable in April or May.

Note: This is a delicious wine especially when it has been kept from about six to twelve months. Just like champagne.—*PHYLLIS HOWELL, Carmarthen.*

## A JACOBSEAN BED

Sir.—The article on a Jacobsean Bed for Montacute in a recent issue

raises a point that might be of interest. This bed was apparently not made for a member of the English Royal Family or for one to whom the arms might apply by kinship. I have the impression that such a use of the arms of the Royal Family and of those of other distinguished people was not uncommon at this period, but this was surely an infringement of heraldic rules.

Can the writer of your article state if the use of arms as decoration was in fact usual and whether the Heraldic on their Visitations permitted it or just ignored it? Further when did it start and when did it end?—*G. C. MEAD, 28 Oakfield Court, Crouch End, N.8.*

(The royal arms are commonly to be seen in the decoration of 18th- and 19th-century houses, particularly on chimney-pieces and ornamented ceilings, and they also occur in armorial glass in private houses of the time. Apart from expressing the loyal sentiments of the owner, the arms of the sovereign served to date new decoration carried out in a house. The extension of the practice to so important a place of furniture as a four-post bedstead can easily be understood, particularly if it were an example as elaborate and costly as that now at Montacute. Whether the Heraldic frowned or not, this use of the royal arms in Tudor and Stuart times was widespread. Nor has it entirely died out. Shopkeepers still proudly display Their Majesties' Warrant and we have our Coronation mug.—*Ed.*)

## GIRDLESTONE'S WALK

Sir.—I was interested in A. J. Wakefield's letter in your issue of January 25, regarding Henry Girdlestone's walk of 100 miles in 1844, as I had the present "sign-post" erected in 1944 as the previous one was destroyed.

A point of interest is that Mr. Girdlestone walked one mile in every hour for 1,000 hours, practically six weeks. He started his walk from a point near the stone triangular bridge in the centre of Crowland and walked to the point marked by the "sign-post" and back, towards the end of the hour, and again at the beginning of the next hour, rested for about half an hour, then set out again. My grandfather witnessed the last mile when he was accompanied by brass bands and the occasion was celebrated as a local holiday. I understand that this feat was accomplished purely for sportsmanship and no wager was attached! Since that time I am told that 1,000 miles had been walked in 1,000 half-hours under the same conditions.—*MAURICE R. RIDGECROFT, Peterborough.*

## IN PRAISE OF A DUCK

Sir.—May I put in a word for ducks? Some of your readers may not realise what laying machines Khaki Campbell ducks are.

We moved to this house on April 10 last, and bought from the previous occupier five Khaki Campbell ducks and a drake (not pure bred, so the experts tell me). In the first six months these five laid 784 eggs; in November their three daughters commenced laying, so I now have eight. In December I had 202 eggs, making a total of 1,290 from April 10 to December 31. I had no idea what easy birds ducks were to keep; they

wander over the 2½ acres of orchard and garden and seem to do no harm except to lettuces, which have to be wired. They are shut up at night in a small wired run with a hen house on wheels attached, and lay there before being let out in the morning. They have two meals a day.

The drake's manners are exemplary: "ladies first" obviously his motto. They are most amusing and intelligent and as a result they have plenty of water and grit they seem to be well high footproof.—*CHRISTINE BAKER, New House Farm, Wotton, Wokingham, Hants.*

## A HOUSING EFFORT

Sir.—That charming little bird, the tree-creeper, has always been a common visitor to my acre or so of rough, wooded garden; yet, in spite of much searching, I could never find a nest on my ground.



## THE TREE-CREEPER'S HOME

See letter: A Housing Effort

In the Spring of 1944 I fastened to a tree near my house a small, narrow box I had made of bark, in the hope that it might appeal to a creeper as a nesting-place. In a very short while, a matter of days, I was delighted and not a little surprised to see a pair of creepers entering and leaving my newly erected nesting-box. Alas, the next time I visited it two blue tits had taken possession and I did not see the creepers again.

The following Spring a huge silver birch was blown down in a gale. Owing to the force of the fall, several of the big under-branches of the tree were badly twisted and split. Some of these rifts brought looked so like the sites that a creeper chooses for its nest that a friend and I cut short sections of two of them and fastened one on the trunk of an oak-tree and the other on the stump of a wild cherry. The first was at once pounced on by a wren, but the second, much to my joy, was later appropriated by a pair of tree-creepers and in it they reared four fine young ones within 20 yards of my front door.

I enclose a photograph of this successful attempt to provide a tree-

## ONE OF THE COLOURED SLATE MONUMENTS OF PARTRISHOW

See letter: Coloured Wall Tablets

personal use. Josiah Wedgwood frequently attended at the Queen's house for the purpose of showing his best pieces of artistic pottery—his "first fruits"—to the King and Queen, both of whom took the liveliest interest in promoting British manufactures. On one such occasion he addressed a letter to his brother John in the following terms: "Pray put on the best suit of clothes you ever had in your life and take the first opportunity of going to court."

A small number of the competitors despatched to the one here shown, which formed part of the Prince of Wales's decorated service, have survived, but none of the set made for the Duke of York still remains in the royal collections.—*H. CLIFFORD SMITH, 25, Campden Grove, Kensington, W.8.*



ONE OF THE MONUMENTS OF PARTRISHOW SIGNED J. BRUTE

See letter: Coloured Wall Tablets



CUPBOARDS FOR ALMS OF BREAD AND MEAT, EASBY CHURCH PORCH  
See letter: Broad Chopham in Churches

creep with a home; it shows one of the old birds bringing food to its brood.—M. S. W., *Widmers*.

### EL ALAMEIN

Sir,—With regard to the interesting discussion on the meaning of the word Alamein, may I venture to suggest that as far as the actual meaning of the word is concerned both Major Jarvis and your other correspondent are correct? Alamein, I think, be taken to mean, "any conspicuous or particularly recognizable thing," used in a concrete sense, and Freytag bears this out, giving under this word—"sign or token, mark; a boundary stone; a flag erected to show the way; a flag or standard (the actual flag or device itself as distinct from its staff); the coloured hem of a garment; the coloured mouth of a bag or sack; a cleft in an upper lip."—R. H. A. MEYER, *Safferton, Cirencester, Gloucestershire*.

### BADGE OR MARK

Sir,—With regard to "the meaning of El Alamein, discussed in your issue of January 18, I would suggest that it may be that Major Jarvis also is wrong. The word Alamein in Arabic denotes a badge or mark. The Libyan Bedouin in referring to any small high point in a range of hills or escarpment as an Alamein, so in the sense that it is a distinguishable feature or mark.

Could not Major Jarvis's Bedouin guide have picked up the route by working from one "mark" to another?—P. CORIAS, *Rush Court, Wallingford, Berkshire*.

### AN END TO SILVER-FISH

Sir,—Some time ago, there was correspondence in your paper concerning the destruction of silver-fish. I have been troubled by these insects around my kitchen hearth and had tried everything without success. Yesterday, I tried a preparation containing D.D.T. and found it completely effective.—A. M. ASPHALL, *58 Handfield Road, Watnool, Lisspool, SS.*

### DAMAGE BY RATS

Sir,—I am enclosing a photograph of the keyboard of the organ in the old parish church of Ridley, near Longfield, Kent. During the last year, apparently coming in from a neighbouring stack, rats have destroyed many of the black notes of the organ and some of the stops. The local sanitary inspector is now dealing with the matter.—JOHN TOPHAM, *Sidcup, Kent*.

### BREAD CUPBOARDS IN CHURCHES

Sir,—With further reference to shelves for loaves of bread for distribution to needy parishioners after church services, I enclose a photograph.

This was taken at Easby, near Richmond, Yorkshire, where the church has a couple of cupboard-like receptacles

in its 14th-century barrel vaulted porch, one measuring 8 ft. long by 2 ft. deep, the other smaller, for temporarily storing alms of bread and meat for the relief of the parish poor after morning service.—J. G. GRAINGER, *Leeds, G.*

### DISTILLED WATER AND CAR BATTERIES

Sir,—I was very surprised to read in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, that Major C. S. Jarvis recommends the addition of 1,250 cc. g. sulphuric acid to car batteries in place of distilled water. This would have the "good" effect at first, but in a very short time the plates of the battery would completely disintegrate.

There are occasions when batteries need a fresh supply of acid, owing to the reduction of the acid due to the formation of sulphates, but under normal conditions distilled water only should be used, and only the water and not the acid evaporates.

If the acid is weak the correct procedure is to charge the battery,

and a photograph was badly worn the last time I saw it. It reads:—

From Wilberforce's Diary, 1788. I will remember after a conversation with Mr. Pitt in the open air at the foot of an old tree at Holwood just above the steep descent to the vale of Keaton resolved to give notice on a fit occasion at the House of Commons of my intention to bring forward the abolition of the Slave Trade.

Erected by Earl Stanhope, 1852, by permission of Lord Cranworth.

The stone is placed close to the old tree at Holwood Park, formerly the home of Mr. Pitt.—C. T. SPURLING (REV.), *Oldham Rectory, near Meddleton, Leeds*.

### BIG GAME WEIGHTS

Sir,—I have accurately weighed almost every big-game animal I have shot. The subjoined summary of my heaviest specimens of certain species in Nigeria may, therefore, be of interest:



### PASSING ROUND THE WINE BAG

See letter: The Wine Bag of the Pyrenees

then drain out the acid, flush with distilled water and refill with 1,250 cc. g. sulphuric acid.

I am in no way connected with the motor trade or battery manufacturers but am an engineer and chemist, and a motorizing enthusiast.—B. G. KINN, *Cornar Cottage, Vitarage Lane, Chigwell, Essex*.

### AN HISTORIC SEAT

Sir,—The inscription on the seat at Holwood, Kent, of which I send

(1) Leopard (*Felis pardus*). 168 lb. (whole). Weight of dried skull (with fragment missing) 1 lb. 7 oz.; length of dressed skin, 9 feet 1 inch. (2) Western Kestrel (*Nyctala noctu*). 60 lb. (whole). 26 hours after death. Weight at within 24 inches. This is far and away the biggest and heaviest specimen I have ever seen or heard of. The horns were only 30½ inches in length, but exceptionally massive. I have shot birds of much greater horn-length, up to the record, but none of these approached 600 lb. in weight. And out of many hundreds seen, I do not think there is one that would have turned the scale as this figure. The biggest I know of was one of 300 lb. (whole) shot by my wife.

(3) African Gazelle (*Gazella damma*). 130 lb. (whole). The best female was 127 lb. (whole).

### WHERE WILBERFORCE DECIDED TO WORK FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE

See letter: An Historic Seat

(4) West African Buffalo (*Synurus annua*). 1,227 lb. (pieces). Weight at withers, 34½ inches.

(5) Nigerian Pigmy Hippo (*Choropsis* sp.). 480 lb. (pieces).

(6) Cowrie Deer (*Syncleris graminea*). 20 lb. (whole). This specimen was a female.

(7) Giant Antelope (*Hippotragus equinus*). 848 lb. (whole). Weight at withers, 59½ inches. I once shot one which I measured in to be half an inch higher, but had no chance of weighing him.

(8) Red River-hog (*Chlorophorus porcus*). 126 lb. (pieces). This specimen was a female.

I should explain that "pieces" means here does include all offal; but does not include blood, moisture, and contents of alimentary tract. Specimens are male, unless otherwise stated.—I. R. P. HESLOP, *12 Ingham Road, Southsea, Hampshire*.

### THE WINE BAG OF THE PYRENEES

Sir,—Throughout the Pyrenees practically every out-of-doors worker carries a wine bag filled with local wine to refresh him in his labours. It is made of goat skin, with the hair inside, and the opening is filled by a horn ring and a conical horn stopper. The tip of this stopper uncovers, leaving a tiny orifice not much bigger than a pin hole, from which the contents squirt when the bag is held up and squeezed.

As I understand it, the sensation which we call thirst means that the throat is parched and not that the stomach requires liquid, and the jet from the wine skin sprays the throat most effectively. In drinking from a tumbler, it is only the outer surface of the column swallowed that relieves the throat, and the major portion, in passing into the stomach, has no effect in assuaging thirst and my experience is that a wineful from a skin is as effective as half a pint from a tumbler, and one does not get waterlogged.

The skin is held up in one hand and squeezed with the other, with the spout held a few inches from the mouth. It is essential that both the mouth and the throat be kept open; any cough or attempt to swallow or gulp is disastrous. This takes a little time to master.

The etiquette is strict and is closely followed. At no time must the tip touch the lips, so that a skin may be handed from one to another without any of the wiping necessary when a flask is passed round. My photograph was taken many years ago, but I understand that as things were then, so they are to-day.

No doubt, when new, a bag may slightly affect the taste of the wine, but as it is rough local stuff, that is of little importance. These skins last for years, and none of the many I have drunk from were new enough to affect the contents. They are very easy and might, with advantage, be used by mountaineers in other parts of the world.—LEWIS CLAFFERTON, *2, West Regent Street, Glasgow, G.2.*

### BLACK NOTES AND STOPS HAVE ATTRACTED RATS

See letter: Damage by Rats



### Seed Drilling

JETHRO TULL, farmer of Wallingford in Berkshire, has been remembered for two centuries because he devised a revolutionary method of sowing seed. Instead of broadcasting or dibbling, he planted the seed in straight rows so that cultivation could go on during growth. More than that, he invented and made a machine for his seed drilling, and thus became a pioneer of mechanized farming. Agricultural engineering has progressed far since that first experimental innovation. British brains and British hands have produced and are producing sturdy and efficient

farm implements and farm machines which help to feed the peoples of the earth.

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## NEW BOOKS

# A PEPYS OF THE WAR

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

**M**R ROBERT HENREY lived throughout the war in a flat in Shepherd Market. Already he has given us two books—*A Village in Peculiarity* and *The Incredible City*—telling us what life was like in those times for one staying obstinately at the heart of things. The first dealt with the times of the Battle of Britain and the night raids and brought us up to the Summer of 1942, the second carried us on to New Year's Day of 1944 and now the story is completed in *The Siege of London* (Dent 12s 6d) which takes us through to the liberation of Europe.

## CONTINUITY

It is thus no possible to reach the total effect of Mr. Henrey's work. I think it has much social and historical value. Its importance, as hardly likely to decline, and anyone in years to come who wants to know what London was like for the moderately well-to-do and the socially well-connected during these critical years, is almost certain to turn to these books for the answer.

Mr. Henrey has done it with accuracy and an unusual but effective plan. He has written up the novel and the short story, and these were there in plenty, but by dwelling always on the continuance of an unexpected thread of normality. The bombs may rain upon the city but all the same one's cat has to be fed and one's dog exercised though may be black as the pit but nevertheless behind the curtains friends gather and find that the small change of life is still of interest. Landmarks may be obliterated but the baker will be found drawing his leaves from the oven for the people must still be fed.

It might almost be said that the object of research in war time is London was the normal continuing amid abnormality and while most writers about the war have stressed the disruption of life it has been his task to display its continuity. The policemen among other things have charge of the important area that war in central London of danger yet have time to make a rock garden and while so much is tumbling down you will find if you have the knack of looking all sorts of things springing up dress makers founding businesses tea rooms that prosper and so forth. Of course the war and its alarms and excursions its devilry and destruction come in. The author has a well-developed social sense which permits him easily to make (and keep) contact with all sorts of people and so it comes about that his pages are full of mysterious and arresting and pathetic folk of many nations coming and going upon dangerous affairs or just uprooted and waiting for the time when their lives can strike down again into the soil that is kindly to them.

All these, as well as the American and other troops infesting London like a sponge soon to be squeezed, cover the Continent through the book but here again one must emphasize the sense that they are abnormal transients across the vast normal background of London. This feeling that behind even the hottest fervor amid the widest destruction at a time when almost all the life one was in absorbed into the channels of war there remained the low fact that man's essential life is concerned not with war but with peace this feeling I say is an important one to convey, and Mr. Henrey conveys it admirably. I for these reasons I heartily welcome the third book of a fine trilogy and congratulate the author on a job well done. Just as Pepys amid the horrors of the plague and the first found unbelievable innumerable channels for his astounding measure of curiosity so it is with Mr. Henrey.

When giving us a piece of art description—like his visit to Coventry—or drawing a poignant significance out of what to others would be a commonplace situation—like his description of the destruction of the ugly waitress who wanted love he masters.

Before saying anything about the contents of Mr. Henrey's *Holland and Britain* (Collins 8s 6d) I should like to say a word about the pictures and the general get up of the book. It is one of a series called *The Nations and Britain* and the general editor is Mr. W. J. Turner who is also the general editor of that other admirable series published by Collins called *Britain in Pictures*. Now I think that Mr. Turner and the house of Collins deserve our thanks for showing, how admirably in difficult conditions books can be turned out at a fair price. The illustrations to the books in both these series are beyond praise. In this present book the reproductions in colour are a joy to the eye. Take for example the subtle and subdued tones of Peter Claes's *Pewter Silver and Old Glass*. It is most harmoniously done.

## A CONTRAST

One has but to consider this book at 8s 6d profusely illustrated printed on excellent paper and compare it with one I have been looking at this week—at 10s 6d printed on fish wrapping with no illustrations with no more letterpress than in this other but in eye killing type—to realize that there are publishers taking such an advantage of the situation in which we find ourselves.

Mr. Wilson has more or less ignored in his story of the relation ships of the two countries the points of friction Van Tromp might hardly have excited Radcliffe who snuffed Java and Singapore makes only a benevolent appearance. But there is a lot to be said in such a brief study as this for laying the emphasis on

those matters in which the two countries have been materially and spiritually of benefit to one another. This is what Mr. Wilson has done.

#### DUTCH OUTLOOK

He gives us an admirable summary of the "Dutch way of life and thought": "In scientific matters, it showed itself as a love of precision and a determination to root out inaccuracy and superstition; in economic affairs, it became a flair for making the best of what comes to hand, for making bricks without straw; in social questions it was a passion for orderliness and cleanliness; artistically, it was a passion for detail, for illuminating the homely subject by accurate observation, a peculiar fitness of means to ends; intellectually, it was a profound belief in reasonableness; negatively, the avoidance of all flamboyance and exaggeration."

Mr. Wilson has some suggestive pages on what our art owes to Dutch inspiration, what we may have made intimations from the Low Countries, what probably lies behind the old controversy as to whether Milton owed the conception of *Paradise Lost* to the Dutch poet Vondel.

Most important of all I think to us in these present days, is the ample illustration we have here that there was a time when war did not destroy all sanity between the peoples engaged. The scholars and artists of England and Holland met and exchanged ideas whether there were wars or not, and the reflection that they would now be shot as traitors or collaborators means that we have moved not forwards, but backwards. Particularly in war-time, it is of the utmost importance that there should be minds that conceive man's destiny to be in amity, not disruption, in the hold upon common things even in times of deepest stress.

Even to "trade with the enemy," which is now, I suppose, a matter of a firing-squad, was once, so much less "totalitarianism" was our outlook, a thing that no one got excited about, and it can at least be said that it kept certain threads united that have to hold together sooner or later.

One way and another, when communications were more difficult, communication was more easy. In the seventeenth century the universities of Leyden, Utrecht and Franeker "offered refuge, hospitality and prodigious learning" to hundreds of English and Scottish students. Nowadays, the number of men who attend a university in any country but their own is negligible. Citizens of the world become scarcer with the growth of "global" organisations.

This is a book, you see, that sets the mind wandering, and that is a good thing for any book to do.

#### LADY IN ALASKA

Constance Helmerick's *Wife in Alaska* (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.) is a most readable account of how the author and her husband, little more than children, went to Alaska in 1941, knocked up a canoe, and made a five-months' trip along 2,500 miles of the Yukon and its tributary rivers.

They went through country which is still little known and sparsely populated, living more or less "off the land," enduring hardship with considerable humour and fortitude.

Mrs. Helmerick gives us a good account of it all: the mosquitoes, the fish, the bears and the birds; the Indians, Eskimos, missionaries and workers in the Indian Service which the United States have set up to administer the territory; the "for-

gotten men" living remote lives in shacks on creeks and estuaries; the diseases the whites have brought to wipe out the natives. Not being "immunised," they go down like nincompoops even before measles, and the tuberculosis rate is very high.

Altogether, this is a lively, enterprising and informative book.

#### VERSE FOR MANY OR FEW

WITH gifts of sincerity, simplicity and feeling Mr. John Pudney has become the almanac's poet. In *Selected Poems* (John Lane, 3s. 6d.) there are only six new verses; but among the familiar are a number that have haunted the memory and that now move the heart afresh. For Johnny is such a poet; *Dispersal Point* is another; and *Graves—Tobacco* a third:

For foes forgive,  
No matter how they hated,  
By life so solid and by

Death mated.

His shortest poems are his best. When he forsakes war, brevity and the strict laws of verse, poetic virtue deserts him.

Mr. Robert Graves has a disconcerting way of sounding very angry with us before we have done anything to him. In his foreword to *Poems: 1938-1945* (Cassell, 5s.), he tells us: "I write poems for poets. . . . To write poems for other than poets is wasteful."

Whereupon the experienced reader knows what to expect in the way of obscurity, and gets it. But sometimes, we suspect, Mr. Graves forgets about punishing the non-poets, and then such an exquisite moral escapes him as:

She tells her love while half asleep  
In the dark hours,  
With half-words whispered low,

which ends as perfectly and comprehensibly as it begins.

Writing verses unashamedly for herself and for just anybody who cares to join in, Miss Myfanwy Haycock, in *More Poems* (Western Mail and Echo, 2s. 6d.), is charming, tender, self-conscious; and she ends with a laughing, unrepentant gibe at a critic who has blamed her for being these things.

Such splendid vituperation of modern poetry as Mr. John Carruth Wells can pour out in prose raises our hopes high. But his *Song in Chains* (Jarrolds, 6s.) fails to live up to his preface. There are too many echoes of earlier poets, too many clichés. The idea of poetry for all in there, but not the craftsmanship or distinction of thought.

#### SINGING IN THE DARK

Among men marching, fighting, eating, laughing, sleeping, apparently having all things in common during the first nine months of the Italian campaign, nearly six hundred offered poems in poetry competitions, and seventy-two of those poems are now printed in *Poems from Italy* (Harrap, 6s.). Here is defiance indeed to the Machine Age. Not a man fondly remembers his car in England, or his refrigerator or wireless set; nearly all remember longingly some flowering meadow or whispering wood or gracious farm, some Spring idyll of youth and love. The general level is praiseworthy: two or three men rise above it; for instance, Sergeant H. Longhurst with his passionate nostalgia sometimes lifting him that mysterious lach that turns verse into poetry, as when he pictures flinging himself on English turf.

While summer woodlands lie  
The surf

By the ways the shepherds use.  
*Poems of the Land Army* (The Land Army, 2s. 9d.) need not have comparison with the songs of serving men. Here is much well turned verse, grave or gay; and one at least of the contributors, June Redman, is a poet.

V. H. F.

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## FARMING NOTES

# GOOD-BYE TO POULTRY HOPES

THOSE for whom I am most sorry in this reversal of food-production policy at home are the small farmers who cherished real hopes of getting back this year into pig and poultry production. I was talking to one in Essex a few days ago. He told me that before the war he relied mainly on pigs and poultry with a couple of cows which enabled him to rear eight or ten calves a year. When his pig and poultry ration of feeding-stuffs were virtually cut off in 1940 he turned to milk production, and increased hard to eight. The buildings are not satisfactory for this job and he has not succeeded in getting an accredited licence. He hoped to get out of milk production and had made his plans to rear five hundred chicks this Spring. The promise of the restoration of the poultry feeding-stuff ration to one-third of the pre-war figure, together with a few tons of oats which he can grow for himself, would, he reckoned, have enabled him to get into his stride again with egg production next Autumn. He has the poultry houses and, more important, the knowledge to make a success of this. Now he is thrown back to one-sixth of pre-war poultry rations and he must scrap his plans.

### The Housewife's Loss

I AM sorry too, about the necessity for changing my own plans. We intended to rear a thousand chicks this Spring, which would have restored our laying flock to almost our pre-war numbers. Now we have to modify our plans and the housewife will get fewer eggs from my farm and from many others in the coming year. The same story could of course be told about pig production. If the feeding-stuffs had been available, there would have been a useful increase in the output of pork and bacon. These hopes all now stand defeated. Instead farmers large and small are asked to concentrate again on grain-growing. I fear that the response will not be good. Neither the Government nor the War Agricultural Committees have given a vigorous enough lead.

### Vegetables to Grow

MARKET gardening is a catchy business and I do not feel well qualified to give a correspondent who asks for it advice on the vegetable crops which are likely to be in good demand for the next year or two. I can, however, quote the opinion which Mr. J. H. Bullingham gave the Farmers' Club last month. Most of the smaller market growers said it best to grow limited areas of a number of vegetables. Spring cabbage sown early in August is usually wanted, and early second sowings in the season. Very early crops of peas, and also very late, usually pay better than the main crop kind which are marketed when there are plenty about. Onions are worth growing; runner beans are usually wanted, and carrots, if the land is not too heavy, should give a good return. Lettuce in the early Spring is worth having and the brassicas are always worth attention. Good solid varieties of Brussels sprouts and late savoy should be cultivated, for it is in the early months of the New Year that green stuff is scarce and makes the better prices. Fennel and parsley may also come in useful. I will quote too, Mr. Bullingham's final advice: "The right person with practical knowledge, sufficient capital, some good land, and an assured outlet for his produce, can make a reasonable living in most seasons, but a small market garden can easily, perhaps too easily, be a place of hard labour for the whole family."

### Farmers' Accounts

THE National Farmers' Union set out to get 10,000 farm accounts to cover the whole field of agriculture and give the Union a representative picture of farm profits and losses. This is wanted to provide farmers' representatives with essential information when they take to the Ministry of Agriculture about fixing future prices, as they are doing again this month. The N.F.U. tell me that for the accounting period 1945-46, 9,788 cards have been collected and analysed. The data obtained from individual counties has varied considerably, but most of them have contributed a fair proportion of the total. Fifty-four per cent. of the farms which have supplied accounts are under 180 acres and 68 per cent. of the total are under 300 acres. This is especially important, as the family farm is the backbone of British agriculture. I suspect that in the past the farm accounts which the Ministry of Agriculture has got through the advisory economists at the universities have been more representative of the larger farms, where the farmer may even have a secretary and is certainly more interested usually in figures than the small man. In the N.F.U. scheme, Yorkshire does not come out at all well. Yorkshire farmers have only one 18 per cent. of what was expected of them in supplying accounts. The East Midlands counties have done best.

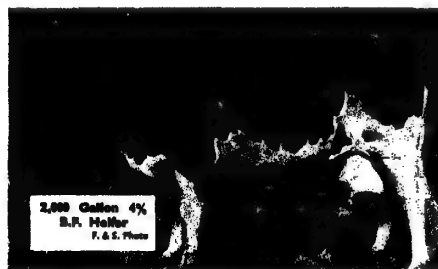
### Training for Forestry

OWNERS of private woodlands are being asked to provide a twelve months' course of practical training for men coming out of the Services who want to become foresters. The trainee will receive maintenance allowances from the Forestry Commission and the training employer will be required to make a contribution of about 60 per cent. of the ordinary wage. This is on the same lines as the farm training scheme. The Central Landowners' Association is taking an interest in this forestry training scheme and any woodland owner willing to participate should write to the Secretary of the C.L.A. at 68, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. It will be helpful if woodland owners will state at the start the acreage of woodlands and the number of men who could be taken for training and for whom accommodation can be found locally, giving confirmation that there is a forester or woodman available to instruct trainees. There is another training scheme which will give men with some experience a course in the theory and practice of forestry. This will be the second course starting this month, on approved private estates. Particulars of this scheme can be got from The Forestry Commission, 25, Savile Row, London, W.1.

### Village Halls

MANY villages, like my own, want to get a decent village hall. We are getting in touch with the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust which has offered to provide financial help in the building of new village halls and the improvement of existing ones. Our present hope is that we may get some of the cost paid in an outright grant and some of the money lent to us, free of interest, to be repaid over seven years. In these matters the National Council of Social Service, 26, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, which administers the Carnegie Trust Scheme, can be most helpful.

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## THE ESTATE MARKET

## WELWYN GARDEN CITY'S PURCHASE

**L**ORD SALISBURY, as the governing director of the Gascoyne Cecil Estates Company, has agreed to sell to Welwyn Garden City a tract of open land extending to 565 acres, on the Hatfield side of the Garden City. It is the intention of the parties to the contract that most of the land shall be reserved as open space, for large and small holdings and recreational purposes, and certain parts may be used for strictly controlled development. No buildings will be permitted within defined distances of the fringe of the newly-acquired property. The transaction is a very striking proof of the changes which have taken place since the formation of the Garden City, for Welwyn needed no protection in the form of a purchased "green belt" then.

MR. R. S. HUDSON'S £269,000 SALE

**M**R. R. S. HUDSON, the Minister of Agriculture in the late Cabinet, has sold the Baldwell Estate, near St. Helens, for £269,000. He has thus given a perfect example, of a point that was made in a recent analysis in these columns, of the reasons for some sales of agricultural land, namely, the sale of one area of farms in order to buy another. He lately acquired an extensive estate in Wiltshire, and accordingly put Baldwell into the market. Messrs. Lofts and Warner, with Mr. B. M. Lowe, were the agents in the sale. Baldwell comprises 1,480 acres of level and fertile farms and smallholdings, in a high state of cultivation, and equipped with exceptionally large and substantial buildings. The rents amounted to just over £2,180 a year. Provision was made for the offering of the estate in 32 lots, but after being bidding at the auction in Warrington, a hammer fell at the figure mentioned above.

The chief of the dozen farms was Barrow New Hall, 254 acres, let at £495 a year, and the next in size, Baldwell Hall home farm, 236 acres, has been for some time let at £490 a year. A tithe annuity of £124 is payable in respect of the entirety.

## A CRICKETER'S HAMPSHIRE HOME

**T**HE latest addition to the list of farms sold this year by Messrs. Jackson Staps & Staff is Inadown, Newton Valence, near Aiton, Hampshire. It included a substantial modern residence with a ballist's house, cottages and 208 acres. It belonged to the Lowndes family, and, before the war, the home was occupied by Mr. W. C. Lowndes, a well-known Hampshire cricketer. The house is at present occupied as a Land Army hotel, but vacant possession of the farm will be given at Lady Day.

## PROCEDURE IN ESTATE SALES

**R**EFERRING to a recent note in *The Estate Market* page of *COUNTRY LIFE* concerning the mode of dealing with large landed properties, it may be pointed out that the changing methods of farming, in particular the increasing recourse to mechanisation, call for large areas, and a sale of an entire estate in one lot suits the requirements of the most enterprising buyers. In the meanwhile it may be hoped that no more will be heard of any agitation for an interference with the freedom of vendors as to how they shall order arrangements for realising large landed areas. It should be borne in mind that the buyers of many of the most

extensive estates are primarily investors, and that they are content to let sitting tenants remain, quite irrespective of any official restrictions on the determination of tenancies. Another point is that tenancy is preferable to ownership for farmers who financial reasons make it insufficient for the full effective working of their industry. Obtaining capital by loan for the purpose of purchasing their holdings imposes on them much needless responsibility and anxiety. In short, no case can be made out for substituting ownership for the time-honoured relation of landlord and tenant.

## "FOOTAGE," A NOVEL SUGGESTION

**"FOOTAGE,"** a word not yet admitted to the dictionary, was used in the Parliamentary debate on house-room a few days ago. Curiously, in the context in which it was used its meaning was pretty clear. Some form of measurement by the square foot or possibly the cubic foot, was suggested as a means of calculation of rateable value of a hereditament. The idea was that to determine whether the occupants of a house were holding more space than was deemed necessary and if so that they should pay rates on "footage," the burden thus imposed being perhaps likely to induce them to let the supposed surplus. The suggestion seems to have fallen flat for the moment, but it is worth-while to examine it.

Apparently any type of house, whether a mansion in Mayfair or one in the middle of a country landed estate, was to be the subject of the computation. Assuming the unit of measurement to be the square foot of floor space some points arise. First and foremost is the nature of the use of a room. "Bedrooms" of the size of what are styled "principal" bedrooms, for example, were in every sense of the word "spacious," but a bedroom is a bedroom, and usually to convert it from a single room, into two or more would be to spoil the room, and the costly and difficult operation of a virtual re-plotting of the house would be needed, the result being just a converted dwelling, generally of a type utterly unacceptable to people who have been used to plenty of elbow-room.

## ROOMS DIFFICULT TO DIVIDE

**T**HE so-called "medium-sized" town and suburban house of Victorian design, if the dolls house lay-out of such dwellings can be dignified as "design," exhibits an irritating waste of "footage." The rooms are probably 10ft. 6in. high and (two only on each floor), 12ft. long by 18ft. wide. But rooms of that size do not admit of sub-division, and to rate the occupiers on the linear or cubic dimensions, that is to say "footage" would impose an unfair burden on the use of rooms that are not economical to heat or to redecorate. The lack of housing accommodation in small towns and suburbs cannot be made good by tinkering with most houses of the old-fashioned type, and the modern house is, as a rule, so planned in small, but serviceable rooms, that "footage" ought to result in a reduction of the rates rather than the reverse. Still, "footage" has been mooted, and schemes are sure to be come forward if it, just as there were for the control of the selling-price of houses, and other expedients the fallacy of which is patent to any practical man.

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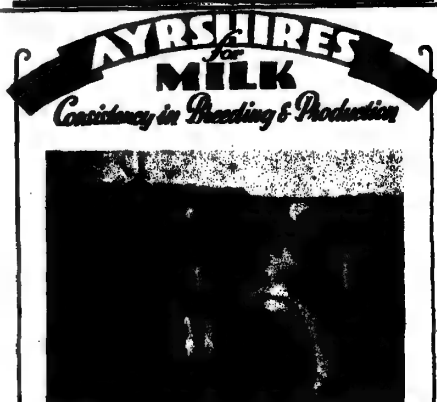
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## NEW STYLES and NEW FABRICS

(Left) Peter Russell's seven eighth coat in thick brown tweed faced with beige and brown herring-bone, the identical herring-bone used for the tweed suit. Note the longer skirt, longer jacket, high fastenings, deep double flapped pockets, on the suit.

(Below) Creed's black cloth coat faced on reverse and pockets with cherry velvet with diamond button fastening. At the back there is a long, low waistline finished with two buttons at the bottom of the spine.

ANTHONY H. CILLY

OVERSLAS buyers at the export collections of the London designers were emphatic in their praise of the fabrics which they rated superb as well as of the workmanship and design of the models shown. All restrictions on style were lifted for the occasion by the Board of Trade and special facilities given for repeats on the fabrics. Tweeds were outstanding, notably coloured, discreet in design and it is tweeds, above all that overseas buyers come to London to look for. This time they have bought as well many of the exquisite prints designed by the model fabric houses, the cottons designed and woven especially for the customer.

The families of tweeds were outstanding, made up into superb matching ensembles—notably the speckled lime and brown tweed woven by Gardiner of Belkirk, shown by Peter Russell in three weights for a slim dress, a dashing suit and topcoat, the clover and brown fleck that Stebel tailors into a slick tailor made with a straight seven eighths topcoat faced in clover cloth, the Linton tweeds from Cumberland used by Hardy Amies for suits with topcoats in the same shades but in larger, more dramatic patterns and heavier weights. Many of Stebel's bird's eye and flecked tweeds have one bright shade mixed with a neutral, the overall effect being pinky beige—a colour shown repeatedly through the collections. Moynaux styles his woollens in mixed pastels in tweed designs for some graceful sample suits with knife pleated skirts—the surface of the woollen is smooth enough to pleat well and the weight suitable for a warm English Spring day. He mixes sky blue with a deeper blue, lemon or maize with grey. Peter Russell's thick brown coating faced with herring bone has a suit in the same herring bone in two tones of light brown. Some of these tweeds will be available for the home market later in the year.

Considerable change is taking place in the balance of design for suits and coats. Skirts are longer, waistlines are lowered. Suit jackets to tweeds are longer, generally about 2 inches, though Peter Russell is making his jackets as much as five eighths length and giving them big pockets and nipped waists. The other type of jacket is brief, mostly





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It may be some little time yet before dresses and lingerie made from Courtauld's rayon are back in the shops in pre-1939 abundance. All the same we would remind those who were buying in the days of plenty to pass on to their younger sisters the advantages of thinking in terms of serviceable loveliness, which the "Tested-Quality" mark ensures.



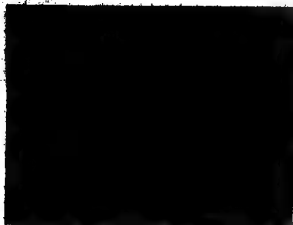
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(Left and right) Subtle and leather wedge-heeled macaw lace shoes—brown, blue, wine, green and black; also white buckskin, with blinding and platform cover to a brighter snow, can with the white. Clark.

(Below) Low-headed, square-toed grained leather court shoes with gold studding on tongue and apron, shown in grey, scarlet, light brown by Delman.



with nipped waists and fluted basques in fine wool crepes and fine dress-weight tweeds for gay little two pieces for town, of a dress and jacket. Peter Russell makes the skirts to his superbly tailored suits with an apron effect and a high corselette top; the apron continues round and ends as a panel at the back—a very slimming line. He lines skirts and jackets with taffeta to tone. Lovely combinations of colour have been shown. Worth makes a Cumberland tweed suit, rough-surfaced but soft in texture, chalky pink mixed with grey in a weave that looks plaited. He gives it a brilliant lemon crepe shirt, a narrow cherry leather belt and deep unpressed pleats in the centre of the skirt in front. Digby Morton shows a crocus blue suit and a lovely combination of blue and green for a striped tweed by George Harrison with the stripes used to make solid bands of blue on the knife-pleated skirt. His salmon-pink tweed combined with brown looked very new for a suit with a cardigan jacket; so did a white blazer jacket in a soft thick woollen by Straus that had a rib like a whipcord but was as pliable as a blazer flannel.

Town coats intended for next Winter are cut on elegant, belted Princess lines with very little shoulder padding, deep turnback cuffs, deep rounded collars that cross over almost to the waistline.

It was noticed that Creed has lowered his waistline considerably for these coats, which are easy to wear and very chic. Stiebel shows what is perhaps the most dramatic coat in London, thick soft beige velour with an eskimo hood lined with lynx and a double seam running right across the shoulders and down the top of the arms to the wrists. The beige coats, indeed, outnumbered all others, every tone of beige



from warm golden to the shades that used to be called "dust," being shown. Every London house showed one of these casual beige coats which hang in capeline folds from the shoulder, are three-quarter or seven-eighths in length with immensely deep armholes. Molyneux inserts his pockets into the side seams like a trouser.

The silks and rayons were in the grand manner—lustrous stiff satins, crepes, printed by the new etching process designed by famous artists, corded silks, heavy printed failles, Chinese taffetas. Digby Morton showed a notable collection of tailored suits, dresses and coats in pure silk and rayons for wearing to town functions in Summer; a black grosgrain coat embossed in *ciré* emerald green shamrocks, the coat fitted to the waist with three fins at the back; a sleek black remains dress underneath with an accordion pleated mesh that twined round the hips and cascaded down the back. A maize and black printed rayon suit with knife-pleated skirt was charming, so was a maroon coloured suit in the silk worn with a pink top-knot of a hat composed of three or four full-blown cabbage roses. P. JOYCE RYMONDS.



Two chemist indices on accuracy. Take a "drop" of liquid, for instance. The gravity-formed "drop" can vary in size, so he uses the "minim" measure shown here. This extreme accuracy is essential when measuring potent fluid medicaments, of which the prescribed dose may be only one or two minims. Long practice and skilled training make the chemist a stickler for accuracy—and for quality in the goods that he dispenses and recommends. The chemist's advice is always sound.

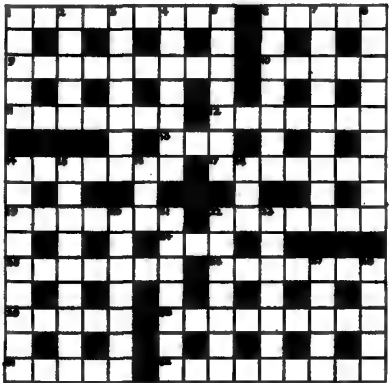
Ask his opinion of

**Euthymol**  
TOOTH PASTE

## CROSSWORD No. 839

Two prizes will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 839, Country Life, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on the morning of *Thursday, February 29, 1946*.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Mr., Mrs., etc.)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

SOLUTION TO No. 838. The winner of this Crossword, the date of which appears in the issue of February 19, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—3, Grates; 6, Precaution; 9, Autumn; 10, Millions; 13, Mire; 16, Sprains; 17, Ethic; 18, Natal; 19, Nay; 20, RH; 21, Sweet; 22, Open; 23, And; 24, Nerve; 25, Nerve; 26, Tread; 27, Mice; 28, Teap; 29, Nettle. DOWN.—1, Fall; 2, Ochi; 3, Tube; 4, Kivi; 5, Goat; 6, True to type; 7, Sunderland; 11 and 24, Rainy day; 13 and 20, Sea horse; 15, Manton; 16, Locomotor; 18, Little John; 19, Sunday; 26, Nippy; 27, Toot; 28, Tumb; 29, Pardi; 30, Wile.

### ACROSS.

- Kind of turn that involves throwing a cot and a crib together (3)
- The Fleet Street throng? (5)
- El. Culbert (anag.) (10)
- Swerving or Wile? (5)
- Palatine city? (7)
- Have you found the solution for this? (7)
- She is reversible (5)
- River of the Underworld (7)
- Doggy little bird? (7)
- How close it would be to make a mistake in a mixed side (7)
- Former customers of Bow Street, perhaps (7)
- A pioneer in night dying (3)
- Odyseus' hostess (7)
- Raw eggs (anag.) (7)
- "And so to his sister, and his cousin, and his—"  
—W. S. Gilbert (5)
- Fun and games (9)
- Alliteration or onid diseases (5)
- Tents considerably enlarged and made permanent (9)


### DOWN.

- Italian city returns to pure Greek (5)
- She had a cruel husband (10)
- Exhibition of blowing and ranting (7)
- Upset near the Persian city (7)
- Play-robot for a dupe? (7)
- Extend? (7)
- You can't blame me if you do (9)
- They are rougher going than one rambles (9)
- Not R.A. yet but on the way to becoming one (9)
- Two drivers would not appreciate being called this (9)
- For the road, perhaps (3)
- A fresh turn? (5)
- Lays on (7)
- It takes the rules lying down (7)
- But not fast enough (4, 3)
- What the schoolmaster may often find hard to penetrate (7)
- Gather stores of information (3)
- Do you watch with anxiety the speeds with which they go up? (8)

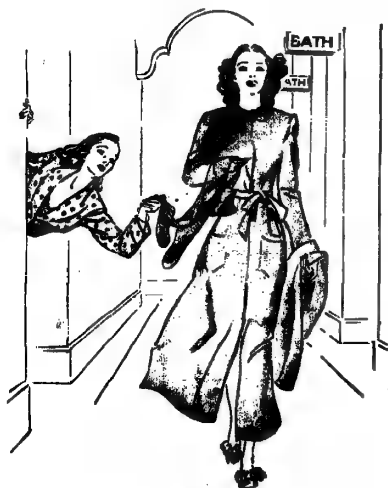
The winner of Crossword No. 837 is

Mr. H. A. J. Cavill,  
Brimcombe Farm,  
Over Stowey,  
Somerset.

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